

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1965 • 75 CENTS

# \* \* \* **PLAYBOY**



*“Won’t you join me  
in this March issue of  
PLAYBOY, with fiction  
by Vladimir Nabokov  
and Calder Willingham;  
all the details for  
your African safari by  
Robert Ruark; a panel  
on the new leisure  
with Steve Allen,  
Cleveland Amory, Terry  
Southern and others; a  
cartoon trip down Mexico  
way with Shel Silverstein;  
plus an appealing  
visit with Carol Lynley.  
And you can see a lot  
more of me inside, too!”*

*Vargas*



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POMEROY



RUARK



WILLINGHAM

**PLAYBILL** JOAQUIN Alberto Vargas de Chavez, known to PLAYBOY readers more succinctly as Vargas, created one of his most luscious ladies especially so that her enchanting visage might be used for this month's cover. Although *Señor Vargas'* full-blown females have been regular visitors to our pages for the last five years, his March miss is the first to have a PLAYBOY cover all to herself—a new pinnacle marking almost half a century as a professional artist for the agelessly ebullient Vargas.

March also marks the return to these pages of Calder Willingham, author of this issue's lead fiction, *A Clowny Night in the Red-Eyed World*. Willingham's earlier yarn for us, *Bus Story* (PLAYBOY, July 1962), later appeared as part of *Eternal Fire*, a novel that was vilified by some few captious critics and heaped with praise by many others; among the latter, conservative *Newsweek* panned it as deserving "a place among the dozen or so novels that must be mentioned if one is to speak of greatness in American fiction," and spoke of Willingham thusly: "He may stand without blushing beside any writer in this country's history." And an admiring lead review in *The New Yorker* spoke of "Willingham's wicked genius" and his book's "muffled, amused, deadly, intelligent laughter." Willingham, who is currently typewriter-deep in a screenplay for the omnipresent Mike Nichols (*On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, February 1965), told us about the birth of his current PLAYBOY offering: "An acquaintance here at my home in beautiful New Hampshire casually observed that Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren ought to be hanged. The question occurred to me. 'Upon what meat doth this creature feed?' And then down memory lane there came the distant recollection of a clowny night in the red-eyed world . . . thus, a story of blind hatred, loveless love and tears that flow in the night."

With considerable and, we think, more than pardonable pride, we hereby welcome to our masthead Robert Ruark,

columnist, best-selling author (*Something of Value*, *Uhuru*, *Poor No More*), big-game hunter, world traveler, and, from now on, PLAYBOY Contributing Editor. His masthead debut coincides with our publication of his guide to big-game gamesmanship, *Far-Out Safari*. Author Ruark's manuscript was shipped to us from just such an encampment at the Save river, Mozambique, via Jeep to Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, at which point it started its air journey to Chicago. While his article was in its planning stage, Ruark visited us in the Windy City, whereupon we showed off one of our rifles to him. Ruark, with a couple of stiff martinis very recently behind him, showed their effect not at all as he stood up in our living room and flung the empty gun to his shoulder, aimed at an unassuming picture, and held the gun absolutely rock steady—in a way we'd never before seen, as if it had been on a steel mount—which may explain his preference for a small, low-caliber gun. At this writing, Ruark has just dotted the last i and crossed the last t for a massive new novel, *The Honey Badger*, is putting the finishing touches on his screenplay for *Uhuru*.

Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy, author of *What Is Normal?*, for 20 years was associated with Dr. Kinsey's famed Institute for Sex Research, most recently as director of field research. He is now in private practice as a marriage counselor in New York, is in the midst of research on transsexualism, and has a book on sex offenders due out next month.

Alvin Toffler, former *Fortune* editor and frequent PLAYBOY contributor, prepared this issue's ruefully timely *The Legal Art of Tax Avoidance* with a special assist from the fiscal know-how chaps of the J. K. Lasser Tax Institute. Al characterizes himself as a toe-the-line taxpayer who practices avoidance but never evasion in his annual bout with the IRS.

The world has been the occupational oyster for PLAYBOY's perceptive penman Shel Silverstein for over seven years. But this month's *Silverstein in Mexico* repre-

sents his first cartoonic communiqué from south of the border. When last we heard, our State Department was trying to shore up what little Shel had left standing of our good-neighbor policy.

Making March a bountiful month for fiction are: the conclusion of literary giant Vladimir Nabokov's *The Eye*; Walt Grove's hilarious peek into the mixed-up psyche of a suburban brat, *Oh Danny Boy*; Gerald Kersh's battle-based chiller, *Somewhere Not Far from Here*; and William Hoffman's masterful portrait of a coward, *The Waters of Stingray*.

Pictorially and pulchritudinally, March comes on like a lion. There are scenes from a new movie based on the vertical and horizontal carryings-on of literature's legendary leading lady *Fanny Hill*, with an accompanying text describing her censorial tribulations over the centuries; plus a long look at the new Carol Lynley. In *Carol Lynley Grows Up*, Miss Lynley reveals that the innocent ingénue and apple-cheeked teenager of modeling and TV renown is now a woman of no mean proportions.

This month's *Playboy Panel* deals with a subject much akin to Mark Twain's weather—America's much-talked-about topic, our new-found leisure. Among those tackling the problems brought about by too much of a good thing are Terry Southern, Cleveland Amory, Walter Kerr and Jean Shepherd.

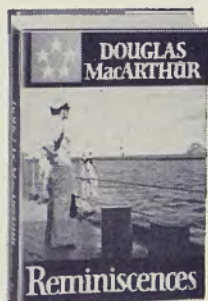
A flock of additional features await your delectation in March's PLAYBOY: *The Scotsman's Revenge*, Ken W. Purdy's assault on American gullibility in the international war of words; LeRoy Neiman turning his *Man at His Leisure* artistic talents to the New York Playboy Club and the bountiful Bunnies therein; *Grand Prix Garb*, an urbane treatise on what the well-turned-out auto aficionado wears while spectating, by Fashion Director Robert L. Green; PLAYBOY's very model of a modern March gatefold, Miss Jennifer Jackson; and a host of other stimuli for the senses.



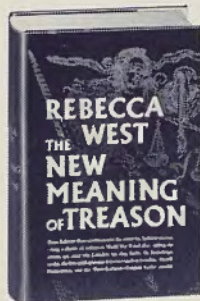
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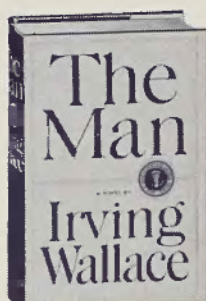
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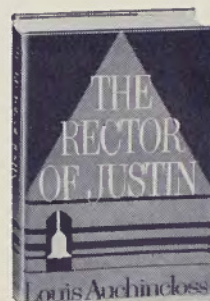
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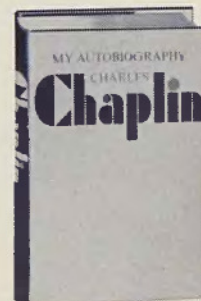
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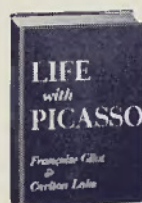
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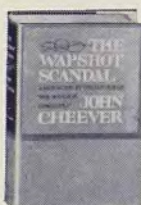
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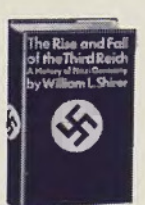
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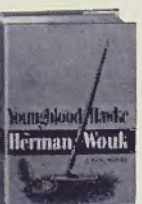
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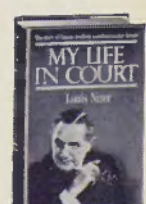
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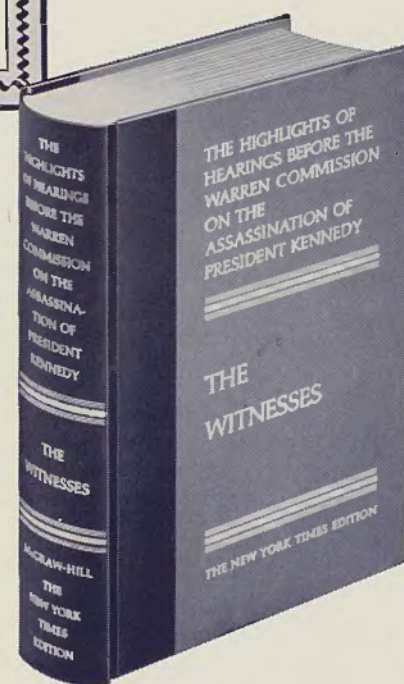
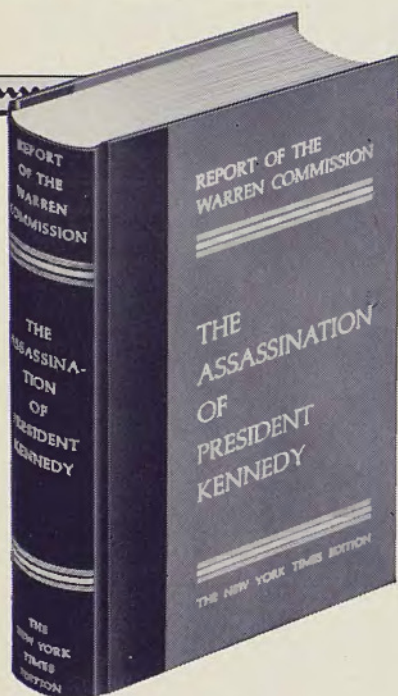


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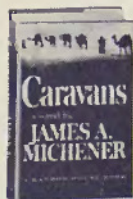
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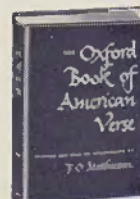
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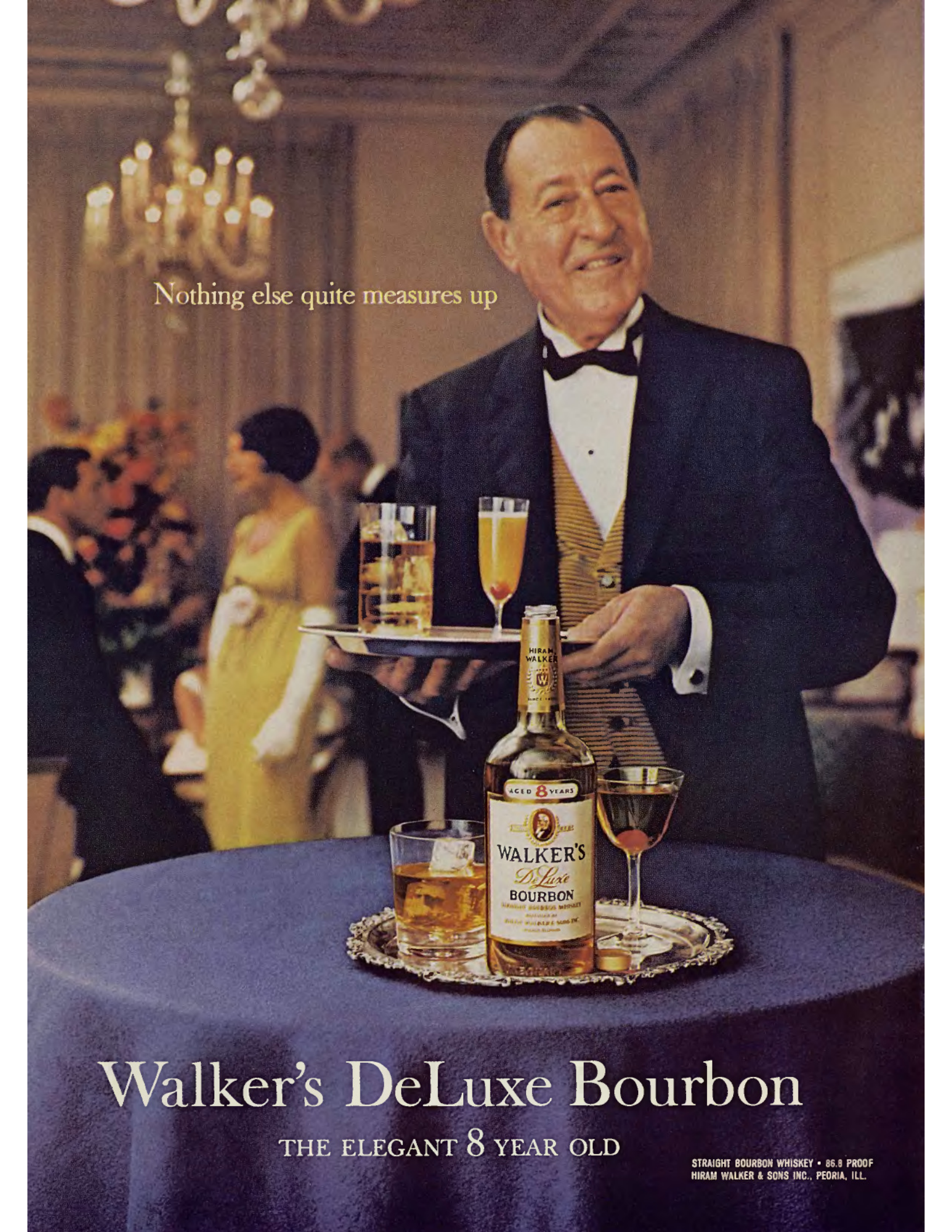
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### CHRISTMAS KUDOS

*Felicitades, congratulations, te echo flores*, for a job not just well, but *spectacularly* done. I mean, of course, the December holiday issue. It has everything I could want in an issue of **PLAYBOY**, except for a few authors (such as Ray Bradbury) whom, according to page 292, you were holding for the January issue.

Stephen G. Silverberg  
Newark, New Jersey

Your fiction line-up in December was exceptionally good. In order of appearance: Irwin Shaw's galloping comedy, Lawrence Durrell's non-Alexandrian spoof, Gerald Kersh's cliff-hanging dance of death for two, Frederic Morton's touching and bittersweet romance, Hugh Nissenson's flesh-crawling fantasy and Bernard Wolfe's tragicomic view of yet another facet of Hollywood, combine to make an anthology of marvelous variety and unflagging interest. I liked the whole issue—despite the stunning price—but the fiction alone more than justified the stiff cost of admission.

Harold Warner  
Toronto, Ontario

### BEST BOND

*Playboy Interviews* continue to be one of your finest recent additions, but the December one with Ian Fleming may have topped all others in the candid insights it provided into one of the most fascinating literary personalities of our time. I don't think the fact that it was Fleming's last interview before his death is influencing me—although that has some bearing on my thoughts. My thoughts are that he knew he was not a well man, but carried on regardless. Here was an urbane gentleman and writer who may have had a uniquely clear understanding of himself and his world, and his status as an author. Apparently, fame and riches did not blind him to the fact that he was, primarily, a literary entertainer, albeit a superb one. His engaging and admirable objectivity about himself, as revealed in the interview, makes me think he may have been far more like his character M than like the mercurial and emotionally involved 007.

It was terrific to learn from the last page of the same issue that the final Bond adventure will debut in **PLAYBOY**. Hope it's soon.

Bill Dworkin  
New York, New York

After reading your excellent interview with Ian Fleming, my only regret was that I did not have the opportunity to know him better. The only time I met him was at a studio party after the first day of shooting the film *From Russia with Love*, in which I played the spy Rosa Klebb. When I was introduced to him he said smilingly: "Miss Lenya, physically you surely will never catch up with her [in his book she tipped the scales at 250] but I know you as an actress, so I have no worries." And that was, unhappily, my only encounter with the unique creator of James Bond.

Lotte Lenya  
New York, New York

Bill, Miss Lenya and our other readers will be happy to know that starting next month **PLAYBOY** will be serializing Ian Fleming's final James Bond novel, "The Man with the Golden Gun."

### PRO SHAW, PSHAW SHAW

I feel I owe Irwin Shaw an apology and, simultaneously, **PLAYBOY** a hearty word of praise. *Once, in Aleppo* was a coup for him and for you. I had come to think of Shaw as a talented writer but too much under the spell of his own sensitivity, and too preoccupied with the secret thoughts and dreams of adolescent girls and women. His movie *In the French Style* (a sort of egghead soap) is typical of what I mean. But you have presented a better, more masculine, more vigorous Shaw, with a story of gusty, gutsy humor and a wildly imaginative plot. I've read it twice and the second time around was even better than the first. I don't know whether my broad grin was more in response to his wit or to his writing skill; probably equal parts of both. Picaresque comedy like this really puts one in a holiday mood, as did your entire jumbo December issue.

Walter Dienstag  
Boston, Massachusetts

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Irwin Shaw's vulgar and sadistic story marred an otherwise passable issue—for PLAYBOY, that is. Why do you print stories like this in a Christmas issue? Is it to convince yourselves and your readers that you are men? I have news for you: The "heroes" of this filth masquerading as fiction are not men, they are monsters.

Edna Mae Masters  
Los Angeles, California

Irwin Shaw's *Once, in Aleppo* is a brilliant story in every way. It takes a top talent to make an improbable adventure into a believable, hilarious tour de force. I'd love to see it as a play—even a musical. If a constant reader may cast a vote for your best-of-the-year fiction award, put me down as voting for Shaw's marvelous yarn.

Nelson Thurgood  
Seattle, Washington

Our editors shared your enthusiasm, voted Shaw a 1964 best-fiction award of \$1000.

#### UNHAPPY OVER UNHAPPINESS

What seems to disturb Joseph Wood Krutch in December's *Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Unhappiness* is the fact that the existentialist philosopher has used the literary media to persuade this greatest of all civilizations to take its first honest look at itself, but minus the premise of God; that is to say, minus the misconception that man is, despite his "depravity," ultimately good according to the criteria of his own metaphysical projections. Also, there is, pessimism aside, a difference between the concepts of man as a spiritual subject arbitrarily saved, or condemned to a Calvinist perdition, and man as a moral agent, condemned to work out his own purpose and to use the awesome responsibility his freedom imposes on him. A close reading of Sartre's *Existentialism Is a Humanism* and Calvin's *Institutes of the Christian Religion* will serve to make this difference abundantly clear.

The one question Dr. Krutch does not bring up concerns the matter of the *intent* of the writers he mentions. Is a play such as *No Exit* to be dismissed on the ground that existentialism is pessimistic? Is *The Balcony* to be dismissed on the ground that Genet is a thief, homosexual, etc.?

It is man's very "respectability" and the sins that are committed in its name, his very smugness in considering himself the favored child of the universe, the very assumption that ultimately the responsibility rests elsewhere that makes man "absurd."

The function of art is to cleanse and cast light, though art makes no guarantee that what it reveals will necessarily be pleasant, nor that it will promote happiness.

As one who has long been an admirer of Joseph Wood Krutch as critic and

writer, I am disappointed that he should choose to draw the battle lines on the basis of happiness *vs.* pessimism. Implicitly, then, we have the choice between taking our literature and philosophy on the basis of their own merits, or of rejecting them when they cease to promote happiness. Absurd?

G. Amati  
Chicago, Illinois

Well, gentlemen, you have finally left the hairy leg of conservatism showing beneath your otherwise impeccable, avant-garde attire. Up until now the articles appearing in your pages seem to have coincided more or less with your admirable philosophy, which appears to be (among other things): the pursuit of enjoyment with an underlying respect for, and practice of, intellectual responsibility. I'm not saying that Krutch's *Pursuit of Unhappiness* is in conflict with the former devil-may-care aspect, but it certainly does forsake the latter, more important element of your liberal philosophy.

The central task of the artist in society is, has always been and will always be, a refusal to swallow contemporary standards, values and practices, without first dismantling them and testing them for their consistency. Since he is, by nature, more perceptive than the average man, it is his duty to point out the incongruities, the inconsistencies, the inequities, to which society smugly subjects itself. The true artist feels compelled to be honest about life, both to himself and to whoever happens to be listening, reading or viewing.

Since Nobel Prize winners like Camus and Sartre seem to have kicked up a little dust in their search for truth and reality, Mr. Krutch would have them stifled. In dismissing erotic themes as pornographic and therefore irrelevant to contemporary art, he is denying their integral importance to everyday existence. Perhaps he would (like most conservatives) have art portray only what he considers to be the brighter, more acceptable side of life.

Mr. Krutch's pragmatic essay laughs in the face of social progress. He would blindfold the artists and men of vision lest they make him unhappy. Closing our eyes to the basic problems of mankind never makes them disappear.

If we have come upon unhappiness in the pursuit of knowledge and reality, then so be it. The unpleasantness encountered has not been produced by the device used to uncover it, Mr. Krutch, it was already there.

Charles LaBue  
San Francisco, California

Thanks for the good Christmas issue, particularly for Joseph Wood Krutch's article on *Life, Liberty*, etc. I think we are all getting a little tired of pessimism, even those of us who would not do away

with nihilism, existentialism and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*-ism.

Guy L. Saint-Clair  
Urbana, Illinois

Would it be too impertinent for a savage (existentialist) to comment on the article in the December issue of PLAYBOY written by the celebrated Dr. Pangloss (Joseph Wood Krutch)? I erroneously believed he was still digging in his garden with *Candide* in this "best of all possible worlds." Ah, but here he is again, kissing babies this time and frowning on the first appearance of maturity. He, like many overzealous mothers, would feed his children peppermint candy and lollipops all their lives, sheltering them from all evil until they are "ready" to go out into the big bad world armed with a cotton ball for a mind. Does this eminent scientist really believe that a pampered baby will do more good in this world than a mature man who is fully aware of reality? I think Mr. Krutch has failed to grasp the significance of existentialism. Once a person has realized the absurdity of existence, he should be in a position to recognize his responsibility to make life seem less absurd by working to raise man to a new level of maturity which is nothing more than the understanding that there are others who exist in a like manner. He is responsible for them because of his awareness. Again, Mr. Krutch seems to think that there is no place for happiness in the world of the existentialist. On the contrary, happiness puts some meaning into life. A mature existentialist would want to put as much meaning into existence as possible. I fail to understand how such a supposedly intelligent man as Mr. Krutch could be so fantastically naïve as to think the realities of life should be hidden behind a sugar-coated screen.

William Charles Wendelken  
Detroit, Michigan

Defenders of existentialism can look forward to a "Playboy Interview" with Jean-Paul Sartre in the very near future.

#### OVERPOWERING SON

The self-honesty and candor of James Baldwin's *Words of a Native Son* [PLAYBOY, December 1964] were so moving to me that the rest of your fine, fat Christmas package seemed rather contrived by contrast, although elegantly and excellently so. Baldwin's profundity, his capacity to get under the surface in looking at himself and his work, should serve as a model for other successful writers, most of whom are so pleased with their public image that they accept it as the truth about themselves.

Morton W. Darby  
Brooklyn, New York

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"THE CHRISTMAS CAROL CAPER" [PLAYBOY, December 1964] WAS: WE ARE NOT AMUSED. THEN WE READ THE SEQUENTIALLY HILARIOUS PLAYBOY BIT—AND OUR COLLECTIVE SENSE OF HUMOR OVERCAME OUR SENSE OF OUTRAGE. FRANKLY THOUGH, WE ENJOY IT MORE WHEN IVERSEN VISITS AND REVISITS "THE PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS," A MORE VULNERABLE AND SUITABLE SUBJECT FOR HIS SHARP SATIRE.

DOUG KENNEDY, EDITOR  
TRUE MAGAZINE  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

## WORDS ON WALLACE

I am sure your November interview with George Wallace will create quite a response from your readers. As a Yankee now living in Alabama, let me assure you that Wallace, despite some of his shortcomings, has been one of the best governors this state has ever had. His administration has been sound, free of scandal and has the state running on a business basis.

I don't agree with him on everything, but he has kept his campaign promises, which is a helluva lot more than some of his critics can claim.

J. B. Ackerman  
Montgomery, Alabama

I would like to compliment you on your outstanding November issue, and particularly on the interview with Governor George Wallace. I must confess that I was surprised by the almost total absence of bias, which is quite an accomplishment, considering the subject of the interview.

There is one point, however, that I would like to make. George Wallace was initially the common man's candidate for governor of Alabama, and his views represent those of that class alone. The enlightened young people and professional class of Alabama have no respect for our loudly prejudiced and hypocritical governor. We recognize the inhumanity of segregation, and are constantly working to rid our state of that social disease.

In closing, may I add that we here at Alabama College swear by PLAYBOY. We appreciate the intelligent editorials and loyally patronize your advertisers. As an English major, I especially enjoy the excellent fiction you feature each month. Thank you for what is certainly the finest periodical in America today.

Charles L. Culp  
Montevallo, Alabama

I was trembling as I finished reading the interview with Governor Wallace. A few of the reasons for my distress are as follows:

From 1951 to 1956 I attended two schools in Alabama. One was built of clapboard, the other of cinder block.

Their "equal" facilities included ramshackle outdoor toilets and coal-burning stoves. The white schools in the district were brick structures boasting indoor plumbing and central heating.

In 1952 and 1953, my mother, a qualified elementary school teacher with five years' experience at that time, picked cotton to supplement the miserable, substandard salary she received.

In 1953, when I was eight years old, I was walking home—within city limits—when four men in a car pulled up beside me. Speaking words which I have since learned are obscene, they tried to pull me into the car. I escaped by running across the street, almost getting killed in the process.

In 1961, during my first year in attendance at an Alabama (Negro) college, a fellow student was critically beaten for utilizing a waiting room labeled WHITE AND INTERSTATE PASSENGERS. (The student was an interstate passenger.) A peaceful demonstration was held to protest the beating and the inability of the police to apprehend the felons. The demonstration was disrupted by citizens who spat snuff and tobacco juice in students' faces, threatened one girl with a sawed-off shotgun, and hit a short, slight, myopic boy with a heavy chain across the face, splintering his glasses.

Fortunately, later on in that year, it was possible for me to leave Alabama. I departed as fast as my fat little legs could carry me, and so escaped that particular brand of death. But, as Governor Wallace so aptly demonstrates, I have not evaded the kind of thinking that produces these events.

Unfortunately, my experiences are by no means unique. The most appalling aspect of these incidents is that, for Negroes, they are *commonplace*. This kind of terror, this frustration, this constant naked threat of spiritual and physical death—these are as much a part of a Negro's life as breathing. What can I do but tremble when I read Governor Wallace's portrait of Southern life? If people accept his picture—and it has become obvious that some Americans do—then these people are threatening my very life.

I was 16 years old when I left Alabama. It has been three and a half years since I've seen my mother and other relatives who still live there. Even though I have been lonely and homesick many times, I find myself unable to accept the indignities of visiting, traveling and living in the South.

(Name withheld by request)  
Ogden, Utah

## GAULING

Joseph Wechsberg's *The French Myth* in the December issue was a fine job, but Billy Wilder summed it all up a few years ago when he said, "France is a country where the money crumbles in





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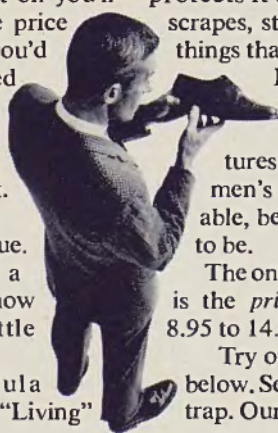
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your hand and you can't tear the toilet paper."

Myles Callum  
New York, New York

I have read with real interest the article *The French Myth* in your December PLAYBOY. From that article it comes out that France's effervescence is not so flat after all.

Without bordering on any kind of politics, I really think that my country could not become flat even if she wanted to. Frenchmen are much too excited for that and French women too exciting.

What I can assure is that our women—when they are pretty—are much prettier than the one you show on your tricolor bottle. But let's be frank, we have nowhere in France a more beautiful girl than the one on pages 140 and 141. Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy—if only I were 50 years younger. Your magazine is wonderful. Bravo.

Maurice Chevalier  
La Coquette, France

### TO ARMS

Thanks to writers like Bertrand Russell, we are aware of the problem that a large nuclear armament poses to the likelihood of man's surviving his own treacherous devices. However, his solution, and I quote, is, "As I see it, there is one very simple way of securing peace, and that is not to fight . . ."

This is no solution at all. We did not arm in either the First or Second World Wars, nor did we fight, until we had to. In both cases our lack of armament damaged the chances of those who in reality were not aggressors.

Neither a refusal to fight nor a refusal to arm is any guarantee that we will have peace, and what kind of logic can state that such is the case? Are we to read our history books for nought?

I would genuinely like to see something intelligent offered as a solution to this arms race, but until someone comes up with a more realistic approach than Lord Russell's, he will continue to be ignored by the world, and the arms race will go on.

Jay E. Hendon  
Burlingame, California

Poison must be labeled as such, and the article in your December issue by Bertrand Russell should have been labeled extreme left-wing propaganda. The intellectual *rigor mortis* exhibited by this elderly gentleman is almost beyond the imagination.

Robert Dreyfus, D. D. S.  
Miami, Florida

Bertrand Russell wrote in 1951: "My intelligence, such as it is, has been steadily decaying since the age of 20. When I was young, I liked mathematics. When this became too difficult for me, I took to philosophy, and when philosophy be-

came too difficult for me, I took to politics. Since then I have concentrated on detective stories."

Let us leave Mr. Russell, at the age of 92, in the English countryside with his detective stories.

William T. Miller  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

My congratulations to Bertrand Russell. His *Semantics and the Cold War* in the December PLAYBOY was one of the finest examples of the proposition that "Speech was given to man to prevent thought" since the advent of sophistry. Indeed, to the degree that it achieves almost total integration of style and content, it could be called a work of art.

Gale Pfund  
San Francisco, California

Please accept my congratulations on the December 1964 issue of PLAYBOY, and for the continued high quality and depth of the magazine. Bertrand Russell's article, *Semantics and the Cold War*, is especially excellent, and this article is of particular significance to those of us teaching in the general area of communications. We would appreciate it very much, indeed, if you would allow us to duplicate 50 copies of this article to be used as a basis of discussion in one or two of our advanced courses.

Edward L. McClarty, Chairman  
Department of Speech  
Modesto Junior College  
Modesto, California

I have just finished reading *Semantics and the Cold War* by Bertrand Russell. It appears to me to be an excellent statement. I teach several psychology classes that could benefit from a reading of this article; for this reason I would like permission to reproduce it for use in my psychology classes—especially those in social psychology.

John Mitchell  
Department of Psychology  
Pacific University  
Forest Grove, Oregon

Permission granted to you both, and many thanks.

### WILD FOR WALDO

As a sousaphone player who remembers Indiana very well, I would like to thank Jean Shepherd for his excellent nostalgic work, *Waldo Grebb and His Electric Baton* [PLAYBOY, December 1964]. If it was in any way autobiographical, I'm sure Mr. Shepherd would find a parade in New Mexico a welcome change, or at least hellishness of another color. I only regret that Grebb, Shepherd and the rest of the crew never had the opportunity to transport four bandsmen and a sousaphone in a Volkswagen sedan.

Steve Owen  
Las Cruces, New Mexico



Jean Shepherd's memoir on bands is priceless. Probably like bandsmen throughout the country, I am certain that the band described *must* be mine. The piece very humorously and accurately relates experiences well known to anyone who has ever been a member of a marching band.

Don E. Smith  
University of Texas Longhorn Band  
Austin, Texas

#### VOTE GETTER

I was amazed to find that your reportorial staff had been following my campaign. I became aware of it when every reader of your magazine in Rhode Island mailed to me this "on-the-spot" artist's conception of my campaign approach, which appeared in your October issue.



"He's probably the finest grass-roots campaigner in the country today."

I am sure you will be happy to know that with your aid and the support of your readers, the campaign reached a successful result. You might be further interested to know that the young lady in the cartoon was successful in finding her earring which apparently had been dropped among the grass roots.

David F. Sweeney  
Representative, First District  
Cranston, Rhode Island

#### INITIAL ENCOUNTER

I don't fully understand the implication of the guy with the National Rifle Association initials on his kilt on page 221 of your December issue, but I don't think I like it. Careful, fellows, a lot of NRA members pay your bills.

Floyd Carter  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*Put down that six-shooter, pardner. NRA stands for the National Recovery Administration, a 1933 Depression baby.*

#### FLICK CHICK

Yesterday I saw a funny, funny picture, *Goodbye Charlie*. The first of many high points of the picture was Donna Michelle doing the twist. Because of your complete "coverage" of Donna, I recognized her long before I saw her face.

William Robinson  
Brooklyn, New York



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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Although surrounded by the ever-croaching, ear-splitting, eye-wearing leviathan of hard-sell supersalesmanship, we had until recently labored under the delusion that there were some purlicues beyond the grasp of those who tenaciously dig for our dollars. Alas for our delusions; we've come upon a battle plan for door-to-door salesmen—ecclesiastical division—which we heartily recommend as a fit target for action by the Third Ecumenical Council. The following are lowlights from a guide to in-person Bible peddling, entitled *Presentation of Marian Deluxe Bible*:

"Hello! I'm John Mirabella, and I'm calling on Catholics. That includes you." (Assume that she is.) "Good, then I'll just step in a minute." (Scrape your feet and bow your head as you move forward. If you are standing back from the door, you can move forward without forcing your way in.) If she asks, "What's it all about?" reply, "Something important—it will just take a minute." Break off the conversation and keep walking as you ask, "How are you feeling today?"

"A neat, clean-cut appearance is very important. Stand back about three paces. If there is a screen or storm door, open it; then knock and ring the bell. Speak distinctly, scrape your feet and move forward. Do not tell your business on the doorstep.

"After you enter, start a friendly conversation. Do not be in a hurry to bring out your product. If the customer hasn't asked you to sit down, ask her, 'Is it OK if I sit down a minute?' When she gives you the OK and if she doesn't sit down, you reply, 'I couldn't sit down with a lady standing.' You go to a soft chair and let her sit on the sofa. After she is seated, you move to sofa.

"Do you get papers from the Church? Good, then I know that you are expecting us. It's in regard to the work Catholic priests spent eleven years on. The Bible—the Word of God; the Devotions—the Word of the Church. Let me show

you the first Catholic Bible that is actually being read. Honestly, how many of us have ever read the Bible? This is the first major revision in three hundred years, and it's in a language that we can all understand. It's dedicated to Mary and here we see her life in color.' (Show the life of Mary in reverse.) 'Forty-four paintings from all over the world tell her story so beautifully and so completely.'

"All the famous stories of the Old Testament are in painting form, from twenty-four different museums and eight different countries. Aren't they beautiful! In the New Testament the greatest story of all, the Life of Our Lord, is told with a hundred paintings! They use visual methods to the fullest because they feel that one picture is worth ten thousand words. Isn't that true! (Let the paintings slip by your thumb at a rapid rate. Do not dwell on any one painting.)

"(Show the text.) 'Look at the size of the print, and it's in a language that we can understand. Isn't that wonderful! The words of Christ are in red, and the paragraphs are headlined so that you know the main thought of each one.' (Whether or not she asks the price at this time, close as follows.) 'If you are like most women, you are thinking in terms of \$120, \$130, aren't you? You won't believe it when I show you' (Pull out your order book and show her the price). 'because the Catholic Press makes it available at a forty-percent saving, it's only \$79.90. Now we leave the set right with you if you pay by cash or check; or you can do it in two or three payments.' (START FILLING IN THE ORDER.) (Maintain a confident attitude.) 'What's your address here?'

"If she asks, 'Why are you writing? I didn't say I was going to buy it,' look her in the eye: 'You'll thank me for it. What's your address?' (Turn your eyes to the order book and prepare to write.) If she replies that she doesn't have that much money on hand: 'Don't worry

about it. I'll work it out for you. The most important thing is to have it in the home. Isn't that true!'

"If she starts on her financial troubles: 'Let us do what we did for Mrs. . . . . We are sending her self-addressed envelopes with a coupon book and she is sending in \$1.50 a week, \$6 a month. That's a lot easier than paying cash. Isn't it!' When she answers 'Yes': 'How do you spell your last name?' When she starts spelling: 'Put your full name and address in here.' (Hand her the pad and pen; and as the ballpoint starts moving) 'I'll give you a guaranteed receipt for your deposit as evidence of good faith. Don't lose it!' Do not mention deposit before she signs. If she should ask before she signs, you reply, 'Let your conscience be your guide.'"

Which, we think, is inviting a case of justifiable homicide.

The Alarmist Outcry of the Month was emitted by the Population Reference Bureau of Washington, D.C., which recently published a pamphlet entitled *Outdoor Recreation Threatened by Excessive Procreation*.

Giveaway offer, while supply lasts: Among the listings in *The Washington Post* for furnished apartments—"Newly dec. 2 bedrooms, 5 nice girls, \$40 each. SO 3-9286."

Noble savage revisited: We were saddened to learn that the Omaha Indian tribe of Macy, Nebraska, has been forced to abandon its old line of hand-sewn animalskin tepees for the tourist trade. They've established an assembly-line factory for the mass production of heavy-duty canvas models to meet the demands for souvenir wigwams by the paleface visitors to their annual summer powwow.

Offbeat household hint offered in *The Kentucky Farmer*: "To keep drawers



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from swelling and hard to pull out, use paste wax on bottoms once a year."

We are pleased to report that erstwhile Presidential noncandidate Marvin Kitman (*Playboy After Hours*, July 1964) has not only weathered his crushing defeat at the polls, but has transferred his remarkable political zeal to the field of military affairs. Having arrogated to himself the rank of "Insurgent General," he is parodying the ambiguous nature of the War in Vietnam. The first shot from his musket was an open letter printed in the satirical magazine *Monocle*. "With the backing of the intellectual community," he wrote, "the War in Vietnam can be more than 'McNamara's War.' It can be the Spanish Civil War of our time. It is a chance for artists, writers, poets, folk singers and creative people everywhere to get together and work for the cause." Using the Lincoln Brigade of American volunteers to Loyalist Spain in 1936 as a model, Kitman has dubbed his outfit the "Douglas MacArthur Brigade."

So far, the response of the intellectual community has not been overwhelming. Novelist Richard Condon contributed a letter containing the enigmatic statement, "Punctuation is a weapon, too." Perhaps he had in mind an army of infiltrators to be called the "Fifth Colon." Grove Press president Barney Rosset wrote, "I come as a litter bearer, not a driver. I am sitting here now, awaiting your call, surrounded by litter."

Kitman pooh-poohs the paucity of replies by pointing out that a limited war cannot be expected to elicit more than a limited response. When we suggested a broader appeal might increase his returns, Kitman retorted, "We are only interested in creative people. Since American troops in the foxholes are called advisors, our Brigade is sending its writers to Vietnam as Editorial Consultants."

To our question of whether a plea for arms was forthcoming, Kitman said, "No, but since many of the folk singers we know describe their instruments as 'weapons,' we plan to collect as many secondhand guitars as we can. Also," he continued, "we are in the midst of coining a gallery of War slogans. So far we have, 'Oh, What a Lovely War Vietnam Is' and 'Limited War Is Purgatory.' But our best description of this so-called partial hell"—and we can't help but agree—"is, 'Let's Make the World Half-Safe for Democracy.'"

Persuasive sign seen on a fence near Cheyenne, Wyoming: NO TRESPASSING. SURVIVORS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

Strategically located property advertised in *The Pittsburgh Press*: "Adjoining Mt. Lebanon, country atmosphere, modern 6 rooms, nice front and rear



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yards, close to church, schools, shopping, only one block from trolley."

**Pop Art Department, Scatology Division:** An exhibition of sculptured excrement in a New York gallery recently elicited a fit-to-print *New York Times* review which observed that "these aggregations of colonic calligraphy contain many formal excellences."

Bargain offer from the classified page of *The Daily Oklahoman*: "For sale—14-ft. aluminum fishing boat & trailer, deep and wife, used 6 times, same as new, \$275. VI 3-9662."

Having exploited, and all but exhausted, the entertainment value of mock shock in the eye-rolling epics of Vincent Price and other merrie menaces, Hollywood's horror hucksters, it seems to us, should turn their attention to the untapped possibilities of a brand-new movie format: the monster musical. Among the production numbers we can envision—lilting duets between Frankenstein, Dracula or the Wolf-Man and their leading ladies-in-distress—are such curdled standards as: *Peg in My Heart, I'll Dismember April, A-Tisket, A-Tasket, By the Light of the Silvery Man, I Want a Ghoul, Isn't It Necromantic?, Rabie Face, Mammy's Little Baby Is Shortnin', Shortnin', That Mold Gang of Mine, Who's Your Little Oozes?, Little White Lies, When I Grow Too Old to Drain, Slime on My Hands, Get Me to the Crypt on Time, Ain't We Got Fungus, There Are Things in Glocca Morra, and that grand old ballad, Can't You Hear Me Crawl'n', Caroline?*

## BOOKS

John Hersey's career has been one of the more erratic among contemporary American writers, and his new novel, *White Lotus* (Knopf), keeps it that way. He started as a good War journalist (*Into the Valley*, 1943), then wrote a tricky War novel (*A Bell for Adano*, 1944), then a fine piece of reporting (*Hiroshima*, 1946). Hardly had we concluded that he was clearly a journalist, rather than a novelist, when he gave us an outstanding novel about the Nazi horror (*The Wall*, 1950). Then he reverted to form and produced, in too-rapid succession, a murky piece of fiction (*The Marmot Drive*, 1953), a pretentious Chinese allegory (*A Single Pebble*, 1956) and a stupidly obvious War novel (*The War Lover*, 1959). The word around was *finito*. But his next one (*The Child Buyer*, 1960) was a sci-fi satire with considerable bite. Now the pendulum has swung again: *White Lotus* is 683 bruisingly boring pages of Chinese allegory (once more) in which it is possible to make out what's happening, but it is not possible to care. There's a clever

idea beneath it: The relation between America and Africa in the 18th Century Negro slave trade is shifted to the future, with China and America in the equivalent positions; the Chinese import white slaves from our West Coast. Well, Ray Bradbury or Arthur C. Clarke might have made a pungent piece of it in 4000 words. This tremendous tome runs out of gas so soon that Hersey can almost be hailed for his achievement in continuing to put words together long after he has exhausted thematic invention. The story, such as it abysmally is, is narrated by a girl from Arizona called White Lotus, who is taken to China in her early teens. It tells of her induction into slave life and into love and sex, of her sales to various masters, her participation in conspiracies and abortive revolts, her gropings toward education. It ends with a hint of future freedom. The first-person narrative by this untutored miss is pretty classy. For example (talking of a fellow slave named Peace): "There ensued, for me, a moment of shock—not because the raindrops had been able to march so thuddingly over the line of our white God's crosses, but because Peace, in whom I had reposed so much hope, did not seem able to believe that our deity might abandon us." The book is, obviously, a comment on the racial problems of our time and country: These white slaves pick cotton in China, see, and the yellows make envious jokes about their sexual prowess. Hersey's heart has always been sound. In this case, it is much sounder than his head. Who needs a gigantic novel to allegorize—without further illuminating—knowledge that is all too familiar to those likely to read the book in the first place?

In *How to Live Like a Lord Without Really Trying* (Simon & Schuster), Shepherd Mead, America's answer to Stephen Potter, invades Potter's native land. Mead, who has guided PLAYBOY readers in the art of winmanship (*How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying* and *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*), now shows us how Buckley Brash, American, by employing inarticulate speech and carrying a battered copy of the London *Financial Times*, gets his company to send him to England. Once there, he quickly proceeds to become respectably dressed, rich, socially acceptable and *British*, necessarily in that order. Brash immediately faces a poser in Chapter I: "Do I WANT to Live Like a Lord?" Of course not! "Countless 'lords' live more wretchedly than your poorest relations in the States, or perhaps your plumber or handyman, shivering and chattering in freezing houses, and eating abominable food." What you actually want is to live like a duke (dee-yook). In the process of piercing some of the major (housing) and minor (haircuts) pretensions of the British,

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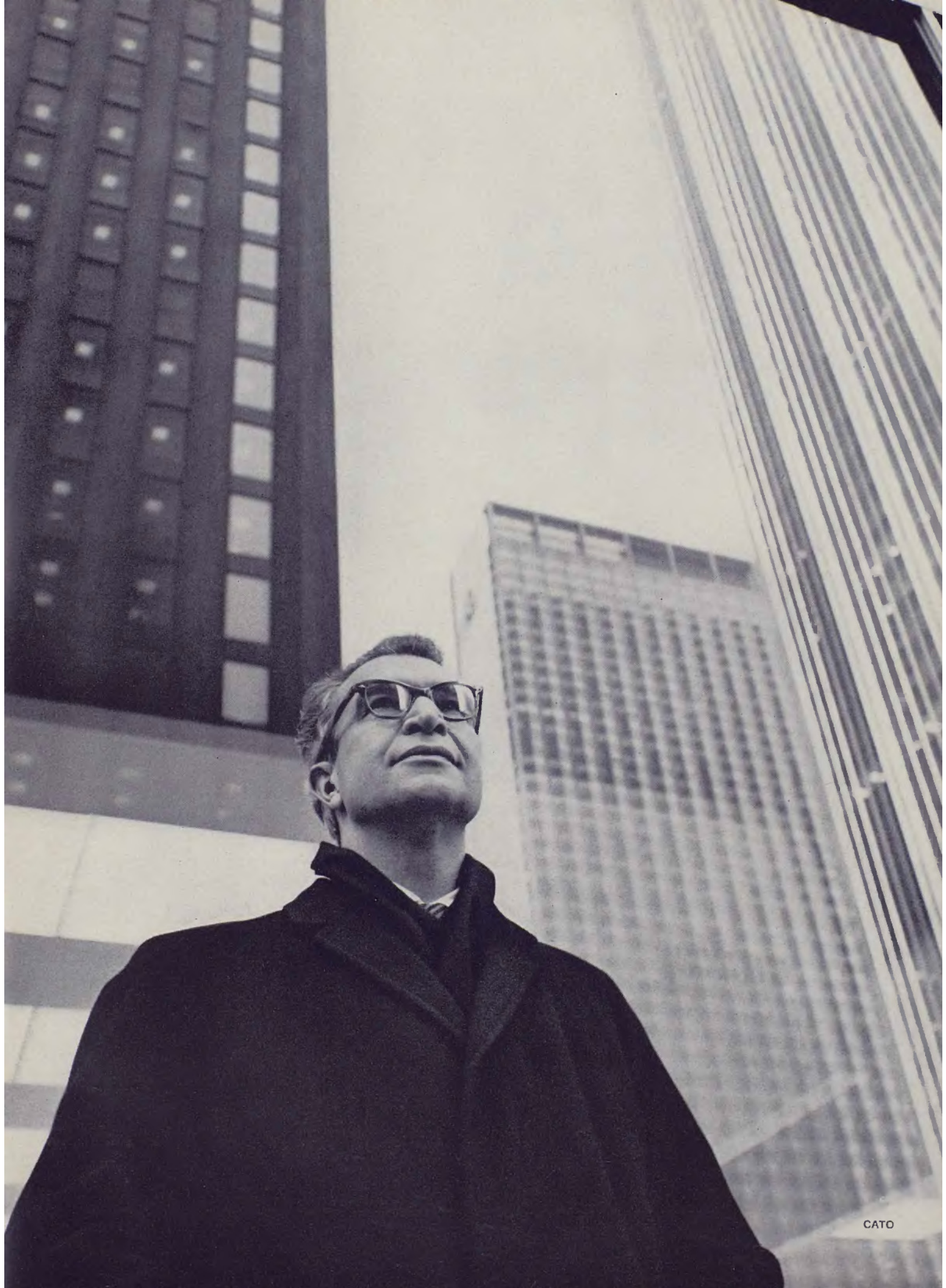
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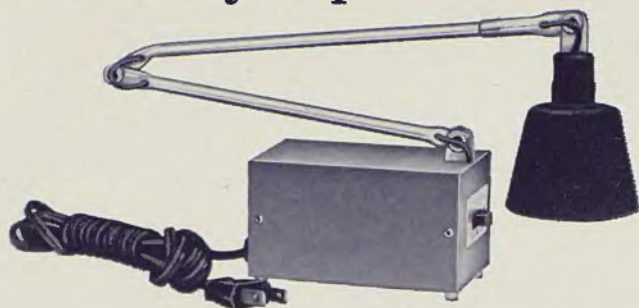
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Mead has produced an admirably unpretentious "travel" book. Where else, for instance, could you learn that it is improper to wear tweeds in England for anything except the grubbiest kind of gardening? (Unless, of course, you establish yourself as an authentic eccentric—in which case you may not only wear tweeds perpetually, but also a different school tie every day of the week.) After thoroughly digesting chapters like "Should We Grind the Faces of the Poor?" you will come to the book's appendices, which include a courageous treatment of British sex. Mead breaks the subject of body English down into subheads for easier handling: "Are the British Hot or Cold?"; "Do English Schools Create Sex Madness?"; "Are the Women Really on Fire?" Shepherd by Shepherd Mead, you should be able to take the British like Margaret Mead took Samoa.

Can it be only eight years since Jack Kerouac published *On the Road*? So young and so much to answer for. The latest in a blasted line from a blameless sire is *A Confederate General from Big Sur* (Grove Press), a novel by Richard Brautigan which is a surrealist synopsis of everything that was worth missing on the now-fading beat literary scene. There is a hero whose heroism consists of scrounging and inviting his friend, the narrator, to loaf, invite his soul, and note the lay of the land. They are thus, self-evidently, sensitive, superior beings. There are purportedly odd adventures, lovable eccentric characters, despicable types who work for a living, callgirls with hearts of gold and other parts to match, all seen from the heights of middle adolescence. The story (nonexistent) moves through San Francisco and the Big Sur and is interwoven with references, in mystical italics, to a mythical Confederate general. This, possibly, gives the book historical resonance; on the other hand, possibly not. The style, all bits and pieces, never really takes the bits in its teeth. The insights have all the freshness of a Willkie button. ("I have noticed this pattern again and again. A pretty girl living with an ugly.") The trick of always referring to the hero by his full name does not, unfortunately, succeed in giving him stature and depth. At one point the narrator, who adores the hero, says of his girl: "In an extraordinarily brief period of time she had grown to know, to understand what went on behind the surface of Lee Mellon." She should have told the author.

Business execs—present and future—take note: A top corporate executive has written an excellent book about business. It is Ford Bell's *You're in Charge* (Doubleday). Mr. Bell, chairman and chief executive officer of Red Owl, a giant Mid-



western food chain, is concerned about finding his successor. In this book, a series of memorandums written to potential candidates, he gives advice on everything from nepotism to getting work out of a board of directors. In addition to putting into words the management philosophy that helped Red Owl grow from a small group of farm stores to a corporation of 7500 people, Bell offers practical information to the rising executive. He abhors "decision by committee," that spreading ailment in corporations that stifles creativity and muffles individual responsibility. Unlike many, Bell believes "it is sheer folly and a waste of time to try to relate the job qualifications of a man to the personal characteristics of his wife. I would never attempt to screen, or even to interview, the wives of the employees." Here is a candid look at a genuinely formidable executive—tough, as business is tough, but fair withal. However, Bell suffers fools not at all, and one gets the impression that the only deadwood at Red Owl is neatly stacked in one of their warehouses. It's nice to know that you *can* succeed in business by trying and still retain a healthy measure of honor, dignity and humor.

One side effect of good books is that they make not-so-good books more conspicuous. Publishers, being publishers, are reluctant to accept this fact. Indeed, the appearance of a successful novel like *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* sends publishers onto a frantic band wagon of "serious" thrillers, "important" whodunits and "masterful" spy tales, most of which have nothing uncommon about them except their cost of \$4.95 rather than the usual \$3.50. Not only does Len Deighton have the misfortune to be so inflatedly published, he's unlucky enough to have written a book, *Funeral in Berlin* (Putnam), that falls smack in the middle of John le Carré's somber territory of modern Germany, the Cold War, and the amoral, nobody-wins world of undercover intelligence. "Smack in the middle" may be putting it too precisely; *Funeral in Berlin* sprawls for 302 obscure pages, in which the chief tension is whether or not the author is ever going to get the plot straightened out. As in Deighton's previous *The IPCress File*, the book is garlanded with some good wisecracks. But they don't compensate for the gimcrack gimmickery, the unassimilated remarks that the author jotted down during his research trips to the spy haunts of Europe, and the knowing appendices about, say, Section 6 of the British Official Secrets Act, which has precious little relevance to anything in the text. Particularly irritating is the frequent, braggadocio use of "contemporary" idiom and metaphor: "He stirred [his tea] as though he were putting an extra rod in an atomic pile."



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Deighton attempts to make up in distance what he lacks in depth. While arranging the kidnaping/defection of a Russian scientist that turns out to be a convenient cover for the liquidation of an expendable double agent, the nameless, faceless and almost identityless narrator hopscoches among London, Prague, London, Berlin and, yes, London again. The feminine lead is named Samantha Steel, who—it says here—is an Israeli agent. The epigraphs preceding each chapter are tidbits of chess wisdom. Deighton may be working the wrong field; the best things in the book are the bows to the spirit of Humphrey Bogart and the Marx Brothers.

A current common assertion is that the Negro is no longer "invisible." But although nearly everyone has come to know the names James Baldwin, Martin Luther King and even Ralph Ellison, most whites continue to be ignorant of the way life is actually lived in the urban Negro ghetto. The importance of Henry Williamson's *Hustler!* (Doubleday) is the look it provides from the inside of one kind of slum adaptation—the criminal life style. Williamson, who will be housed in the Illinois State Penitentiary until 1971, taped most of this book in conversations with R. Lincoln Keiser, a court caseworker in Chicago. (Keiser then put it in minimally edited chronological sequence.) As literature, Williamson's memoirs offer no competition to the works of Jean Genet. But as a guide to a subterranean area of American society, *Hustler!* has no contemporary peers. Williamson speaks without self-pity or regret. It is the very casualness with which he describes his predatory years that is most chilling. Yet he is no monster. He reveals a quick intelligence, warmth, wit and a not fully conscious realization that even when he was "making it" as a mugger and a thief, he was swinging in a void. As Paul Bohannon, Professor of Anthropology at Northwestern, says in a brief commentary at the end of the book, Williamson, growing up without a father, soon knew that nobody stood behind him. School was a prison, which he left at 13. Outside, there were "no sources of opportunity that allow creative work to be rewarding." But there was still the need to survive in a competitive society. So Williamson turned to crime. ("It was always a challenge to me to be better than the next guy if possible.") Obviously, crime was not an inevitable route. But there were few alternatives—and everyone in the ghetto is vulnerable. "No place else," Bohannon emphasizes, "are the pickings so easy; no place else are the institutions for protection of body and property so weakly organized." Williamson will be 42 when he is released and in all likelihood he will waste the rest of his life, too. Waste pervades every



page of this chronicle. Even Williamson's pleasure was quick and basically empty—from liquor to sex to heroin. Unwittingly, Henry Williamson has written the ultimate hip rebuttal to Norman Mailer's fanciful *The White Negro*. The existential compiler of kicks in the ghetto, as seen by a white middle-class adventurer, has no relationship to this real-life self-portrait. Williamson blames no one for the waste of himself. This was life as he found it, and he fell into a criminal way of coping with it. Not once does he condemn society or the white "power structure." But, as Bohannon observes, for the slum and for Williamson to exist, "there must be, somewhere, a vast number of people who accept it and him by refusing to become aware of them." As *Hustler!* makes clear, there are still millions of invisible Americans.

Another of those fabled Eastern volumes that have contented the *cognoscenti* for decades now makes its belated public appearance on these shores. It is *The Gulistan of Sa'di* (Putnam), the masterpiece of a 13th Century Persian poet whose reputation on this side of the world has been somewhat unfairly overshadowed by Omar Khayyám. It was not until 1888 that a complete and unbowdlerized translation of Sa'di's work—perennially popular among Persians—was privately printed in London by Sir Richard Burton's slightly notorious Kamashastra Society. The reason it took another 77 years for it to make its way across the ocean can be found in Chapter V, "On Love and Youth," where the youths in love are mainly male. But no one past the age of consent is likely to be shocked by anything in this collection of didactic tales, maxims and poems. This *Gulistan*, or rose garden, exudes a sweetness that we have come to expect only from children's literature. There is charm even in the stiltedness of some of the translated verse and in the familiar sentiments: "If I die not of grief on the day of separation / Reckon me not faithful in friendship." Sa'di had no false shame about s-x or illusions about men's weaknesses, yet his essential purity and innocence shine from every page. It reflects most strangely on our official sense of what is virtuous and what isn't that this utterly moral work should have been forbidden us for so long.

The three crucial problems of our time, according to most crisis experts, are, in no particular order, the bomb, civil rights and automation. The conventional wisdom about automation is that it is at least temporarily bad for us because it creates mass unemployment. But is automation really bad? Not according to Bernard Asbell. Asbell writes in *The New Improved American* (McGraw-Hill), "We are engaged, whether we

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know it or not, in history's most grand and pure act of humanity. We are making it unfeasible for masses of men to continue to live like animals." This is a brave theory, but there are conditions attached and conditions ignored. Ignored are the consequences of the population explosion: If it continues at the current pace, it will upset all acts of humanity, pure and impure. An attached condition, as Asbell readily concedes, is that men and women now in their 40s, 50s and 60s will face sizable problems with which we have to deal right now: "We must try to save them from miseries in their remaining years by such stopgaps as job training for lower skills, literacy training, devices such as a tax cut that may boost the demand for the kinds of low drudgery that one day few human beings will be asked to perform." That is the key to Asbell's thesis—relief from drudgery—and throughout his book he attacks a national attitude that distrusts "the social consequences of any machine, no matter how marvelous," that defends "man's inalienable right to toil on like a beast of burden." Asbell is no theorist of the abstract. He spent three years in the field—in desolated farm country, in ravaged coal-mining areas, in industrial centers where men have been displaced by machines, in slum schools, in experimental educational centers that are preparing for the new American. He came, he saw, he learned. Above all, he believes he learned this—that there's "hardly anything wrong with our economy that a bit of education won't cure." If that seems a pat conclusion, consider the enormous efforts that will be required to give children a real 20th Century education—the huge doses of money from the Government, the army of dedicated teachers able to light intellectual fires. Asbell's vision, sanguine though it may be, is a large one and it merits attention. His prophecies are not altogether persuasive, but if his book helps arouse the nation to the enormous problems of automation and its equally enormous potentialities, that is contribution enough.

Hoagy Carmichael is so idiomatically American that his walk, songs, acting and singing fuse into the boy heroes of Booth Tarkington and Mark Twain. Carmichael's latest autobiography, *Sometimes I Wonder* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is consistent with those Midwestern cadences and gait. Stephen Longstreet helped with the writing, but the voice, like the memories, is clearly Carmichael's. His is a relatively serene odyssey in a time that produces more memories of anguish than of pleasure. The book is intriguing in part because of its evocations of a lost era. With no more sentimentality than is his due, Carmichael provides a backdrop of American social history in describing his growing years—the pleasures of an Indiana boyhood in

the first two decades of the century; the apprenticeships as roofer, cement mixer and hog slaughterer to pay for college; and the "jazz age" as seen by a peripheral musician and aspiring composer in Chicago, New York and Hollywood. What gives this autobiography its special flavor is Carmichael's lifelong, unabashed intoxication with jazz. The book's most alive sections are those in which he is either playing music, writing it or listening to it. In addition to his brief but vivid reactions to such towering figures as Louis Armstrong and King Oliver, there are also insights into the jazz-tinged acquaintances of Carmichael's hungrier years—Paul Whiteman, Bing Crosby, George Gershwin. Most fascinating and frustrating of all those in his cast is the opaque Bix Beiderbecke, who keeps reappearing in the book as a motif of loss that is so evasive it cannot even be called tragic. Although they were friends, Carmichael concedes that even he could only partially penetrate Bix' private and rootless world. Yet there are fragments of revelation: remembered conversations; Bix exultantly noodling on his cornet during a car ride on a frosty Indiana morning; and finally the fading Bix as he slipped out of a life that had become an insoluble maze for him. Carmichael himself gradually became established and financially comfortable with an annuity from *Stardust* and other hits as well as income from performing in films and in night clubs. But *Sometimes I Wonder* diminishes in interest after Carmichael leaves the jazz life to settle in Hollywood. The apparent reason is that nothing ever became as compelling to him as the jazz experience. (At times in Hollywood, "all the glamor, and sunshine, and suntanned bodies would fade out and I'd think how much Bix liked to hear Bessie sing.") The Hoagy Carmichael that comes through in this autobiography is a rather shy, continually curious romantic whose apex of achievement—though not of status and income—was reached when he played piano in the Indiana-based Carmichael Syringe Orchestra and listened to Bix with the Wolverines. The rest of his life has been moderately satisfying; but to the end, Carmichael remains jazz-struck as he tries to keep open to new horns while still hearing Bix improvise a "spacious and exhilarating" four-bar break.

In 1923, in a dusty, lethargic town in an unnamed Southwestern state, there lives a lush young woman named Louise Talbot—too ripe for the town, for the summer heat, for the indolence. Someone strangles her. Her husband is charged with the crime, and during the trial, it is revealed that their estrangement dates back to the time he presented her with an endearing gift of venereal disease. With the husband's knowl-

edge—though not quite with his consent—the wife thereupon turned to other lovers. "She told him that she'd try to be a good wife in other ways but she needed a kind of love he could never give her now," one of them tells the jury. Halfway through *A Covenant with Death* (Atheneum), by Stephen Becker, the cuckolded husband is found guilty of the crime, though by then it is one that the reader is certain he did not commit. What happens in the book's remaining pages, up to and beyond the moment of Bryan Talbot's scheduled hanging, results from some of the most remarkable manipulation of plot in recent fiction. This alone would probably insure the success of Becker's novel, already a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. But to suggest that it is a crime story of the everyday slick sort is to do the writer, and his work, an acute disservice. First of all, Becker writes with a deceptive effortlessness rarely matched in the genre: "He tipped his frayed, stained, wide-brimmed Stetson, revealing untamed white hair and a vestige of gallantry . . . and let his gaze wander briefly to her bosom, unbound and indubitable within a finespun blouse. . . . Then Henry passed along, not looking back. Henry was an old man." But beyond this, Becker has contrived something even more unexpected: Writing for a commercial audience, and stinting on neither sex nor violence, he has nonetheless produced a novel that is meaningful. His story is told some 40 years after the fact, by the judge before whom the case was tried, and who is now able to comment: "If judges were required to sit naked we would have more justice." And because the complications of his decision do make him look at himself in just that light, viewing his own failings and dalliances as critically as those of the principals, the book comes to deal with far more than the death of an inviting young wife. It deals with the making of a man.

It is generally, though silently, agreed by most participants in the civil rights struggle that the last barrier between the races to fall in this country will be the majority hostility toward interracial sex relations. In *Sex and Racism in America* (Doubleday), Calvin C. Hernton says so out loud. A sociologist, poet, novelist—and a Negro—Hernton has written the first nonacademic yet nonsensationalized book about the tangled myths of sex and race produced by America's long history of racism. Although Hernton tends to generalize grandly ("The white man's self-esteem is in a constant state of sexual anxiety in all matters dealing with race relations"), his book is a provocative, wide-ranging confrontation of the sexual nightmares that give rise to fears and prejudices between white and black. He examines the use that many whites



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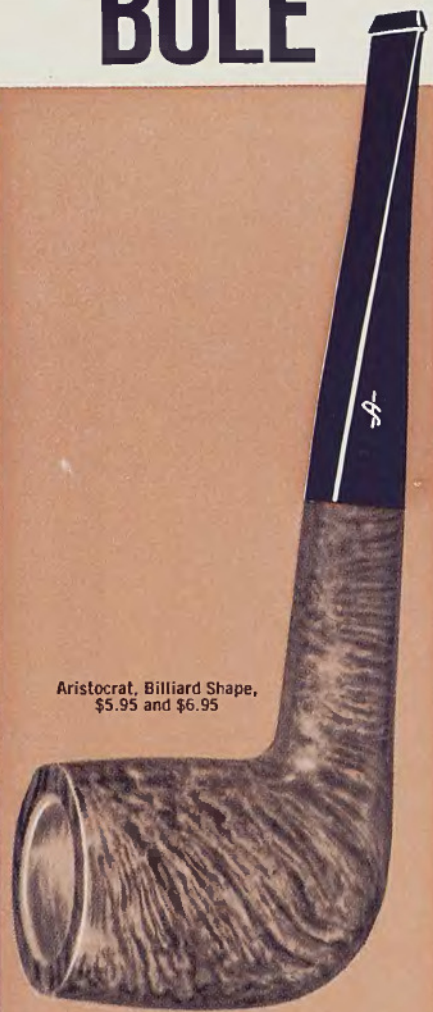




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have made in their fantasies of their dehumanized stereotype of the Negro. ("The lewd concept of Negro sexhood is a property of American culture.") In separate chapters, Hernton discusses the white woman, the Negro male, the white man and the Negro woman. From interviews, his own experience and some of the literature in the field, Hernton analyzes, for instance, the effect on the white woman herself of the white Southerner's need to create an "immaculate mythology" of white womanhood to "glorify an otherwise indecent society." Hernton goes on to investigate the parallel effect on the Negro male of having to live in a society, North as well as South, in which he is expected to act like a eunuch with regard to white women. (Here Hernton does not probe deeply enough. The difficulty many Negro males have in achieving a firm sense of manhood goes beyond sexual psychopathology. One crucial factor is the matriarchal Negro family structure of the urban lower class, which is caused by economic squeeze.) Hernton is unsparing about Negro self-delusion—for example, among those beat Negroes who "exploit themselves . . . parading and displaying their Negroness" and thereby living down to the white stereotype. He is equally unsparing of the white American male: "When it comes to sex with the Negro male, nearly all white men in America look upon the white woman as 'their' woman. When a Negro is intimate with *one* white woman, in the minds and emotions of the white man, that Negro is intimate with *all* white women." The most complicated and rewarding section of *Sex and Racism in America* is the chapter on the Negro woman who has so often been brutalized and exploited by the majority white culture and yet has remained a bedrock of strength in her own world. Her place in the slowly beginning revolution of attitudes toward interracial sex is especially subject to conflicting stresses. But that revolution is taking place as social relations between the races increase in certain pockets of society. Hernton still foresees "a bloody war" before "intermarriage becomes generally acceptable"; but the evidence by no means points entirely in that direction. For, as Hernton himself emphasizes, "Integration will not necessarily 'lead to' intermarriage; but it will definitely make intermarriage more universally possible." And we are surely, if stumbingly, moving toward integration.

In *The Economics of Taste* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Gerald Reitlinger demonstrates that one man's meat is another man's Poussin; or, to paraphrase the old truth, there is no progress in art, only change. The book is a catalog of paintings and prices, covering about two centuries of purchases—some important and others merely importunate—by mu-

seums and speculators. Like the 16th Century Italians (of whom he seems especially fond), Reitlinger appears incapable of leaving out a single detail, and one is soon floundering among the price fluctuations (all in British pounds) of the Pre-Raphaelites. Reitlinger writes with admirable reserve, but what he gives us, in the last analysis, is not so much the economics of taste as a taste of economics. Still, one can draw from this pile of obsolete price tags a feeling for the vagaries of connoisseurship, as well as a cautionary message for today's collector. Where are the Wouwermans, Berchems and Van Ostades of yesteryear? The book is illuminated by an occasional gleam of Edwardian wit. In 1859, Reitlinger tells us, Jean Millet sold *The Angelus* for 72 pounds sterling. "A subsequent owner parted with it, having been driven to the verge of insanity by his guests, all of whom made the same remark, 'You can hear the Bells.' In 1881 the picture was bought by M. Secrétan, the cartridge king, for 6400 pounds." Mr. Reitlinger takes us from Fra Angelico to Pablo Picasso, but gallery gambling continues post-Picasso more fiercely than ever—in a booming art market where the relationship between price and quality is exceedingly obscure, and quite often nonexistent.

In *O the Times! O the Manners!* (Morrow), William Iversen has collected the renowned *Short Histories* which have over the years illuminated these pages. Iversen examines such venerable institutions as bathing, shaving, swearing, dancing, toasting and money with an outlook that might have sprung from a collaboration between James Thurber and David Riesman. He teaches us to appreciate the *idea* of money, as well as the commodity itself: "Anyone who has ever attempted to pay a 50-cent taxi fare with a 10-dollar bill can readily imagine the difficulties that might arise in trying to get a cab driver to make change for an ox—to say nothing of having to compute a tip in terms of broccoli and rhubarb." If you think about such matters while soaking in a hot bath, remember that bathing "probably evolved only after a long period of scratching and laughing," and went through an era when the pleasures of the public bath were diminished by the habit of passers-by tossing dogs and cats into the water. And if you're taking that bath in preparation for a twist party, keep in mind that "Through the ages, man's every muscle, limb and fiber has wiggled, jiggled and jumped in dancing celebrations of victory, puberty, birth, marriage, divorce, circumcision, the changes of the moon and the rising of the sun." When you finish Iversen's book, you may want to give it to Grandma, just in case she's forgotten her own past while clucking her tongue



at today's mores. In all ages and all places, Iversen shows with fact and wit, observers of the human comedy have shaken their heads and exclaimed "O the Times! O the Manners!"

## RECORDINGS

**Cannonball Adderley's *Fiddler on the Roof*** (Capitol) represents an auspicious debut on that label for the esteemed altoist. It also is a daring venture, as Jerry Bock's Yiddish-accented score for the Broadway smash would seem rugged territory for jazz permutations. But the Adderley Sextet has bridged the gap in stunning fashion. Cannonball, brother Nat on trumpet and cornet, Charles Lloyd on tenor and flute, and Joe Zawinul on piano all make major contributions to a session that is a wordless wonder.

The seemingly limitless scope of Duke Ellington's renowned "Rabbit" is once more brought to the fore on ***Everybody Knows Johnny Hodges*** (Impulse!). The flow of ideas transmitted by the impeccably toned Hodges alto, heard here in the context of a group made up of Ellington sidemen, remains astonishing. Included are assorted jewels from Duke's diadem—I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, Main Stem, Don't Get Around Much Anymore and Billy Strayhorn's beautiful *A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing*.

Annie Ross, a splendid thrush who returned to England several years ago, has lost none of her distinctive flair. ***Annie Ross Sings a Handful of Songs*** (Everest) is an imposing handful, indeed, from the opener, the title tune, on through the last note of *Limehouse Blues*. Miss Ross' performance points up the fact that this country's loss is Blighty's gain.

A handsome amalgam of sight and sound is ***Mexico*** (Columbia), an album that contains a hard-cover book on Mexican history and culture (with text in both English and Spanish), illustrated in full color, and an LP of a Mexican orchestra and chorus, conducted by Carlos Chávez, performing native music. *In toto*, a collector's item.

One of the best of the distaff soul singers can be heard to excellent advantage on ***Aretha Franklin / Runnin' Out of Fools*** (Columbia). She is a swinger of the first magnitude; her torrid take-off on *Mockingbird* (a familiar children's ballad) is worth the price of the recording. Belford Hendricks' arrangements for the chorus behind Miss Franklin add measurably to the excitement.

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fresh evidence of his superb guitar credentials. His latest, *Joe Pass / For Django* (Pacific Jazz), a tribute to the great French guitarist, is richly wrought. Backed by a rhythm section that includes John Pisano's rhythm guitar, Pass is both provocative and poignant. To be found in the album are such Django gems as *Nuages*, *Rosetta* and *Fleur d'Ennui*.

From *Hello Dolly* to *Goodbye Charlie* / Bobby Darin (Capitol) finds the young singer surrounded (except for a pair of his own tunes) by Broadway and movie-sound-track hits. Bobby obviously enjoys the company he's keeping. Operating in front of an outsized aggregation, batoned by arranger Richard Wess, the dynamic Mr. Darin sandwiches between the title offerings such goodies as *Call Me Irresponsible*, *Charade* and *Once in a Lifetime*.

The crystallike fragility connoting Igor Kipnis' performance of *French Baroque Music for Harpsichord* (Epic) conveys to the listener in splendid style the fascinating nuances of the late 17th Century—early 18th Century composers Louis Couperin, Jean-Philippe Rameau and Joseph Bodin de Boismortier. In particular, his treatment of Rameau's *Suite in E*, which occupies all of side two, mirrors the period's delicate elegance.

Discovery! / *The Charles Lloyd Quartet* (Columbia) is really not a discovery for followers of the fortunes of the Cannonball Adderley Sextet. Lloyd's tenor and his arrangements have added a new dimension to the Adderley group. Here, fronting a foursome that includes fine pianist Don Friedman, Lloyd explicates seven of his own compositions and gives fresh voicing to the Mercer-Mancini neoclassic *Days of Wine and Roses*.

Cole Porter's recent death undoubtedly will inspire a rash of musical tributes. One of the first is *Bosses of the Ballad / Illinois Jacquet and Strings Play Cole Porter* (Argo). The longtime tenor man, stretching out on arrangements by Benny Golson and Tom McIntosh, handles with care a collection of timeless Porter melodies highlighted by *Get Out of Town*, *I Concentrate on You* and *Everytime We Say Goodbye*, the last a strangely neglected balladic gem.

A profusion of fine vinyl fare covering every hue of the folknik spectrum has come our way: *Pete Seeger in Concert / I Can See a New Day* (Columbia) ranges from contemporary social protests to spirituals, to Quaker hymns. An earlier Seeger may be heard on *Folk Songs by Pete*

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Seeger (Capitol). Cut from previously unreleased Folkways masters, it includes *Careless Love*, *Dollar Ain't a Dollar Any more* and *This Train*. Reissued on three LPs is *The Folk Era / The Kingston Trio* (Capitol), containing 32 of their most widely heralded performances. You name it; it's here. Included, too, are copious liner notes. Two more reissues of a high order—part of RCA Victor's Vintage Series—are *Leadbelly / The Midnight Special* and *Woody Guthrie / Dust Bowl Ballads*. The former is particularly interesting, as a number of the tracks (*Rock Island Line*, *Gray Goose*, *Pick a Bale of Cotton*, the title tune and *Whoa Back Buck*) were recorded with the exceptional Golden Gate Quartet. Leadbelly was a one-off; his death in 1949 was an irreparable loss. Guthrie's heartbreaking songs of the Depression are as gripping today as when they were first performed. Included are *Tom Joad*, *Pretty Boy Floyd* and the equilibrium-shaking *Dust Pneumonia Blues*. *Joon Baez / 5* (Vanguard) is highlighted by the folk queen's surprisingly adept performance of the aria from Heitor Villa-Lobos' *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*, a formidable undertaking. On this she is accompanied by an ensemble of eight cellos; the rest of the bill finds Miss Baez in a more familiar vein. Recent arrivals on the folk scene, The Pilgrims, in their first album aptly titled *Just Arrived! / The Pilgrims* (Columbia), demonstrate taste, an appreciation for their material and delightful harmonics. Their program is well-rounded, presenting a strong indication that the trio is here to stay. *The Gateway Trio* (Capitol) is one LP up on The Pilgrims. An irreverent threesome serving up a musical mélange of zany satire (*Masochistic Baby*) and standard folk melodies (*Cotton Eyed Joe*), they remind one of the Limeliters in approach, but the sound is all their own. Another vinyl bow features *Maxine Sellers / Folk Songs* (Prestige). From the Southwest, Miss Sellers incorporates a number of tunes out of the Texas-Oklahoma area in her first LP, delivering them in a lusty full-bodied voice. Welcome aboard, Maxine. A pair of blues shouters display their vocal wares arrestingly on *The Best of Jimmy Reed* (Vee Jay) and *Hard Drivin' Blues / Roosevelt Sykes* (Delmark). The latter is a barrel-house pianist of no little repute whose vocal cords match his keyboard technique in raw power. Reed offers ten of his own compositions, including the rousing opener, *Baby What You Want Me to Do*, and a brace of outside items. *Bud & Travis in Person* (Liberty), recorded at the Cellar Door in Washington, D. C., is further evidence of the duo's first-rank stature in the folk world. Their repertoire is catholic in the extreme; this session includes *Gimme Some from Golden Boy*, *Elija Rock and How Long*, *How Long Blues*, along with two of their much-favored Latin lilt.

## THEATER

*Incident at Vichy* is the best production so far at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, and it is Arthur Miller's best play since *A View from the Bridge*. The first statement says little, since the other productions have ranged from disappointing to dismal, and the second merely means that the new play is better than *After the Fall*. All it really proves is that Miller is a promising playwright. The reason his play is only a partial success is not so much because it is old-fashioned—at least 20 years old-fashioned—but that he has little that is original to say about his subject, and it is a subject that demands originality. What new can be written about the Nazi horror? Miller searches his conscience, which got such a public workout in *After the Fall*, and emerges with: "Everyone has a Jew; even the Jew has a Jew." In other words, we are all guilty. Until this revelation, which comes at the end of Miller's 90-minute one-acter, we are confronted with, and sometimes interested in, a benchful of people who are about to be interrogated by the Nazis in Vichy in 1942 and, if found guilty of Jewishness, to be carted off to the ovens. There are a Red, an artist, a bearded patriarch, a boy who is too young to leave his mother, a psychiatrist (Joseph Wiseman), and a liberal Austrian prince (David Wayne) who has been detained by mistake. The acting generally is good, but the characters, except for the last two, exist largely as symbols. The measure of the play's limited effectiveness is the fact that as each person is taken off stage to be judged, the audience applauds—complimenting the actor's exit, forgetful of the man's fate. At the ANTA Washington Square, 40 West 4th Street.

*Bajour* and *I Had a Ball* are both Broadway musical con-medies about swindles in Brooklyn, and anyone paying good money to see either may be pardoned for feeling he's the victim. *Bajour* is supposed to be based on Joseph Mitchell's *New Yorker* magazine series about gypsies, but Ernest Kinoy's book and Walter Marks' score have reduced the ethnic charm to a lot of frenzied jumping up and down. Most of the characters are about as grabby as cigar-store gypsies, except for a nongypsy, a gullible lady anthropologist looking for a tribe, any tribe, even in Brooklyn. She wants to be in on the bajour, the big swindle, even though her mother is the one to be taken. Nancy Dussault is the adventurer, and she is antic, lovely, and can outsmart all the gypsies. She alone is no bajour. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.

*I Had a Ball* is about Coney Island grifters and drifters, and it is billed as the Buddy Hackett show. Hackett, a fat

funnyman with a face made of Silly Putty, plays a Coney—a phony Coney at that: crystal-gazer, analyst and matchmaker. There's a modicum of comedy when Hackett addresses the crystal directly—"Ball, together we can rule de woild"—but most of the time he merely obsoives while the pitchmen pitch, the dancers dance and the singers sing songs by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman: one from *The Threepenny Opera*, one from *The Music Man*, and the rest from Rodgers and anybody. It's a hollow shell game. Newcomer Karen Morrow, who looks like Carol Channing and sings like Carol Burnett, has a large face, a large voice, a large talent and, sadly, a small part. But she still steals the show, what there is of it. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th Street.

Somewhere deep in William Hanley's *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* there is the nub of an amusing 30-minute trifle about the lack of communication among diverse characters, the kind of thing Hanley once did so well off-Broadway. But *Slow Dance* is no trifle. It is a Big Play about Big Ideas and it is Terrible. The action takes place in a Brooklyn candy store on the night that Eichmann is executed, which sets the pretentious tone for the assorted guilts on display. There are three guilty characters, not counting the playwright: Glas, a non-Jewish German refugee who runs the store; Randall, a Negro hipster with an I.Q. of 187; and Rosie, a free-speaking, free-living girl who wears an orange wig. Randall skitters around like a blind locust and keeps opening the door. When he does, we hear a loud humming, which is the sound of the "killing ground" out there. "No hiding place," says Randall and shuts the door. Each of the three is hiding something—the German, that he abandoned his Jewish wife when faced with the Nazis; the Negro, that he murdered his prostitute mother; the girl, that she wants an abortion. Before the trial is over, each has owned up to his sin. Meanwhile, the author jams their mouths with creamy talk: Rosie's baby is "this thing swimming around in the juices of my womb." Randall has three voices. With his sunshades on, he is a hophead; with them off, he is intelligent and gloomy; and when he finally confesses, he sounds like *Finnegans Wake*. Up to a point, he is funny (more accurately, Clarence Williams III makes him seem funny); then he becomes tiring. Sometimes, unwittingly, he makes sense, as when he says, "Silence also speaks, daddy." But the author of this windy, overblown, pompous play isn't listening. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

*Poor Richard Ford*, the poet-hero of Jean Kerr's new comedy, is a high-living, hard-drinking, hard-wenching Britisher,



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with more than a passing resemblance to some real-life romantics. In addition, his latest book of poems has sold 80,000 copies and he is being featured in all the big magazines. He is in America on a self-promotion junket, and he is irresistible, except to the secretary who used to love him. Actually, she decided to marry him before they met, but now finds she likes him better, bound, in volumes. "You communicate too much," she scolds. "The noise I make," he answers, "is to stop people from knowing I have nothing whatever to say." Richard is really more of a poet than he gives himself credit for, and Mrs. Kerr is more of a playwright. The core of *Poor Richard* is a serious, perceptive comedy about the dissipation of talent, but it is awash in an ocean of gags. Richard's questions and answers are jokes, and when he isn't wisecracking, someone else is. Many of the jokes are clever, but much of the time it is simply Mrs. Kerr cracking. While distributing the witticisms, she has been negligent about creating character. Richard, as played with great charm by Alan Bates, is credible, a thoroughly winning cad; but the minor characters smack of the cartoon. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

## DINING-DRINKING

The mistral, that chill, ill wind that rattles through southern France, has finally blown someone something good—a new luxury establishment that forces the pantheon of great restaurants to open up for one more. Manhattan's *Le Mistral* (14 East 52nd Street) is pure Provence from its whitewashed walls and painted view of Pont d'Avignon to the *soupe de poissons*. The front portion of the dining area is latticed to give a handsome alfresco effect. The blue ceiling, pinpricked with tiny lights, gives the impression you are dining by moonlight on the Côte d'Azur. As a matter of fact, you stand a very good chance of dining as well at *Le Mistral* as at almost any eatery along the Côte. For openers we savored *l'anguille fumée*, smoked eel with a delicately chilled horse-radish sauce, and a specialty of the house, *la croustade méridionale*, a concoction of hot seafood served up in a flaky puff pastry. Chef Guy Moruzzi properly keeps the number of entrees down to about a dozen so that each serving gets the master's touch. Particularly good is the squab served either with artichokes and mushrooms or simply with peas. There is a *plat du jour* that remains uniformly excellent. Specialties include pompano and a dazzling *caneton* (duckling) *flambé*, along with the usual items from the grill. The cheese board runs the gamut from a piquant goat cheese to a rich brie. Desserts are often the test at which even

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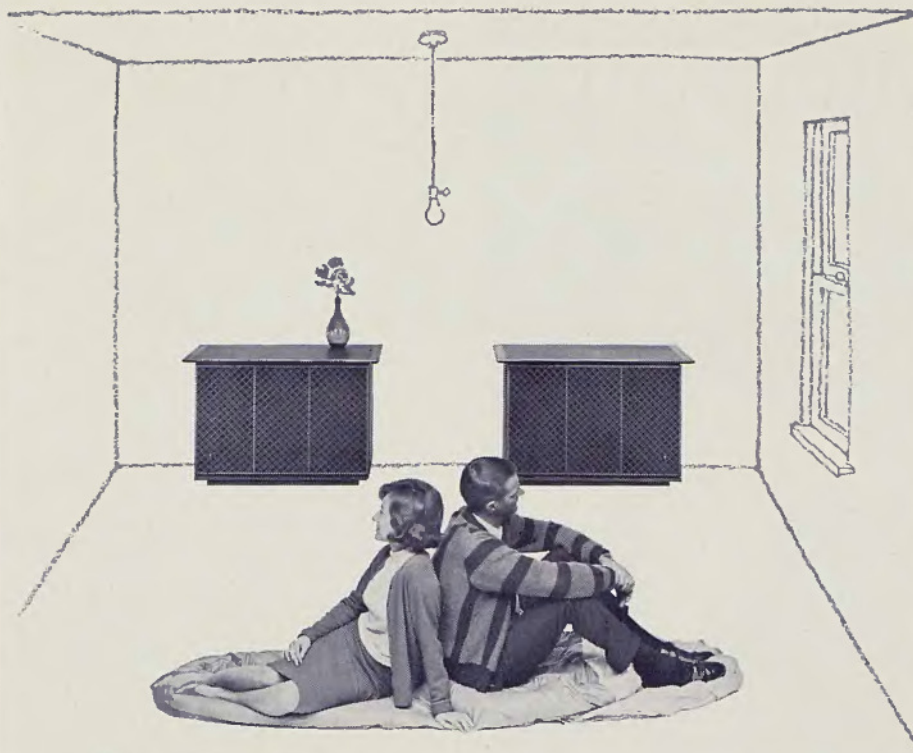


the best restaurants falter. Le Mistral's selection is, if anything, the strongest portion of its solid menu. We ended with a sinfully caloric *pot de crème au chocolat* and a Bavarian cream with a vanilla sauce laced with anise. Proprietors Jean Larriaga and Joseph Lemerdy have assembled a noteworthy staff. Many of them, from waiters to the *saucier poissonnier*, have served previously at Le Pavillon, that *haut monde* of French cuisine in America. As it should be, but rarely is, the service is attentive, knowledgeable and friendly. The wine list is more than adequate. There is a fixed price of \$5.50 for luncheon (from 12:30 to 2:30) and \$7.50 for dinner (6:30-10). Many of the specialties are extra, however, and a really masterful dinner for two with wine will run around \$30. Reservations are suggested. Le Mistral is closed on Sundays.

## MOVIES

They've oiled up the machinery in the Hollywood fun factory (but not enough) and creaked out another so-called comedy. This time it's called *Strange Bedfellows*, with Rock Hudson and Gina Lollobrigida in a script produced, directed and co-authored by Melvin Frank; and to be frank, Melvin hasn't got it. He has got a good memory, and he's been a diligent disciple of the screwball school; all he lacks is talent and taste. This jaded jape is about an American oilman in London who marries an Italian bohemian. They fall into bed and then, in several senses, fall out. After seven years in Arabia, culminating in a big coup, he returns to London to find she's still a big kook. But to get a promotion with his company he has to be happily married—just when they've agreed to a divorce. Furthermore, she's planning to lead a protest march on the U.S. Embassy the day his boss arrives. The best that can be said about Hudson as a light comedian is that he is tall. Miss Lollobrigida, still beautiful, *seems* less beautiful because all the playfulness has gone out of her playing. Gig Young, a boozy PR man, varnishes off another smoothy; with Young we always know the gig, but at least it's deftly done. There's a lot of Technicolor for a lot of clothes and settings, and a lot of very sad jokes about topic A. Melvin Frank has tripped all over the light fantastic.

The French have their fun factory, too. Suppose you wanted to make the oldie about the idyllic young pair who love too well but not wisely, and when he's gone, she finds she's in the family way, and a marriage is arranged for her, and years later she meets the boy again for a few minutes of piercing poignancy. How could you pull it off—and even win the Grand Prize at the Cannes Festival?



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*Très simple.* Just have everybody sing their trite lines instead of speak them. *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* is not a conventional musical; songs do not just occur. *All* the dialog is set to continuous music—of absolutely no distinction—by Michel Legrand. The story of the garage mechanic and the daughter of the widow who keeps the umbrella shop has touches of tenderness, because Catherine Deneuve (the girl) is sweet, Anne Vernon (the mother) is sexily sympathetic and Nino Castelnuovo (the boy) is unbor-ing. But it doesn't take long to see that they have merely "done a Detroit" in sticking a few strips of cantabile chromium on a stock vehicle. Jacques Demy, who directed *Lola* and *Bay of the Angels*, is one of the wettest of the New Wave, impotently imitative, with a creative imagination that some have called capacious but that, from here, seems Demy-tasse.

Two young Americans, Michael Roemer and Robert Young, have written *Nothing but a Man*, a screenplay about Southern Negroes that is free of the hysterical self-indulgences that worry most works on this subject. The film tells the simple story of a young Negro who goes to an Alabama town with a section gang, falls in love with a local Negro schoolteacher, marries her and settles there, but can't settle for the way Negroes have to live. The facts of Negro life in their town and in Birmingham, where the hero's drunken father lives and dies, are set forth plainly, step by stultifying step. Nothing about the film is world-shaking, but it is blunt about a problem that is shaking the world. Ivan Dixon, the young man, is credibly choleric. Julius Harris, as his father, and Gloria Foster, as the old man's long-suffering woman, give rightly grim portrayals—but the real find is Abbey Lincoln, the schoolteacher. The lovely Miss Lincoln has conviction, character, charm. Roemer directed; Young photographed; both coproduced with Robert Rubin, who also did the sound. Their film has already been praised at the Venice and New York festivals. Besides what it does for its subject, it spotlights three serious, gifted young men.

Vittorio De Sica's latest, *Marriage—Italian Style*, is lightweight, incredible, corny—and terrific. First, it has Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni, stars of De Sica's last Italian pastry, *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*. The luscious L. and the mighty M are as good as ever, which is good enough for anyone. Second, maestro De S. still has his famous knack for getting the most out of Naples, his favorite setting. The story is about as much like the real Italy as the murals in your local pizzeria, but it makes you feel just as cozily schmaltzy. Eduardo De Filippo, famed Neapolitan

playwright, is the principal adaptor of his own play about a retired prosty who has been a rich man's mistress for 20 years, busily running his businesses. When she finds out he's about to marry a chic chick, she tricks him into marrying *her* instead, which does *not* settle everything—including the fate of three offspring whose existence she suddenly springs on him. The complications are contrived, the flavor is pure *marinara*, but it's full of pleasant sentiment and the hilarious self-spoofing at which the Italians are so adept. Anyone who takes this saga seriously is sick, and so is anyone who doesn't enjoy it.

*Kiss Me, Stupid* is Billy Wilder's latest, and his worst in years. *Irma la Douce* was stogy and stiff, but this is like amateur night at a third-rate burlesque house—a long, cold way from *Some Like It Hot*. His screenplay, done as usual with I. A. L. Diamond, is about a small-town Nevada piano teacher who's madly jealous of his pretty wife. (The town is called Climax and, yes, there are gags about it.) Teacher writes songs with neighboring garageman. When a big singing star has to detour through town, garageman fixes star's car so he has to stay overnight with teacher, so teacher can plug songs. Star has to have a woman every night. Teacher sends wife away and gets tootsy from local tavern to impersonate wife so star can seduce her . . . It's full of farce possibilities, but it starts so slowly, the acting is so amateurish, the dialog so foggy with club-smoker fumes, that instead of being wickedly witty and vice versa, it just lays a big blue egg. Ray Walston, previously nimble, is numb in this one, as the teacher. Kim Novak is, again, agonizingly inept in the tootsy role. Dean Martin plays the star and, whether he's acting or not, is every bit as egotistically repellent as the part demands. Wilder, past master of loveland legerdemain, has kissed this one off stupidly.

The French film *Les Abysses*, hailed by Jean-Paul Sartre as the cinema's "foremost tragedy," has also pulled praise from Simone de Beauvoir and other French literary lights. Based on a 1933 murder case, it is a more factual (though not naturalistic) version than Jean Genet's poetic play *The Maids*, which had the same crime as its inspiration. Two young sisters, who work in a winegrower's house, get panicky because he is going to sell the place and they will be homeless. The girls are definitely deranged, and while the family is out, they run riot, smashing furniture and furnishings, opening wine casks in the cellar, carrying on and on. And on. When the man, his wife and his daughter come home and find the mess, they tolerate it, because Monsieur owes the maids three



years' wages and the daughter has a Lesbian fix on one of them. The girls continue to cup up in their crazy fear and, at least as easily as they light cigarettes or break dishes, they finally bludgeon and knife Madame and daughter. Some see the case as an indictment of society's indifference. (But these girls are not brutalized; they're mad to begin with—and so are their employers.) Sartre calls the girls incarnate evil. (But since when is evil a function of psychosis?) The statements about the film and the repetitions in the script can all be questioned—but not the dazzling, sometimes weirdly comic direction and the perfect performances. Director Nico Papatakis, at age 46, has made his first film finely after years of running an existential cabaret-theater in Paris. The sisters are played by sisters, Francine and Colette Berge, with fire, fury and serpentine, intertwined love and fear. The photography and editing are cool, sharp, unusual. By no means a film that satisfies completely. By all means a film to be seen.

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of hearts. Greece's foremost director, Michael Cacoyannis (who did Melina Mercouri's first film, *Stella*, and *Electra*), has made *Zorba the Greek* from his own screenplay out of the best seller by Greece's foremost novelist, the late Nikos Kazantzakis. Anthony Quinn is Zorba, the life-loving aging man-of-all-work who fastens on the half-English Basil (Alan *Poor Richard* Bates), a writer with a little property on Crete who is on his way there to live and work. Zorba becomes his guide, advisor, personal rogue, pushing the reticent writer toward a handsome aloof widow (Irene Papas)—figuring that half aloof is better than none. Zorba himself is cooking with a retired cocotte who has holed up in their village. All through the story run terror and horror: the fate of the widow, the death of the cocotte and the looting of her home, the failure of Basil's ventures. And through it all, surrounded by the grininess of the Greeks, who turn out to be just as venal and vicious as any other human beings, runs the zest of Zorba. At the last he even cracks the half-Englishman's shyness, and they end up dancing on the edge of the sea just before they have to part. Cacoyannis has captured the character of Cretan life and has made much of the film moving. He has got Quinn's best performance out of him, genuinely warm and winning instead of it-says-here warm and winning. Bates is wasted in a part without personality. Miss Papas is, as usual, unusually good, and so is Lila Kedrova, the cocotte. But the film takes too long to articulate a point that's clear in the first ten minutes: Zorba loves living, despite the facts of life.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**A** friend and I recently disagreed on a technical matter concerning a girl's loss of virginity. Would you say that more young women rupture their hymens accidentally (in gym classes, etc.), or during their first act of sexual intercourse?—J. D., Joplin, Missouri.

*The majority of hymens are broken in the conventional way—that is, via sexual intercourse. Bicycle riding, doing splits, horseback riding and all the other athletics that have been blamed by blushing brides since time immemorial do not ordinarily rupture the membrane. This is not to say that a girl cannot lose her hymen through nonsexual means; only that most girls don't. By the way, it's only a small point, but females—like males—rarely lose their virginity; they give it away.*

**I**'m planning a trip to England this year and want to dress right. I'm all set except for one thing: I don't know the difference between regimental striped ties and rep striped ties. Is there any? If so, where can I obtain the more authentic type?—D. B., Raritan, New Jersey.

*Regimental stripes are diagonal, their width and colors varying according to the old British Army regiments they represent. Rep (also repp) is a material from which diagonally striped ties are generally made in America. The stripes follow no uniform pattern, nor do the colors. If you search hard, you can probably find imitation regimental stripes (as well as old school and club ties) in local haberdasheries, but we advise you not to wear them on your trip abroad. Should you be wandering about London sporting a cravat belonging to a regiment in which you have not served, there is a fair chance some elderly English gentleman will land you a smartish clout on the mazard with his walking stick.*

**M**y FM multiplex adapter is giving me fits. I receive all the FM stations in my area—including those broadcast in multiplex—quite clearly. However, there is little separation between channels on certain stereo broadcasts, in spite of the undistorted reception. I have been coupling my FM tuner with a TV antenna. Do you think this is the problem?—R. L. M., Menlo Park, California.

*No, we don't. The wrong antenna is sometimes responsible for distortion, in which case a special FM type would be required. But you say your reception is clear. You ought to check whether your multiplex adapter and tuner are proper-*

*ly matched. If that isn't the problem, go to a hi-fi store and listen to multiplex broadcasts on one of their systems. If they lack separation, too, it may be the fault of the broadcasting stations. Finally, it may be time for a thorough bench check of your amplifier.*

**M**y boyfriend has been trying to persuade me to try marijuana, but based on my upbringing and articles I have read on the subject, I'm reluctant. What is your opinion of this "instant heaven"?—Miss H. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

*Statistics show that the long-range effects of marijuana smoking on the American physiology can be disastrous—since even occasional use of the weed may cause the body to be put in prison for long periods of time. We advise you to look for kicks elsewhere. For a truly informative discussion of the subject, read Dan Wakefield's "The Prodigal Powers of Pot" in the August 1962 PLAYBOY.*

**F**or some time I have been in a quandary as to what to do with myself. I am 26, a graduate of a prestigious technological institute and business school. For the past 18 months, I have been working in my profession as an engineer. This is my first permanent, full-time position. After college, I determined to make a go at business by first getting my M. B. A. degree. However, during my undergraduate education I discovered that I liked to write fiction and was encouraged in this direction by a professor.

At present I have no personal capital and, as I have been informed many times, "potentials are a dime a dozen." I speak two languages and am presently studying a third, which I can by now more or less read. I play three musical instruments (piano, clarinet, sax) fairly well—or used to, since I haven't practiced in years. It seems that if I continue in the direction I am headed, I'll succeed to a degree limited only by my perseverance. However, nothing excites me so much that I can neither think nor talk of anything else—except, perhaps, when I write or when I make decisions. Outside of an improbable, sudden acquisition of sufficient no-strings finances to enable me to pay all debts and pursue all paths of interest (including writing and such possible hobbies as sports-car racing, deep-sea fishing and polo playing), I find little in my foreseeable future that would absorb me enough to make success at it a memorable venture. What do you suggest?—A. V. M., Waltham, Massachusetts.

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possible to know the sum of human endeavor in one lifetime, certain geniuses, like Michelangelo, Da Vinci, et al., could pretend to universal knowledge. Today, even those who are geniuses, recognizing the shortness of life and the vastness of that which may be learned, generally specialize in something. In view of the fact that you're only 26 and have already dabbled in engineering, business and writing—occupations that generally require a lifetime for mastery—and that you're not only multilingual but multimusical as well, we wonder if you can hold your own in any of these? We suggest that your inability to concentrate on a single field of endeavor betokens a crippling fear of failure. Unless you can financially afford the life of a dilettante—and apparently you cannot—you'd better eliminate the cause of your slow start (perhaps with professional help), and then move like hell to make up for it.

One of the employees assigned to my department is a good producer who, unfortunately, has no idea of how to dress properly. Not only is he consistently ignorant of current fashions in men's clothes, but he also comes to work in wrinkled and soiled apparel. As his direct supervisor, I feel obliged to bring this matter to his attention, but I have hesitated to approach him on a subject so personal for fear that I might destroy the friendly working relations we now enjoy. How can I inform him of his shortcomings without hurting his feelings?—R. L. C., Columbus, Ohio.

If it is important to this man's job that he be properly attired, then it's incumbent upon you, as his superior, to bring his sartorial shortcomings to his attention—tactfully, to be sure, but firmly. If his dress is unrelated to his work, and it just irritates you personally, try sending around a general memo, indicating that neat grooming is related to high office morale. He'll probably catch the hint.

I am 24 years old. I recently met a very attractive woman of 43 who doesn't look her age. Although there has been nothing physical between us yet, I would like there to be, since we both enjoy the same interests. I know in past *Advisor* answers you have discouraged permanent unions between young men and older women, but how do you feel about a temporary liaison?—B. J., Cincinnati, Ohio.

In listing no fewer than eight reasons why a man should prefer an older mistress to a young one, Benjamin Franklin noted that "having made a young girl miserable may give you frequent bitter

reflection; none of which can attend the making of an old woman happy." Among the arguments Franklin gave for preferring age before beauty: Old women have more knowledge of the world . . . there is less hazard of children . . . through more experience they are more prudent and discreet in conducting an intrigue . . . and "as in the dark all cats are gray, the pleasure of corporal enjoyment with an old woman is at least equal, and frequently superior; every knack being, by practice, capable of improvement, and lastly: They are so grateful!"

Like Franklin, we see nothing amiss in a relationship such as the one you ask about, provided it brings pleasure to both of its participants.

I would like definitions of understeer and oversteer, including their causes and results.—S. R. P., Palo Alto, California.

Understeer is a term applied to the tendency of a car to run outside the normal geometrical line in going through a corner; oversteer is a tendency for the car to run inside this line. In extreme understeer, the car will not answer the steering at all, but will "plow" on a straight line; in extreme oversteer, the rear wheels will break loose and the car will spin. These tendencies grow out of the balance of the car, the suspension, the steering geometry, tire inflation and so on. They can be demonstrated only at high speed. A highly skilled driver can produce either characteristic at will. While a neutral-steering car would appear to be ideal, race drivers often have their cars set up for understeer or oversteer. On a winding course, for example, a limited amount of oversteer may be useful in getting more quickly around corners, while understeer, on such a circuit, would be disadvantageous and indeed even dangerous. For a more complete discussion of these tendencies, we suggest reading "The Racing Driver" by Denis Jenkinson (Bentley, Inc., Cambridge, Massachusetts).

While touring Spain recently, I had the pleasure of trying a Spanish drink called sangora or sangria, or however it is spelled. This drink consists of wine, brandy, sugar and fruits. Can you tell me the exact ingredients and proportions of this drink? Would you also tell me the correct spelling of this drink?—M. H., Detroit, Michigan.

Si, señor. It's a sangria and it's muy bueno. The recipe is simple. Half fill a highball glass with crushed ice, 2 jiggers of claret, 2 jiggers of pineapple juice and a dash of lemon juice. Add a teaspoon of bar syrup and fill 'er up with soda water for a mild and tasty thirst quencher.

Lately I've been seeing an exceptional girl who is a top executive secretary in a firm that directly competes with my own. We each enjoy our jobs and, naturally enough, we talk shop a lot. Now I'm trying to land an account that her boss is also going after in a big way. I'd like to know if you think I'm ethically justified in turning our late-evening conversation to this particular account, with a view toward picking up tidbits that might help me land this fat one for my firm.—H. W., San Francisco, California.

What you're talking about is called spying, in our book—and worst of all, you want to betray the confidence of someone who apparently likes and trusts you. Ethics aside, if your friend's really an "exceptional girl," she'll have sense and loyalty enough to keep her mouth shut when you start probing.

Should a cummerbund be worn with pleats opening upward, or downward?—U. P., Las Vegas, Nevada.

The pleats should open upward. In former times, they provided a handy repository for keys, cigarettes, coins, theater tickets and what not.

It may seem sort of silly, but things have reached the stage where I'm really getting a little worried. My daughter, who is 14, and a number of the other kids in the neighborhood have formed a real cult over the Beatles. They have built an altar in one girl's bedroom and they burn candles and recite Beatle prayers they have written. Now their project is writing a Beatle Bible which starts out "In the beginning the Beatles created the rock and the roll." If they weren't so darned serious about this, it would be pretty funny. But when Susan doesn't go to church with us because they are having their own service in their Beatle church, I start to worry a little. Worst of all, we have to listen to that awful music over and over and over. What should we do?—M. D., San Francisco, California.

"And this, too, shall pass away," said a sage about another plague at another time. We suggest you keep cool until the Beatle bugaboo likewise passes away, as it most assuredly will. In the meantime, when Susan plays her records, do your listening with earmuffs. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.







# Playboy Club News



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SPECIAL EDITION

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MARCH 1965

## ATLANTA, BOSTON, SAN FRANCISCO DEBUT THIS YEAR; LOS ANGELES CLUB SWINGING!

**CHICAGO (Special)**—Playboy Club keyholders are now using their keys in a dozen cities, including the beautiful Jamaica Club at Ocho Rios and the smart new Los Angeles Club on the Sunset Strip.

Since the Los Angeles Club's New Year's Day premiere, Hollywood society, celebrities and guests have thronged the West Coast Club every day of the week. In addition to Playboy features found in every Club throughout the nation, Los Angeles keyholders enjoy the epicurean delights of their own VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys), as keyholders do in New York and Chicago.

With the opening of our newest Club in the Dinkler Plaza Motor Hotel, Playboy's high-spirited revelry becomes an exciting reality in Atlanta. This lucky 13th Club offers two entire

floors of luxurious clubrooms to Atlanta playboys.

Boston's Playboy premieres this summer at 54 Park Square, just opposite the Boston Common, and promises to be the brightest light in that city's night life.

The four-story, million-dollar San Francisco Bunny hutch is already under construction at 736 Montgomery Street. This second West Coast Club opens its doors later this year at the foot of Telegraph Hill, the heart of the city's fun center.

By ordering your key today, you can take advantage of the \$25 Charter Rate that applies in new Club areas before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect. Once a Playboy Club opens, it has been the practice to raise the key fee to \$50, as it is now within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in Florida (and in Arizona beginning May 1st).

The Bunnies, many of whom are Playmates from the gatefold of *PLAYBOY*, abound in this world of entertainment tailored to your liking. When you present your personal silver key to the Door Bunny, she will have your own name plate posted on the Lobby board while closed-circuit TV telecasts your arrival to friends who may be awaiting you at the Club.

The complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment makes it possible for you to spend an evening on the town without ever leaving the Club. The showrooms offer an entirely new show every two weeks. Jazz groups play nightly in the Living Room, famous for its elaborate buffet spread. The Penthouse showroom features Playboy's *filet mignon* and New York-cut, 8-oz. sirloin steak (a delicacy of the Los Angeles Club is the chef's distinctive Chicken Kiev). These specialties of The Playboy Club are yours for the same price as a drink. And Playboy's man-sized drink (an ounce and a half of your favorite brand) is known from Coast to Coast.

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**Locations Set**—Atlanta Dinkler Plaza Motor Hotel; Boston 54 Park Square; San Francisco 736 Montgomery St.

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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ALTHOUGH MANY men of the world would rather travel on their own than with an organized group, some unusual benefits can be had if the group has a sophisticated approach. Still new, but apparently on the right track, is the International Ski and See Club. Its current attraction, for example, is a monthly Thursday-to-Sunday junket to the Lucayan Beach Hotel on Grand Bahama or to one of several top hostels at Las Vegas, with the hotel assuming the cost of all transportation, room, board, reasonable drinks and on-premises entertainment. The guest buys \$500 worth of chips and agrees to risk them at the gaming tables (most gamblers would venture this amount in the normal course of the weekend). Of course, the traveler who chances his quota in good faith and wins or breaks even is that much ahead of the game—and welcome to return.

This is just one of the advantages available to members of the Ski and See Club, which is the one-year-old American version of the famed European Club Méditerranée. Other activities in the past year included an expense-paid cruise through the Bimini-Nassau area on a luxuriously appointed yacht. The no-cash catch? Passengers were extras in a movie called *Windjammer Cruise*, released last November. A similar deal now being planned will give some clubbers an all-expense trip to William Holden's extravagant Mt. Kenya Safari Club in Africa. All they'll have to do is make like actors.

Starting in April, members can go on fox-hunting jaunts within easy reach of New York, and thus savor yet another aspect of the sort of full social living the club was founded to foster.

Whether alone or *en groupe*, you'll want to add Greece's Epidauros Festival to a southern-European itinerary in June, as the spring festival season generates a full head of steam. The plays of Greek antiquity's big three, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, will be staged in an ancient, 14,000-seat amphitheater in Epidauros near the Peloponnesian port town of Nauplion. A leisurely three-and-a-half-hour drive from Athens, this historic site can also be reached by bus and steamer from Piraeus.

In northern Europe, tours on horseback have special allure for several reasons. One of these is the fact that they'll get you into magnificently off-the-beaten-path country in the Austrian or French Alps. Moreover, you'll ride with blue-chip European equestrians, since

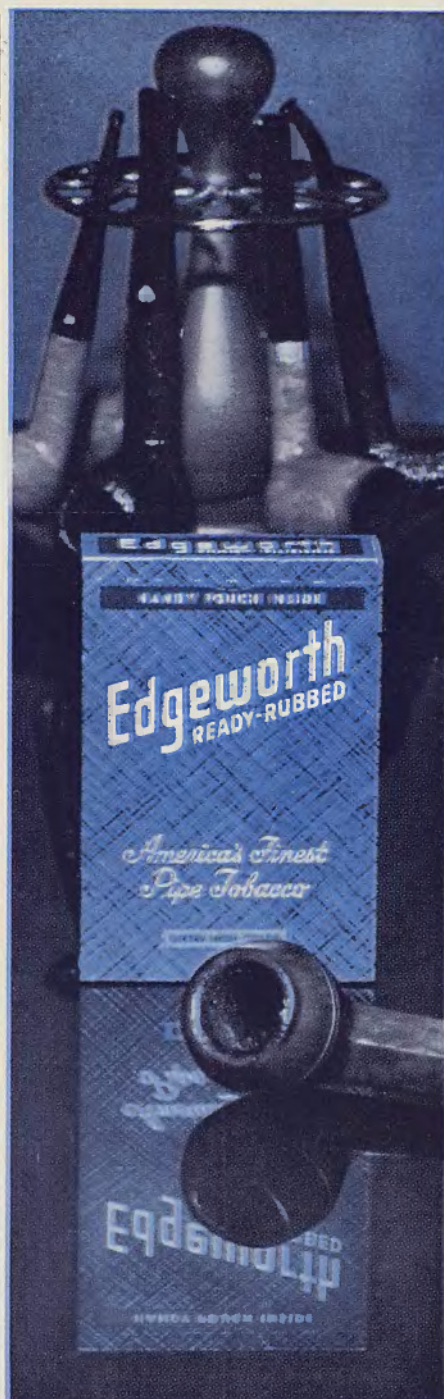
these tours are primarily designed for them, and you'll enjoy en-route and overnight facilities of the finest sort, often at the homes of country-dwelling gentlemen.

Across the Channel, in England, you can make like the artist protagonist of *The Horse's Mouth* by renting a houseboat. You'll be a deluxe Gulley Jimson, however, since this boat comes fully equipped with hi-fi, electric galley, telephones and maid. The craft includes a drawing room, dining room, glass-enclosed deckhouse, two bedrooms and even the owner's cat—not to mention a beautiful view of London and the Thames. All this is available for \$750 per month.

Closer to home, boating buffs of the spectator-sport variety will be interested in Colorado's International White Water Boat Races on the Arkansas river in early June. Thousands watch from the riverbank as men and boats challenge the turbulent, treacherous waters. There are exciting races along Eastern rapids, too, with the Eighth White Water Derby scheduled for early May at North Creek, New York. Entries are limited to experts and, just to make things difficult, the rules require paddlers to turn and run upstream at designated points along the seven-and-one-half-mile run. One of the favorite vantage points for spectators of this aqua slalom is north of Riparius, overlooking the Spruce Mountain rapids.

If you'd rather be a participant than a spectator, you may arrange for canoe or raft journeys as an energetic change of pace during an otherwise lush Western-resort stay. These vacations are distinguished by the last word in hotel comfort and luxury; and for romance, you can't beat an under-the-stars camping jaunt on a riverbank with a favorite playmate. As for the boating, try the relatively short run down the rapids of the Quinault River in Washington State, in a war canoe manned by Indian braves from Lake Quinault Lodge, or the one-day run by rubber raft down the Snake river from Wyoming's Jackson Hole Preserve. Another short run in special flat-bottomed boats will carry you through Hell's Canyon, an incredibly deep chasm on the Snake river in Idaho. If it's strictly adventure you're after, try the six-day rubber-raft runs down the Middle Fork of the Salmon river in Idaho, or along the Green and Yampa rivers in Utah.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

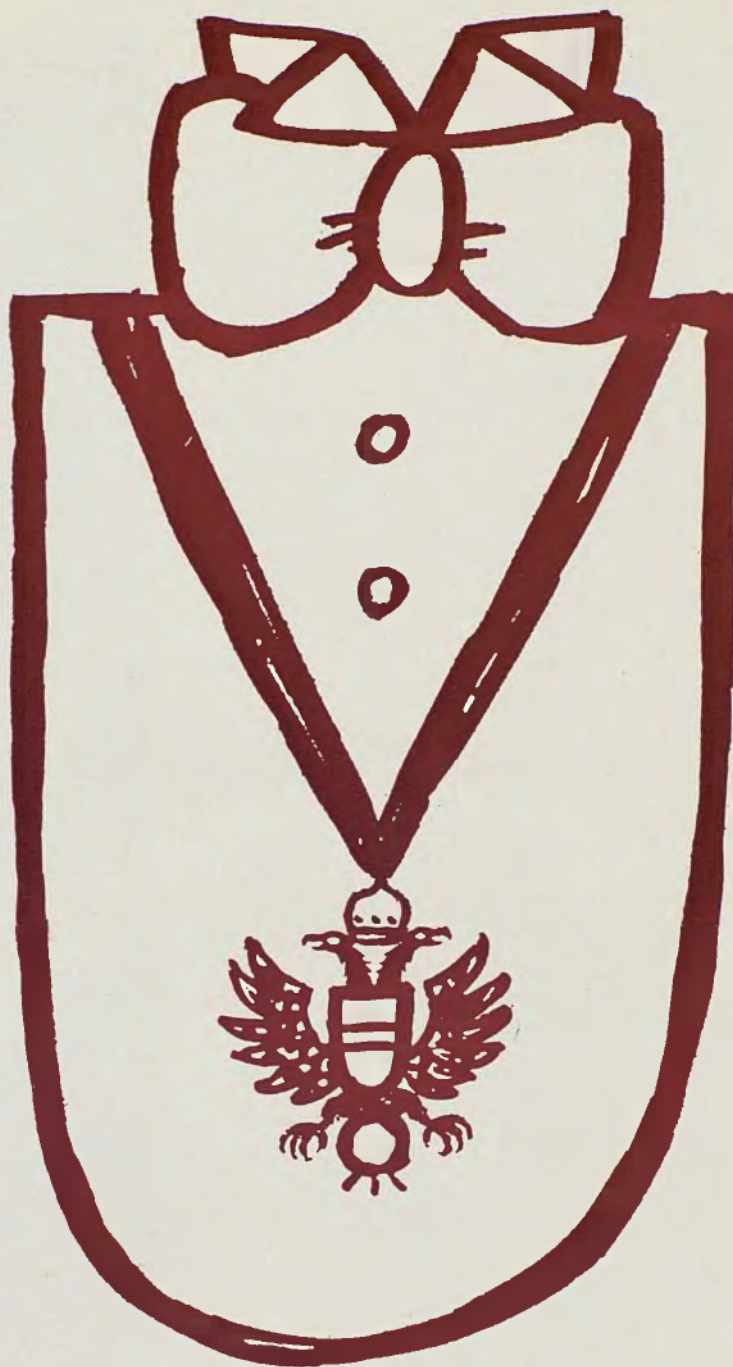


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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor  
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

## DETERMINISM VS. FREE WILL

Although I agree with *The Playboy Philosophy* for the most part—in fact, I wish I'd written it—I object to Hefner's concluding statement in the December issue, which was: "... it seems reasonable to hope that the same progressive attitude may now be displayed toward the discoveries of Freud." Inasmuch as I don't recognize this particular psychologist as a philosopher, isn't there a discrepancy between Freud's rather deterministic psychology and PLAYBOY's philosophy—which seems to express the free will of man? If not, would you grant that the rabbi, the priest and the minister have an equally tenable position in relying on their religious writings?

Ivan Lee Weir  
Powell, Wyoming

Your letter was written before publication of the Religious Round-Table discussion in the January 1965 installment of "Philosophy," where Hefner dealt with the very question you raise. However, more than a year ago, in the December 1963 installment, he wrote: "There is a curious philosophical inconsistency in the fact that while science is based primarily upon reason and religion primarily on faith, it is science that currently stresses man's inability to use his rational mind (projected in the theory of determinism, in which man is seen as the sum of his heredity and environment) and religion which stresses free will and responsibility (making him accountable in an afterlife, where he is punished or rewarded for his actions). It is our view that man is a rational being and while his heredity and environment play a major role in setting the pattern of his life, he possesses the ability to reason and the capacity for choice not granted to the lower animals, whose response to life is instinctually predetermined. The use, or lack of use, of his rational mind is, itself, a choice..."

One year and one month later, Hefner made the same point in the Round-Table debate, and added: "Freud said the conviction that there is a free will exists, but this is not incompatible with the belief in determinism. In establishing an organized society, the opposite applies. In other words, even if determinism were a reality—if every act of man were predetermined through causal connection, over which he had absolutely no control—it would still be necessary

to plan society as though man possessed free will, holding him responsible and accountable for his actions. . . . Fortunately, determinism isn't a reality; but then, of course, neither is free will. Psychologically, we are both puppet and puppetmaster at the same time: product of our genes and environments, yet still able to affect them both, because God gave us reason to triumph over instinct and choice to triumph over conditioning."

But a disagreement with some of Freud's theories in no way negates the importance of his primary discoveries in the field of psychoanalysis—revealing to us not merely how we are imprisoned by our pasts, but how we may be liberated from them.

## HEFNER'S LOGIC

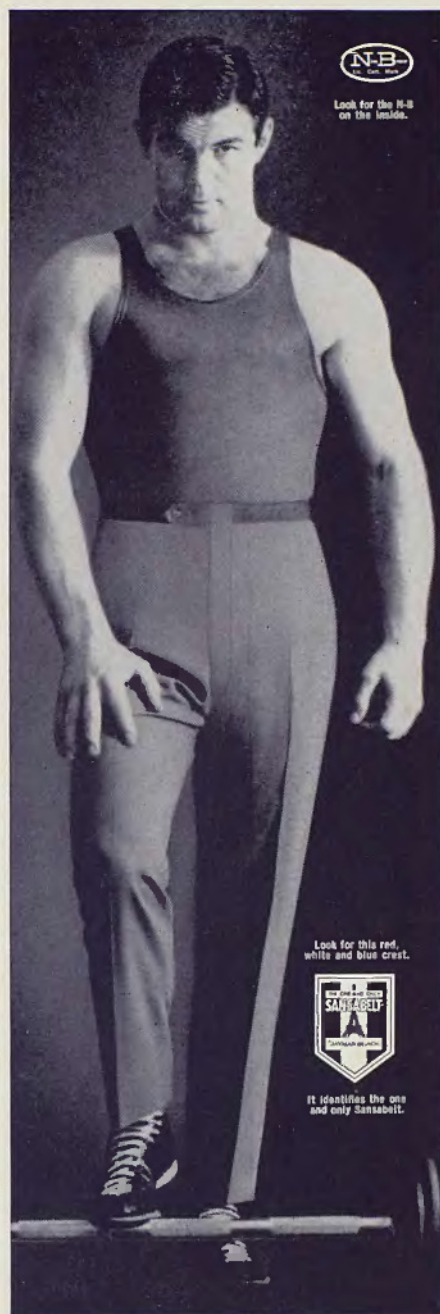
As a student of philosophy and logic, I always attempt to examine the logical structure of written material, especially editorials, because critical analysis often reveals weak arguments. I have always, however, found *The Playboy Philosophy* to be logically sound. Hefner's conclusions invariably follow from his premises. Although many of the "tricks" of argument are employed, I have seldom found fallacious reasoning in Hefner's writings.

Until I read the December issue of PLAYBOY, I felt that this mechanical precision was the result of a team effort, or that Hefner had a highly talented ghost writer. December's installment shattered all such suppositions. Seeing Hefner retain his logical clarity in an extemporaneous discussion, which appeared to border on the impromptu, was truly inspirational.

Seldom today is a speaker able to recognize when he is being led from the central line of argument by quibbling or misinterpretation of vague terms. Nor is he able to return to the original line of thought when once led astray.

Hefner, however, seemed to strive more for clarity of meaning than for persuasion in his discussion with members of the clergy. He thus avoided confusion and attained better understanding.

I often find that those opposing Hefner most violently are those who are among the least informed. One source, a television production, illustrated clearly, in condemning Hefner and his work,



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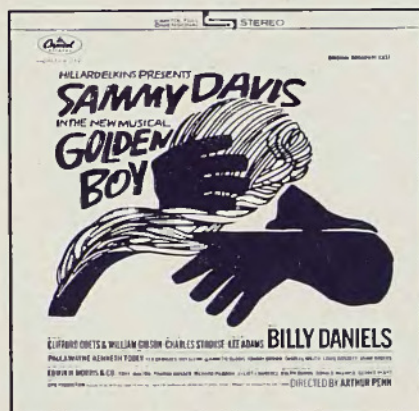
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that it had no understanding of, and possibly no contact with, the ideas contained in *The Playboy Philosophy*. Such antagonists should at least read the *Philosophy* before condemning it as immoral and Hefner as a crusader for corruption.

It seems to me that most of Hefner's adversaries berate him for imposing his opinion as the only correct line of thought and attempting to recruit all minds into his ranks. Perhaps I am guilty of misunderstanding, but it appears to me that Hefner presents his *Philosophy* more as food for thought than as the only way of life. He is not asking people to abandon their convictions, only to allow him to hold his own.

I think this discussion with the clergy was healthy and quite fascinating. It showed that there actually exists a fairly close correlation between trains of thought normally expected to be in opposition, and that basic differences are reduced to matters of interpretation and semantics.

I realize that this discussion was edited, which usually means some degree of distortion favorable to the editor's point of view. It is only natural for a writer to want to impose his ideas in a favorable light in his own publication. The trends of all sides of the forum seemed, however, to approach basic agreement, thus pointing out what Hefner has been trying to all along—that he is not in conflict with God's rules, but with man's misinterpretations and society's laws.

Hefner should not be condemned for his contrary opinions. Deviation from tradition by men such as Aristotle, Einstein and Martin Luther have made the world what it is today, and these men were hailed as geniuses. When we begin forbidding the existence and presentation of thought that is contrary to custom, we will end progress, destroy democracy and fall prey to totalitarianism.

Joseph P. Dion  
San Diego State College  
San Diego, California

### IS THERE LIFE AFTER SEX?

Having been happily married for eight years, I would be as sorry as anyone to see sex abolished. As a matter of fact, I consider sex one of the major pleasures in life—but not the only one. Surely a series which purports to spell out one's "guiding principles and editorial credo" in 19 articles (so far) under the title of a philosophy must include some subject matter besides sex. Or is sex the only thing in life?

Mrs. Suzanne Watson  
New York, New York

*Sex isn't the only thing in life. It's also not the only thing in Hefner's "Philosophy."*

### FEEBLE RATIONALIZATION

*The Playboy Philosophy* is merely a feeble rationalization for licentiousness

and hedonism. This rationalization is a marketable commodity; immature people eagerly accept it. It is the product of glandular reactions rather than of mental processes. PLAYBOY symbolism proclaims it to be an animalistic, hare-brained philosophy! Hefner's criticism of legal and religious restraints on sexual behavior reflects a juvenile attitude—lashing out against restrictions imposed by parents and society.

In urging that life should be primarily one huge sexual smorgasbord, Hefner indicates that he has never read "King Midas"; or, if he has, that he fails to grasp the simple and inescapable object lesson of that story. Another apt comment on overdoing a good thing comes from George Bernard Shaw: "A perpetual holiday is a good working definition of Hell."

The rabbit cult must, indeed, have more than its share of dumb bunnies if Hefner's followers accept his theory that he is an expert on everything (law, religion, sociology, history—you name it) merely because he is profiting lavishly from the sale of "philosophical" girlie magazines and other ventures which exploit the allure of hedonism. Philosophy, or sales pitch? As a man who performs many variations on the questionable theme of hypocrisy among the "squares" and straight people, Hefner is surprisingly careless with stones while living in his glass pad.

I trust that PLAYBOY, as a vigorous proponent of freedom of expression (for everyone?), will publish the foregoing in its entirety, sans snide remarks and adverse editorial comment. Hef is a big man in the game of brass-knuckle criticism of others; is he big enough to take it as well as put it out?

Leonard A. Mues  
Denver, Colorado

*Sure.*

### PERMANENT SOLUTION

While reading a recent issue of *The Christian*, a weekly publication of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), I came across an article entitled "Smut Racket Protest." In this article a group of Christian and Jewish church leaders request that President Johnson "appoint a special committee of experts to study the traffic in pornography among American children and recommend a 'swift and permanent solution' to the problem." The article goes on to call for an investigation by the FBI "to find the sources of pornography production" and urges that "the facts be made public so that the American people will know who is responsible for this corruption."

I suggest that if the American people really want to find "who is responsible for this corruption," they look in a mirror. If children were given proper sex education, their parents wouldn't have to worry about "pornographic" literature



"corrupting" them. The "swift and permanent solution" is to give children an education in sex.

Philip Means  
Nuclear Power School  
Vallejo, California

*It has yet to be demonstrated that anyone has ever been corrupted by a book, and we think that attempts to ban allegedly obscene books on the grounds that they can lead the reader astray say more about the censors than they do about the objects of their displeasure. Obscenity is in the eye of the beholder; we feel that the reader corrupts the book, rather than the book the reader. If a person's upbringing and outlook cause him to regard certain aspects of sex with a profound sense of revulsion or guilt, as subjects unfit for human discussion, then quite naturally he will construe many works of literature and art (as well as a great deal of everyday human conduct) as threats to his personal morality. Sex education—though not a philosophers' stone for instant sexual happiness—can certainly contribute significantly to an awareness of the protean nature of pornography.*

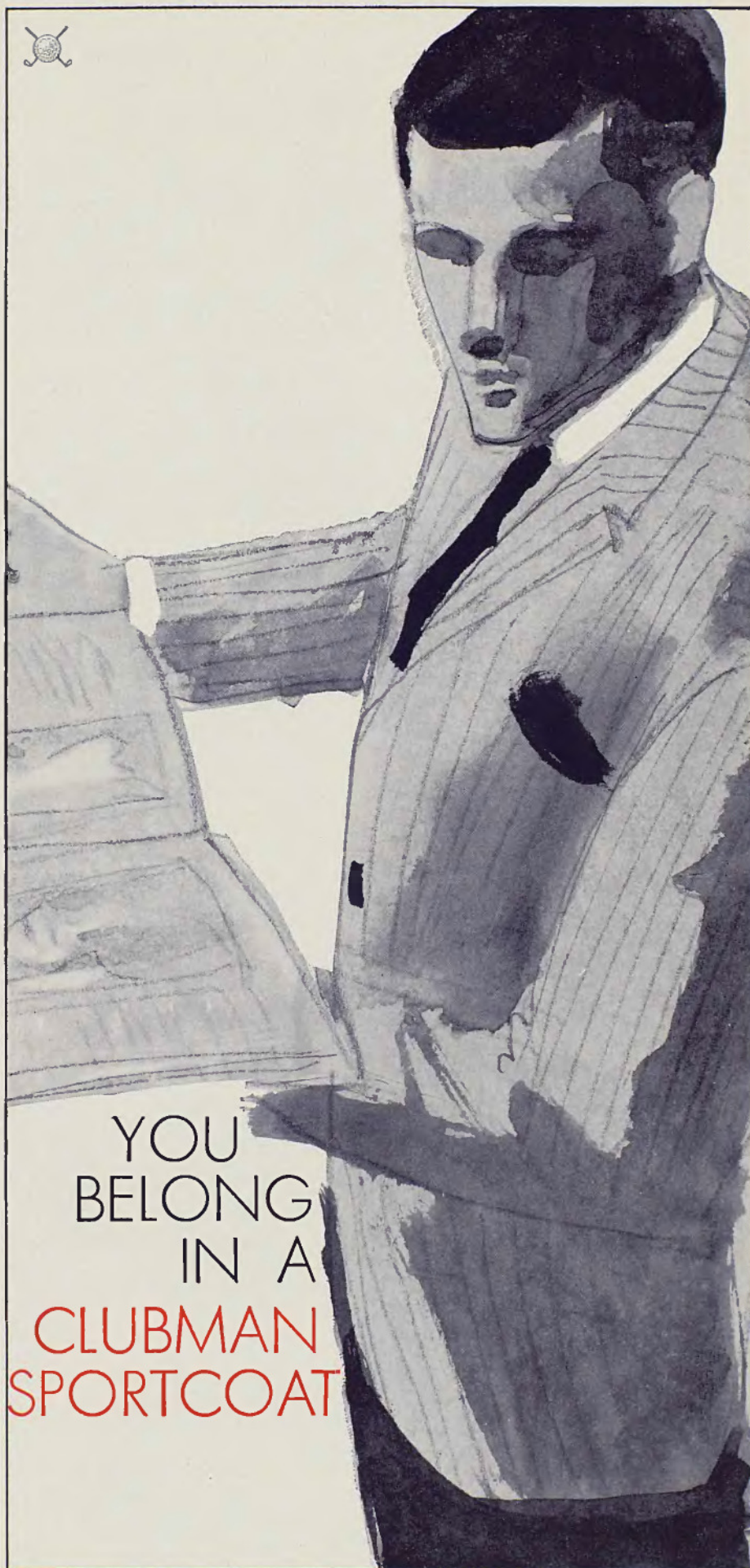
#### PITTSBURGH PROTEST

I have sent the enclosed letter [below] to the two newspapers in Pittsburgh and to Senators and Congressmen from Pennsylvania. It was written as a protest to the actions of the CDL, not only in Pittsburgh but throughout the United States.

To the editors of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* and *The Pittsburgh Press*:

In the very near future, Citizens for Decent Literature will chair a meeting in Pittsburgh which will be open to the public. Many will attend who sincerely believe something should be done about questionable literature. Others will attend in the belief that they will be permitted to peek at some juicy samples. The latter will be disappointed.

CDL is traditionally a censorship group which has arrogated unto itself the role of setting community standards for everyone else—non-members as well as members. Having attended one such meeting in another community years ago, and having followed the actions of those attending for several months after, I would have thought the group was destined to be a flop. I was appalled, as were several others I talked with, at the lack of justification or evidence supporting the charges made during the course of the meeting. This particular campaign, therefore, never got off the ground. The spokesman would make no charge that a problem existed in that locality, but merely stated that the



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problem existed everywhere.

But just what is the "problem"? The common CDL premise is that a person who reads salacious literature is a potential criminal threat to society. To date, CDL has offered me no conclusive evidence that this is so, and I can't accept their word on faith alone.

What might be a solution to the CDL's propensity to destroy literature they deem unfit? One thing might be this: There are many active people connected with this organization. They pour tremendous amounts of energy and, I would suspect, money into this cause. Would it be naïve to think that they could bring their own organization up to acceptable community standards by diverting this time and energy into a professional and extensive study of literature in its relation to society's mores? I believe they would be performing a great community service if they did this.

If they can prove by expert testimony and documented evidence that literature *should* be censored, then CDL would be making a great contribution to the laws of our land, calling for a review of our Constitution, which so far has given me the right to read whatever I wish and to make my own judgment about it.

David G. Stanton  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### KEATING OF THE CDL

Enclosed you will find a clipping from *The Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune*, describing a recent visit to our city by Charles Keating.

[The clipping reads, in part:

An aroused citizenry could put an end to "the instant course in perversion," sold at nearly every Salt Lake newsstand, Charles H. Keating said Wednesday night.

Mr. Keating, founder and national chairman of the Citizens for Decent Literature (CDL), appearing for a public address sponsored by the Youth Protection Committee of Salt Lake County, came to the meeting armed with a stack of paperback books and magazines purchased here during a 15-minute shopping tour.

Picking them up one by one, Mr. Keating read the titles, then thumbed through the pages to read passages to back up his argument.

The books displayed covered homosexuality, bestiality and varied sexual perversions—and in most cases, gave vivid descriptions.]

Thanks to you, I was able to write an intelligent letter of protest for the "Letters to the Editor" column of the same newspaper a few days later. When I tried to do some further checking on

Mr. Keating at the public library, I learned they had nothing on him except an article, praising him to the skies, from an old issue of the *Reader's Digest*. I told the librarian that I knew more about Keating than that, and that I had read it in *The Playboy Philosophy*. He asked me to call him when I got home to give him the volume and number of the issue, so that the library could add it to its information on CDL and Mr. Keating. Needless to say, I was very happy to comply.

Mrs. Myrl B. Hoefer  
Salt Lake City, Utah

*Mr. Keating's astonishing ability to appear in a strange city and in 15 minutes ferret out, from the galaxy of books available, a two-foot shelf of the very worst ones, and the uncanny instinct which enables him to flip immediately to the most appropriate parts—even while addressing an audience—is evidence of a devotion which we can't help but admire.*

*To update her files on the machinations of Keating and his Citizens for Decent Literature—whose activities were first discussed in detail in "The Playboy Philosophy" for November 1963—Mrs. Hoefer might be interested in learning that, just a few days after he fought obscenity in Salt Lake City by reading it aloud, Keating was angrily denounced by a superior court judge in California—for failure to appear for cross-examination in an obscenity trial.*

*According to the Visalia (California) Times-Delta, Judge Meredith Wingrove of Tulare County, California, called Keating "a discredit to the bar," and said that he was in contempt of court. The judge reached these conclusions after Keating, who had earlier testified, as an "expert witness," that three books and a magazine were obscene, failed to show up for cross-examination on three different dates—despite having been thrice ordered to do so by the court.*

#### MILITARY CENSORSHIP

Your battle with the CDL is to me a long-overdue showdown with a segment of the misguided bigots who are attempting to warp the public mind. It was only after reading the *Philosophy* that I realized how much of this same narrow-mindedness has permeated the Armed Forces, or at least the Air Force.

While stationed in Texas, I noticed that the base exchange was not stocking *PLAYBOY*. After duly filling out a suggestion slip and presenting it to the exchange manager, I waited for the oversight to be corrected. When no action was forthcoming (after three months), I personally went to see the manager and asked him why *PLAYBOY* was not being sold in the exchange. He informed me that the previous base chaplain had had the magazine re-

moved "in order to protect the interests of the younger, more impressionable airmen." I could hardly believe it.

Nor was this all; he had also had the body-building magazines banned from the exchange racks because he thought that photos of scantily clad muscle men might arouse homosexual tendencies in the men! My amusement soon turned to anger and I then conferred with the base exchange officer, the base chaplain, and the library officer. Also, I enlisted the support of several of my buddies in requesting the sale of *PLAYBOY* on base. Within three weeks, *PLAYBOY* went on sale at the exchange, along with a few other magazines which had previously been banned.

It should be pointed out that off-base newsstands, less than a mile from the main gate, all sold *PLAYBOY*; that I was in town daily and was not inconvenienced by having to buy *PLAYBOY* in the city. The point is, neither the chaplain nor anyone else had the right or authority to tell us what we could not read; and they had no right so suppress what they personally deemed objectionable from sale in the base exchange.

I have run into this censorship problem not only in the field of magazines, but at the base theaters, USO shows and, most recently, on TV. In the latter case, the local Armed Forces Television Network was showing a video tape of the *Jack Paar Show* which featured a conversation between Zsa Zsa Gabor and Jayne Mansfield. The military censors lopped off about 15 seconds of the "risqué" interview in order to "protect" us innocent servicemen. However, this program had been shown live, over the NBC network, to an audience of several million without being censored. Aren't the GIs mature enough to watch what the American housewife watches?

Those are some of the reasons why, after having put in nine years, I am getting out of the service. The crackpots are becoming too much for me to stomach. In closing, allow me to congratulate you on your stand and for your principles. Whatever happens, don't give in.

Merle G. Norris  
San Francisco, California

#### SLAPPED FANNY

Enclosed is a newspaper clipping which originally appeared in *The (Plainfield, New Jersey) Courier-News* and which was reprinted, along with an appropriate comment, in *The New Yorker*. For quite a while I have wondered who was uncorruptible enough to judge what is corruptible. At last I have found a soul so pure that earthly vices cannot tempt him to stray from the straight and narrow. He is Judge Donald M. Macaulay, and his virtues are explained in the clipping.



I have greatly enjoyed *The Playboy Philosophy*, and it is my hope the powers that be (including Judge Macaulay) will be able to see some light in it and make an attempt to pull themselves up from their mid-Victorian concepts of morality.

[The clipping:]

Boston (AP)—*Fanny Hill*, the novel about a woman who didn't move in the best of London circles, will begin moving off Boston bookshelves today.

Superior Court Judge Donald M. Macaulay, after reading the 18th Century novel four times, ruled it is "obscene, indecent and impure."

J. Michael Serena  
Milford, Ohio

The New Yorker commented: "He ought to know," but the fact is that quite obviously he didn't. Which prompts us to wonder whether Judge Macaulay read the book four times before deciding it was obscene, or whether he made his decision on the first go-round and then reread it thrice more just for kicks. We're sure that, in his modest estimation, his quadruple perusal left him morally unscathed—a tacit assertion on his part that he's less corruptible than his fellow Bostonians. For a great deal more on Fanny, see "The Unsinkable Fanny Hill" in this issue.

#### BRIGHT LIGHT IN SMOG

The heralds and trumpets of the guardians of public morals are sounding once again in Detroit. One Monsignor Hubert A. Maino has attempted to "expose" *PLAYBOY* in the city's largest daily paper by associating it with some photos of sexual perversion that have nothing to do with the magazine. It takes guts, but not brains, to make a complete ass of oneself in a paper. For my own part, I have been using the Catholic Church's index of prohibited books as a reading guide; as a consequence, my library has been rapidly expanding, my outlook has broadened sufficiently to enable me to guide my own affairs, and I am no longer a Catholic. *PLAYBOY* seems to be the last bright light in a very smoggy atmosphere.

Robert B. J. Seghi  
Southfield, Michigan

#### BEHOLDER'S EYE

I have laboriously gone through *The Playboy Philosophy*; I say laboriously because such an extensive editorial must be read closely. I suppose Hefner's views are contrary to "strict" Catholic dogma, but in my humble—and Catholic—opinion, they make sense. I believe very strongly that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. People who classify *PLAYBOY* as pornographic only view it that way be-

cause of their own state of mind: What's pornographic about the human body, artistically displayed? God created us, and as far as we know He's not ashamed of His work.

Jon A. Kondor  
Moree, New South Wales, Australia

#### PROTESTANT'S PRAISE

Two summers ago, a friend recommended that I read *The Playboy Philosophy* and I have been reading it ever since, with great pleasure and interest. The *Philosophy* and the *Forum* have helped me a great deal in formulating my beliefs concerning sex and censorship, among other things. They have also helped me to be more open-minded in considering the beliefs of other people.

Last semester in a speech class at this Protestant school, I gave a speech concerning the dangers of censorship. Most of my arguments were based upon the arguments presented in the *Philosophy*, and the speech seemed to be well accepted by the students as well as by the professor. I would like to thank you for this and I hope that you will continue the *Philosophy* in the future.

Edward Spittler  
Ottawa University  
Ottawa, Kansas

#### PLAYBOY SERMON

A woman in Denver, Colorado, who kindly remembered my contribution to *The Playboy Forum* (January 1964) sent me the enclosed sermon by her minister, Reverend John R. Graham. Perhaps you might condense it for use in *PLAYBOY*.

Harold Scott, Minister  
First Congregational Parish, Unitarian  
Kennebunk, Maine

We are grateful to Reverend Scott for forwarding the sermon, and we welcome Reverend Graham, of the First Universalist Church of Denver, to the "Forum." While the number of clergymen expressing appreciation of Hefner's "Philosophy" continues to grow, Reverend Graham's sermon is one of the most extended, enthusiastic expressions from a man of the cloth to date. The sermon:

#### "THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY"

Ten years ago, Hugh M. Hefner began publishing what was, at that time, little more than another "girlie" magazine. *PLAYBOY* was sophisticated, to be sure, from the first edition. But over the past decade it has changed. Today it stands as one of the most widely discussed commentaries on our contemporary way of life. Yes, it is true that the girls are still there in all their perfection and glory. And, although the Playmates are unadorned, they have been overshadowed by Editor-Publisher Hefner's discussions of *The Playboy Philosophy*.



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After reading the monthly installments of the Editor-Publisher's views about life, many people have concluded that the world is no longer going to the dogs; rather, it is headed for the "Bunnies." To the uninitiated, the rabbit is the symbol of PLAYBOY magazine. But the discussion continues. One writer in a religious magazine described PLAYBOY as "one of the most spectacular successes in the entire history of American journalism." He went on to label the writers as "dictatorial tastemakers" and suggested that like sports cars, liquor and hi-fi, girls are just another "Playboy accessory."

Perhaps another clergyman came closer to the actual truth when he wrote, "PLAYBOY is more than just a handbook for the young man about town: It's a sort of Bible which defines his values, shapes his personality, sets his goals, dictates his choices and governs his decisions. *The Playboy Philosophy* has become . . . a sort of substitute religion." Hefner's discussions about morality, business and religion have had a disruptive and disturbing effect because he has dared to lift the lid of life and peer deep into the inner being of our most sacred thoughts and feelings. In essence, he has disturbed the *status quo*.

As early as April 1956, Hefner asked the question: "What is a playboy? Is he simply a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well, a fashionable bum? Far from it: He can be a sharp-minded young business executive, a worker in the arts, a university professor, an architect or engineer. He can be many things, providing he possesses a certain *point of view*. He must see life not as a vale of tears, but as a happy time; he must take joy in his work, without regarding it as the end and all of living; he must be an alert man, an aware man, a man of taste, a man sensitive to pleasure, a man who—without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or dilettante—can live life to the hilt. This is the sort of man we mean when we use the word *playboy*."

With this statement, Hefner touched upon the critical problem facing man in the 20th Century. Our Western heritage has been that of denial. Man has been conditioned to deny his feelings; he has been taught to restrain himself when it comes to pleasure; he has been conditioned to believe that work is an end in itself. It seems to me that PLAYBOY's significance rests in the fact that it has dared to question this life-denying philosophy and, at the same time, suggest that zest and gusto and enjoyment are proper descriptions for man's life today. PLAYBOY goes against the American grain. Life based on the idea of deprivation as the highest good results in persons' feeling guilty if they accidentally happen to derive something in living that borders on enjoyment. How many times have I visited someone's new home and, as I was being conducted through

the house, all I would hear was one apology heaped on top of another. "We really did not need this much room, but . . ." "The old furniture was in good shape . . ." "Who could ever use a refrigerator this size . . ." "We did not want the dishwasher, but it was in the house . . ." One comes to the conclusion that pleasure in living is evil. Man has been taught in Western society to feel guilty if he is at all comfortable.

As a result, the PLAYBOY philosophy has been called hedonistic. As one critic wrote, this principle will cause everyone to become "happy jellyfish that have no more substance to themselves than the knowledge of their own pleasure." Fun, fiction, fashion and feminine fantasy are said to be the ingredients of the PLAYBOY attitude! The implication behind this concern is significant: Only the undorned life is worth living.

What is expressed in *The Playboy Philosophy* is a direct clash of past values with the 20th Century world. The antilife views of traditional Christianity are now coming into direct debate with a view of life that advocates individual freedom linked with a sense of personal moral responsibility. The uneasiness we all feel about the lack of stability in life has come about because no longer are persons afraid of themselves and no longer are they able to be controlled by the ideas and formulations of the past. For too long we believed that order in society would come as a result of adhering to tried-and-true dictums that were handed down from generation to generation. The past no longer causes conformity.

Today, more than ever before, a moral crisis exists in our society. Many believe we are in a period of desperate decline because the flower of our culture has been cut from its roots. We do live in an age of anxiety with illness. We have not understood what it means to live in an open society. There is no progress without freedom. There is only stultification and stagnation. It is by keeping our society open and free that we can move into new forms of living that have meaning for the days in which we exist.

There are too many people who believe that new ideas are harmful—in essence, they are people who fear freedom. As Hugh Hefner has written, "By keeping open all lines of communication in our culture, every new idea—no matter how seemingly perverse, improper or peculiar, has its opportunity to be considered, to be challenged, and ultimately to be accepted or rejected by society as a whole or by some small part of it." We speak much about maturity, but ever so infrequently do we define it. The prime ingredient of maturity is the ability to live in a constant state of anxiety without becoming immobile. To struggle, to achieve, to wrest from life values that

are personally meaningful is to begin to arrive at a sense of human dignity. But in order to accomplish this, man must be free from ignorance, sickness, poverty and fear. He must be able to enjoy life and thus control his destiny. In essence he must be able to experience pleasure. If this is hedonism, then I am a hedonist!

What I am suggesting is this: One is enabled to develop values that are personally meaningful only when he experiences life as hopeful, valuable and satisfying. This is the experience of pleasure.

I am just naïve enough to take Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner seriously. I do not believe that we can return to a simpler world. Much of the current social criticism is but a beating of the breast, because it fails to acknowledge that man cannot return to some unknown and undefined paradise of the past.

From the many elements of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I would like to view a few. The first of these is the concept of the uncommon man. It is significant that so much is being written at this juncture in history about mass society and the adjusted person. One of the many problems people seem to have is that as individuals they do not feel that they fit the pattern of those about them. We do not like to see ourselves as different from others. Something is wrong with us if we are not like our friends and neighbors.

However, it seems to me there is something amiss in a society that fosters an image of "the common man." The eccentric, or what I would term the uncommon, man must have his right protected to deviate from the norm. Hefner terms this "the right to be different." Without that right there is no such thing as a free society.

In this regard, it is important to note what has happened to the ideas of initiative and ambition today. It is heresy to let it be known that such feelings are a part of one's personal view of life. It is required that a person should cloak these traits in socially acceptable euphemisms such as "service to mankind" or the "welfare of others." To admit that ambition and initiative are personal drives is to open oneself up to severe social criticism or to impair one's future.

Yet, without drives toward self-enhancement and self-fulfillment and self-realization, one can swiftly enter the ranks of the mediocre.

It is in this regard that the question of "success" comes to the fore. There is a segment of society that views success as the end of life. The higher a person rises on the ladder the better able he is to become a "consumer-king." It is true that for many, success is such a personal experience that it, of necessity, precludes the possibility of feeling a sense of responsibility to society as a whole. Unfortunately, this is usually developed under

(continued on page 138)





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# discussion THE PLAYBOY PANEL: USES AND ABUSES OF THE NEW LEISURE

*one of a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene*

## PANELISTS

**STEVE ALLEN** is an entertainment institution. Television star, actor on stage and screen, lyricist, pianist, composer and comedian, he is also the author of eight books, ranging from an autobiography to a collection of poems.

**CLEVELAND AMORY**, chronicler of high society, café society and the jet set, is a writer, lecturer, columnist, satirist and a television and radio essayist. He is among the country's most widely and regularly published writers, known not only for his books, but also for his "First of the Month" column in the *Saturday Review*, his weekly critiques in *TV Guide* and his humorous articles in a score of other magazines and newspapers.

**JOHN DIEBOLD**, who shares credit for having coined the term "automation," is, at 38, one of the world's leading authorities on the technology of the future. His consulting firm, The Diebold Group, advises hundreds of companies, organizations and many governments on how to cope with the onrushing age of the computer.

**PAUL GOODMAN** is a writer by occupation, a utopian by conviction. His prescriptions for righting the wrongs of contemporary civilization include banning autos from Manhattan, closing down the present-day school system, decentralizing the administration of cities and the mass media. Blunt and provocative, he is the author of *Growing Up Absurd*, *Community of Scholars*, *Utopian Essays and Practical Proposals* and many articles for major publications—including *The Deadly Halls of Ivy*, for *PLAYBOY* (September 1964). His next book, *People or Personnel*, will be published next month by Random House.

**WALTER KERR** may well be the most influential drama critic in the United States today. A brisk and businesslike former professor at Catholic University, he is married to hit playwright Jean Kerr, with whom he co-authored *Goldilocks* and *Touch and Go*. In addition to his first-nighter stint as drama critic for the *New York Herald Tribune*, he has directed the aforementioned and two other Broadway shows, has written for television, and authored five books on such subjects as the theater, censorship and *The Decline of Pleasure*, his most recent work.

**NORMAN PODHORETZ**, whose gentle manner belies his contentious views, is an

articulate and outspoken social critic. His controversial essays on the race issue, the Eichmann trial and contemporary literature have won him increasing national attention. A crewcut New Yorker, he is the author of *Doings and Undoings* and editor of *Commentary*, one of the country's most respected journals of opinion. He has also been a member of the Seminar in American Civilization at Columbia University.

**JEAN SHEPHERD**'s brilliantly funny and unorthodox insights into American society enlighten and entertain a sizable radio audience of night people. A man of many unexpected parts, he has worked in the steel mills of Indiana, performed in plays both on and off Broadway and will be appearing in *The Light Fantastic*, a new movie to be released this year. He has written three hilarious boyhood reminiscences and conducted an interview (with the Beatles) for *PLAYBOY*; his first book, *Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies, and Other Horrors*, is soon to be published by Doubleday. His radio commentary, once heard only in New York, is now syndicated in nearly 300 cities.

**TERRY SOUTHERN**, author of *Flash and Filigree* and *The Magic Christian* and celebrated co-author of *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, has been called everything from a "social anarchist" and a "hip iconoclast" to a "comic pornographer with a profound moral sense." The latter was a reference to the sensational best-selling erotic novel *Candy*, written by Southern and Mason Hoffenberg. Recently, he has also become a contributor to *PLAYBOY* (his first piece: *Seeing Is Believing*, in our January issue).

**PLAYBOY:** Americans today have more time to spare than ever before in history, and they are going to have still more. At the turn of the century, the average work week was 70 hours; since then it has been sliced almost in half. Life expectancy has lengthened. Retirements come earlier. Coffee breaks punctuate the workday. Holidays multiply. Paid vacations lengthen: In Pittsburgh and Gary, some steelworkers already receive three-month paid sabbatical holidays. Economist Marion Clawson, eyeing the spread of automation, has estimated that by the year 2000, Americans will have 600 billion more leisure hours to dispose of than they had in 1950. This estimate of off-the-job hours has been challenged



**ALLEN:** *You need involvement, commitment. The person who has difficulty feeling a sense of commitment to anything larger than himself regards great chunks of leisure time with apprehension.*



**SHEPHERD:** *How are we going to spend all this excess time? Maybe in strife. Have you noticed that as things get better for all racial groups, strife increases? It's a by-product of wealth and leisure.*



**DIEBOLD:** *It may turn out, as machines come more closely to imitate man's way of working, that only his way of playing, only his leisure pursuits, will distinguish him from the machine.*



**SOUTHERN:** *I agree with the psychiatrists that people aren't prepared to cope with leisure. Leisure is a frightening thing unless you're ready for confrontation with yourself—and most people aren't.*





**PODHORETZ:** Many people perform work that is not satisfying to them. When work is not fully meaningful, then play also becomes meaningless. You can relax fully only when you've worked fully.



**GOODMAN:** People have so little ability to structure their lives when the structure isn't given to them, that when they are freed from it on vacation, you get a spectacle of slaves on a holiday.



**AMORY:** Civilization is on its way out when we all get to be spectators. Most of us aren't even actual spectators of sports; we're TV spectators—twice removed from actual participation.



**KERR:** Today—even at what we like to call play—everyone seems to set himself a goal: We can get in 18 holes by four; then we can eat, and so on. We're working at it more but enjoying it less.

by other experts as being hopelessly conservative.

Signs of the new leisure, meanwhile, are everywhere. Tens of millions of Americans are scuba divers, water skiers, bowlers, boatmen and bird watchers. Millions more have become amateur painters and musicians. Beaches and ball parks are jammed, as are theaters, museums and concert halls. It's been estimated that Americans spend 50 billion dollars a year on leisure alone—15 billion more than they spend on medical care, for example. Anxious to keep their employees content, many companies are even constructing "recreation parks" for them. One such installation, owned by the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, boasts, besides the more conventional facilities, a casting pond for fishermen, a ski tow and a 36-hole golf course.

Yet the leisure-loaded American has become an object of controversy. Sociologists warn of a coming age of "barren boredom." *Life* magazine recently headlined a special series: "THE EMPTINESS OF TOO MUCH LEISURE." Some authorities argue that Americans, the first modern people to know the luxury of leisure, are the least equipped to enjoy it, because of their Puritan past. Psychiatrists report a rising incidence of "weekend neurosis"—a curious new ailment afflicting busy young executives; confronted with weekends of workless freedom, many succumb to boredom, irritability, restlessness, even desperation. Social scientists warn that unless Americans learn to cope more effectively with their free time, the steady accumulation of off-hours will have an explosive impact on society.

Mr. Diebold, as one of the nation's leading experts on automation, do you believe that increased leisure will really pose this serious a problem for us?

**DIEBOLD:** Yes, leisure will be a very serious problem, but not just in the obvious ways. It isn't just a matter of not knowing what to do with a few extra hours of freedom. It isn't just a matter of weekend neurosis. Leisure is going to test man's conception of himself. It forces us to think about the proper role of mankind, about what our nature is, about what we really want to concern ourselves with. The problem today is that work is at the center of our culture. Our entire heritage puts a premium on work. It's been the center of life. But as the work week declines and leisure increases, the situation is beginning to reverse itself. Work is becoming the fringe and leisure is moving to the center. This is unquestionably the way it's going to be. But we are totally unprepared for this. Therein lies the problem. This transformation probably won't be complete until the early part or the middle of the next century. It will be postponed

by the fact that the bulk of the world is still living on the edge of starvation. So there is still plenty of work to do. But considering the fact that what we face is a complete cultural transformation, the time span for the United States is not so very long. We certainly need many years, 30 or 40 at least, to prepare for that new kind of culture, to begin to understand it. But we're going to have to make a great many changes in the way we live and think if leisure is to be a blessing and not a curse.

**SOUTHERN:** If you're talking about right now, I'd say it's more curse than blessing. I agree with the psychiatrists that people aren't prepared to cope with it. Leisure is a frightening thing unless you're ready for a confrontation with yourself—and most people simply aren't.

**AMORY:** I'm afraid I agree. The trouble with the shorter work week is that it's inclined to be shorter for those who don't need it, rather than for those who could use it. By this I'm not implying that I'm against shorter work weeks for the hard-working laborer, but I do feel that our education to use leisure meaningfully has failed to keep pace with the increase in free time. There are few men, Josh Billings once said, who have character enough to lead a life of idleness.

**SHEPHERD:** Well, I think many of the social critics who lament the new leisure are out of touch with reality. I don't think most Americans are the least bit afraid of having more leisure. I think they'll cope with it just fine. I think this is one of those great imaginary problems—like the theory of phlogiston or the old debate over how many angels are dancing on the head of a pin. It's the social critic who is the true puritan. He's the one who is all bound up with the gospel of work. He sees a man down the street who works, let's say, at the tire company. He sees him come home, look at his television show, sit on the porch for four hours. The critics deplore this. They think it's a terrible thing. They think this tire worker should be out there getting a play written, or something. You know, putting in an eight-hour day at the tire plant is a pain in the rump. I wonder how many social critics have that kind of pain to contend with—and to recuperate from during their free hours.

**PODHORETZ:** I'm not quite so sanguine about it, but I do find it hard to believe that leisure is really going to be a curse. Greater leisure has been one of the dreams of mankind from the beginning of recorded time. The fact that many people seem to have difficulty in making the best possible use of it still doesn't make it a curse, in my view. From what I've seen at first hand, most



people don't seem particularly miserable with time on their hands.

**KERR:** I agree. I don't see how you can have too much leisure time. The idea, the ideal of leisure is a kind of race memory from our childhood, and we want to cling to it; we look back to it with longing. I think we would all like once more to feel as we felt when we were children—when there were no great pressures on us. No, it's not that we have too much time. To me the whole problem is that what we *do* have is corrupted.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you mean?

**KERR:** As soon as a man runs away from work at five, he goes right home and has something to eat and drink, and then goes down to the basement and straight back to work again—only now with his power saw, or paneling a room, or building a new terrace. He's working for *himself* this time, but it's not really leisure.

**SOUTHERN:** I just visited one of those retirement cities in California. The whole idea is that these people are retired and it's supposed to be straight leisure, but my God, they're the most peripatetic people in the world. They're all 65 and over, and it's a second childhood for them, but very highly organized. They do beadwork, and finger painting, and modern dance—you know, sort of high school things, all over again. Christ, they're putting in a ten-hour day out there.

**GOODMAN:** Work, leisure—I doubt that it makes much difference. Having more time away from work hasn't made people any less foolish or base than working hard. It's not whether we call it work or leisure that counts. What counts is the degree of personal involvement. Given the lack of involvement most people have on their jobs, their frivolity during the leisure hours doesn't make much difference. They aren't really doing anything anyway. They're just fooling around. Suppose a man's job is to make a useless product, next year's model change. Do you call that work?

**ALLEN:** Hardly. But there's another kind of involvement, too. Not just involvement with the job, but *social* involvement. The increase in technical know-how—in the numbers and kinds of fertilizers and automatic machines, computers and that sort of thing—hasn't turned the world into heaven on earth. There are still millions of people starving. What is required is more men with a sense of commitment and responsibility to society. In that sense, I agree with Mr. Diebold. What to do with leisure time is a profoundly important question, because it requires man to ask himself what the hell he's doing here, and why he has a right to eat and drink, if he

isn't going to leave his corner of the earth very much better than he found it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that leisure *must* be purposeful, either altruistically or creatively?

**KERR:** Absolutely not—and that's the key to the whole thing: We are all committed to endless utilitarianism. Function, function, function. We think everything we do has to have some functional utility. Before we do something that has no function, no special utility, we face some kind of inner crisis. It's a terrible wrench, almost a physiological one, I'd say. There's a moment of near illness. We have to get over that. We will never be able to enjoy leisure until we realize that all the things we do for a purpose, for some form of profit, are not and cannot be leisure. True leisure is action that seems truly useless. There is no utility in it. Therefore, we are free, we are truly playful in the sense that an animal is playful. You might call it allowing yourself to run through existence barefoot. The real compulsion we operate under is the compulsion toward utility. To free ourselves of that is difficult, and the more free time we have, the tougher it's going to be.

**PODHORETZ:** Oh, no, no, absolutely not. I take just the opposite view. I don't believe there really is any such thing as a nonutilitarian act. Everything we do is done to serve some purpose, conscious or otherwise. In that sense, even leisure can't be nonutilitarian. In fact, it *has* to be utilitarian, although that isn't exactly the word I'd use. The word I'd use is *serious*. The activity has to be serious in intent. Even play, even the play of very small children, has to be serious. Children play at being somewhere else, being *someone* else: It's a kind of acting out of real life. The idea is not so much to escape from the here and now as to enlarge the possibilities of the immediate world. But the point of reference is always the real world. This is what I mean when I say that leisure has to be serious. You can't just tell somebody to be an amateur painter if he has no real talent, no real impulse, no real possibility of painting a picture that is worth something, at least to *someone*. I've never been able to take up a sport just because someone told me it would be good for me. I find if I'm not good at it, I can't enjoy it. Doing it has to fill some need for me. In this context, what's important about an activity is not whether it seems to be utilitarian or not, but rather how much *self* there is in it, as against how much transcendence of self.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you elaborate?

**PODHORETZ:** People who run off to the country whenever they can—and we all do, if we can afford to—are obeying

an instinct to commune with something that isn't man-made. I can sit and stare at the ocean for hours at a time, empty-headed. It does something to me. Other people have the same thing with mountains. Nature bespeaks something larger than the human will and indifferent to the human will; it inspires feelings of a quasi-religious character. Now that is certainly one kind of leisure—the kind I suppose Mr. Kerr was talking about—but it's hardly the only kind. In other words, I would argue against the idea that leisure isn't leisure unless it has a mystical or religious character of sorts, and I would argue against the idea that it must be nonpurposeful.

We have no reason to assume that man is anything but a *homo faber*—a maker—someone in whose nature the impulse to make is very powerful. Not only does the impulse to work exist in us, but work has always been a necessity. Yet today there are utopian prophets who tell us that work won't be a necessity for all time. A writer like Robert Theobald envisages a situation in which the right to a basic annual wage without work will be guaranteed to all. I suppose it's theoretically conceivable. But even so, it strikes me that it would be very hard for human nature, as we know it now, and as we know it from the literature of past ages, to be satisfied with such a condition. In fact, so little do we seem to be able to do without work that the prospect of a society in which work is no longer a matter of survival begins, ironically, to assume the proportions of a crisis—one of the great crises of human history. If such a workless world should ever really come into being, we would have to undergo huge spiritual transformations in order to learn how to cope with it.

**SOUTHERN:** We've already opened up an *abyss* of leisure. In one sense, today there's really nothing *but* leisure. It's *work* that's phony or false for most people—because everyone knows that all he has to do is lie down on the sidewalk and somebody is going to come along and take care of him. He's not going to starve to death. In other words, the motivation for work no longer relates to survival. This really lays it on the line in terms of how to spend your day. Once you're aware of the actual situation, then the question becomes: What is there that's worth doing?

**ALLEN:** I don't want to harp on the same note, but isn't this another way of saying you need involvement? Commitment? When you're in love, for example, you're never bored, never at a loss about what to do with yourself. Every moment seems precious and important. Nor are scholars bored, nor men gripped with a philosophical passion. Communists are



not bored. Fascists are not bored. Saints are not bored. Wouldn't you agree that it is the person who has difficulty feeling a sense of commitment to anything larger than himself—that it is this sort of person who regards great chunks of time with apprehension?

**GOODMAN:** Right. Without real involvement it doesn't matter whether you're working or playing. Work is something imposed on you from the outside, so let's lay that aside. It's something you're forced to do. Fooling around is what you force *yourself* to do. It's trying to have a good time, to pass the time, to kill time. Both work and leisure should be ways of giving yourself to a task that is somehow part of your justification for living. It can be a conversation at a merchant seamen's bar; it can be teaching a Ph.D. seminar, or playing a game of sheephead in the university lounge—so long as you *want* to do it, so long as you *care* about the outcome, so long as the thing is not trivial to you. Lack of involvement is a vacuum. Emptiness is horribly painful, and when you're faced with this vacuum, it's unlivable. Then you're reduced to the simplest possible philosophy of "let's have pleasure," and you just don't *get* pleasure that way.

**PODHORETZ:** What we come back to, I suppose, is that you can't derive any kind of satisfaction from living unless there is a truly serious intention behind what you are doing—at work or play—and unless there is a potentially serious result.

**KERR:** Well, I can remember a time when we didn't worry about such things. It's futile to daydream about the bucolic past, of course, but I recall with unalloyed pleasure the times I used to visit my grandparents as a child—which was very frequently. I spent an inordinate amount of time there playing ball and going to picnics and spending entire evenings around the piano. That is my earliest memory of Sunday evening, from the time dinner was over until we went home, which was probably ten or eleven o'clock. I mean three or four hours simply singing, people just standing around, one of them playing the piano and everyone else singing. Nothing could have been less serious, less purposeful—or more enjoyable. But that kind of group, coming together on an easy, unplanned and unorganized basis, has tended to vanish. Today—even at what we like to call play—everyone seems to set himself a goal, often an artificial one: We can make such and such a place by noon; we can get in 18 holes by four; then we can eat; and so forth and so on. It's so much more regimented: In effect, we're working at it more but enjoying it less.

**SHEPHERD:** You're so right. A lot of the good old nonfunctional ways of spending leisure have begun to disap-

pear: ham radio, for example—my own hobby. By far the largest percentage of amateur radio operators when I was a boy and got my license had built all their own equipment. It was just as automatic as putting on your shoes. But this sort of thing has practically disappeared. In its place has come the hi-fi kit. And that's not at all the same thing, of course. It's packaged and prefabricated—and it's no fun.

**AMORY:** What I don't like about the way people spend their leisure today is that it seems to be conformist as well as packaged. People collect contemporary art because the fellow down the street is collecting art. I think that over the last generation or two, hobbies have become much more depersonalized and conformist than they used to be. That's an important and unfortunate shift in our approach to leisure.

**SOUTHERN:** If you want a *positive* change, the great new hobby, of course, is *sex*—mostly straight physical sex, where the psychological and emotional elements are pure gravy. That's the scene, and the trend is up. It all has to do with a profound change in the notion of possessiveness. There's a new awareness that physical "purity" for a woman is a con, an illusion, and that physical "exclusiveness," in a man's attitude toward a woman, has nothing to do with any sort of real relationship between two people. This is very much on the increase, and I would put this, and its contingencies, under the heading of groovy new leisure-time activities.

**SHEPHERD:** Well, forgive me for saying so, but it seems to me that promiscuity is not particularly new as a leisure-time activity; in fact, it may be our *oldest* leisure-time activity. I seem to remember there was even a commandment that referred to it. Perhaps Mr. Southern himself has just discovered this fascinating new hobby. Every teenager believes that sex was invented sometime during his 12th year, and he is dumfounded to find out later that even his old man had heard of it some time earlier. No, sex is not new.

**GOODMAN:** As far as sex as a leisure-time hobby is concerned—new or old—my observation has been that people are at their worst when they are on vacation. They are like pigs.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**GOODMAN:** People have so little ability to structure their lives when the structure isn't given to them by some external command, that when they are freed from it on vacation there is every sign of breakdown. They engage in sexual activity when they don't seriously mean to let themselves get involved. This must mean that the orgasm will be no good. They don't notice one another as persons, and that makes the sex no good.

An important reason for this is, as I say, that in their own work they are unable to structure their lives. It is structured for them. If we look at the economic system itself, we'll see that it does not allow most of the people involved in it to build structures of their own. Almost all the decision-making is from the top down. Therefore, even at work, their values tend to be rather slavish. So in their leisure what you get is a spectacle of slaves on a holiday. This isn't very ennobling. But their work life is a little better than their vacations. It's a little less unpleasant. I don't have to watch it.

**ALLEN:** I can't agree that *everyone* is that way. But that does remind me of a scene from *Mondo Cane*—a very important motion picture. This was the scene in which the American tourists in Hawaii are shown "enjoying themselves." These poor people, many of them at quite advanced years, wearing these bright shirts and being hustled by the souvenir peddlers and herded around like cattle—I found that a rather saddening and depressing scene.

**PLAYBOY:** It is frequently charged that Americans are becoming too passive in their leisure-time pursuits. Do you feel this is true? And if so, is too much passive leisure making us soft, physically and mentally?

**PODHORETZ:** I don't know whether Americans are more passive than any other people would be in an industrial culture as advanced as ours. I don't think this has anything to do, intrinsically, with the American character. But it certainly does seem to be true that we spend a great deal of our leisure time as spectators rather than as participants. Mr. Kerr is right about people not getting together around the piano and singing as they once did. Now they listen to records. Listening to records isn't a totally passive experience, but it's certainly more passive than singing. The same goes for watching a baseball game. If you're really interested in baseball and know all about it, watching a game is not exactly a passive experience. It involves something like aesthetic connoisseurship. People get excited and they yell and they jump and drink a lot of beer, and so on. It's not a narcotic, but certainly it's not like *playing* baseball. As for Americans being soft, that seems observably true. Everybody is too fat.

**AMORY:** Yes, the spectator way of life is a pretty grim business, and I think that you will see that the decline of ancient Rome had something to do with the spectator sports, and the Chinese mandarin society fell when the mandarins started hiring coolies to play tennis for them while they watched. I think that civilization is on its way out when we all get to be spectators, particularly



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nowadays when most of us aren't even actual spectators of sports, we're *TV* spectators—which is really *twice* removed from actual participation.

**ALLEN:** I don't agree that we are any more passive than we were in the past. Most people have *never* played football. Most people have simply watched football from the stands or listened on their radios before *TV*. Most people have never been actors. They have gone to the theater and sat and watched other people act. Most people have never been musicians. They have gone to concert halls and sat and listened to musicians perform. So there is nothing really new about being spectators.

On the other hand, I think there is clear-cut evidence that we're growing soft. The book *Pork Chop Hill* by S. L. A. Marshall, the military historian, points out that the American soldier in the Korean War was the equal of the soldiers from the many other nations in all respects but one—leg power. The Americans were not able to march as far or as fast as the enemy. Our leg muscles are weak. This is one way in which we can see we are definitely getting soft, softer than we were. And this would seem to be because we are a nation on wheels. Also, people seem to be working less hard now. Fewer people are doing hard physical labor. Fewer people are laboring in the coal mines. Fewer people are chopping down trees. Fewer people are shoveling snow and that sort of thing. In the long run this must inevitably have a softening effect.

**KERR:** When there is so much comfort and indulgence available, you are going to have some fat on you. Television, which has allowed itself to fall down into sludge, encourages the viewer to fall down into sludge, too. That he has become increasingly passive is clear to me from his tolerance of, say, commercial interruptions. But even more than that there is the artificiality of what is accepted as human speech in the commercial itself. That, to me, is the most passive of all things. I myself don't know how people can sit there and listen to these dialog exchanges in commercials which are so utterly unreal at every conceivable level, and remain in the room. I have to leave the room. I can't stay there. And it is not an aesthetic stylization, such as you might sometimes see in the theater or in a film. Transparently, it is a fraudulent reality. That people will sit still for even a moment suggests to me an abnormal passivity, and a very dangerous one.

**SOUTHERN:** I don't know that people are hooked on *TV* any more than they used to be on radio. I do know that you have to make a different kind of movie now to get them out of the house, but I

would doubt the passivity. I mean just forgetting about the crime rate and freedom marches, what about thought? What about listening? What about music?

**KERR:** Granted. Your mind is engaged and kept active by listening to Bach. The mind is engaged at a tremendous level of activity. I don't mean you are thinking, but it is certainly an intellectual engagement. The act is called contemplation. But that isn't the same as television. *TV* doesn't have to be intellectually passive, but it has allowed itself to become so. It doesn't attempt in any way to engage the viewer's mind at a really complex level so that his mind is truly active while contemplating it.

**SHEPHERD:** You know, here we are beating people on the head about their being passive. What's so terrible about it? I think this is a prime example of our being detached from reality. We get these sweeping generalizations about the American people not getting enough exercise. God! You can't even get a boat into the water in Lake Michigan anymore, the boats are so thick. Golf courses all over the country are stacked six deep with people. Who the hell are all these people—Chinese? They are out bowling, and water-skiing, and being amateur musicians and actors, and flying and doing a hell of a lot of other things—including all the do-it-yourself stuff. I'm not saying it's necessarily good or bad, but it sure as hell isn't passive! Furthermore, I've never found anything wrong with being passive. I kind of enjoy just sitting around on my butt. Why should we place a moral judgment on it?

**KERR:** I don't think we mean—at least I don't mean—that everything has to be muscular or it's no good. I remember with pleasure, when I was a kid, that there was an easygoing quality about life. Sitting on the porch for a whole afternoon or standing around the piano for an evening, as I said. This is passive in the sense that it is not physically agitated. But on the other hand, we were talking to one another all afternoon or exercising ourselves vocally. It wasn't like turning into a blob. Also, there was a kind of pleasant human interaction. What disturbs me more than growing passivity is the decline of group activity. We are not as interested in our neighbors or as willing to do things with them or for them as we used to be. The group camaraderie is gone. Everything is more isolated.

**PODHORETZ:** I'm forced to disagree. The problem is on the other foot in America. The areas of privacy available to us continually shrink. I regard privacy as an important value, and from what I have observed, it is very hard for people to get much of it. There are invasions

of our privacy on every side—from crude ones, like the sort of thing Vance Packard was recently exposing, to the continual assault on you through the media. We live in the midst of an enormous din. Given this, I would think that anything that makes for greater privacy in individual life is to be welcomed and is highly desirable.

**GOODMAN:** Yes, but we must get rid of the notion that the individual matters so much, because in almost any activity—not every activity, but in most activities which are worth while—authentic individuality is not helped any by being an individual. When you once get down to worrying about yourself as an individual, then it becomes almost impossible to engage in any worth-while activity. Again, it's not whether you're doing it alone or with someone, and it's not whether it's "passive" or "active." What matters is whether you're genuinely involved in what you're doing, whatever it is. Do you lose yourself in it?

**PLAYBOY:** The inability to "lose" oneself in leisure is a peculiarly American deficiency, according to some critics. For example, describing a businessman on vacation, Louis Kronenberger has written that "even as he lies prone upon the sand, or sits mindless in the dory, his brain—with a joyful sense of guilt—will dart cityward to the deals, the conferences, the agenda ahead." Is it true that many of us suffer from this sort of guilt, that because we can't lose ourselves in play we tend to view our time away from work almost as a form of deprivation?

**PODHORETZ:** I know of no one who regards a vacation as a deprivation. It's true that there are a great many people who find it difficult to relax. I happen to be one of them. But I don't think that's anything to complain about, particularly, and in any case it isn't a culturally determined condition. It's a matter of temperament. How does Louis Kronenberger know that this businessman lying on the sand is mindless? And if the businessman on vacation finds himself more interested in something going on in his office, rather than in what is going on in the surf or in the mountains, well, I don't see how any moral or cultural inferences can be drawn from that fact alone.

**DIEBOLD:** I agree. Then, too, it seems undeniable that there are some forms of work so pleasurable that the worker simply doesn't want to leave them for leisure. Maybe that explains why many businessmen just don't enjoy a holiday.

**SHEPHERD:** Right. But why pick on the businessman, particularly? Let me describe a playwright friend of mine. He is working in New York, like 25 hours a day. He has three phone lines coming into his home. He is afraid the town is going to recede from him. So aft-





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er five or six years, something like that, his wife decides they've got to take a vacation. So they go on a Caribbean cruise. It was one of these package cruises. They were supposed to be gone for two weeks. Well, they weren't more than 24 hours out and he was already breaking out in a rash. He was pacing the deck. He couldn't eat—this is an actual fact. He missed phoning his agent. Well, they finally got down to the first island, and he got off and said to hell with the boat and got the first plane back, and less than 24 hours after he had left was back in New York on the phones—one at each ear. It's true that some people can work hard but not play hard. But it's not just businessmen who are hung up on work.

**AMORY:** Let's not make fun of this compulsion to work. There is one characteristic I have noticed in every single successful man I've ever written about, and that is that he gets up early in the morning and works long hours. I think the successful man is perfectly willing to let other people work short hours and have what they call leisure. But I don't think the successful man has time for leisure or an inclination for it, in the sense we are talking about. It's a pity, perhaps, that he doesn't, but the more successful you are, the more demands there are on you, and literally the only way you can escape is on something like a boat where there is no telephone, or an island in the Caribbean where the telephone service is lousy.

**PLAYBOY:** Bernard De Voto once said that there is "no sadder sight than that of an American trying to have a good time." Do you agree?

**SHEPHERD:** To an extent, yes. I think the compulsion to work is a factor. We already mentioned that. But there's also a concomitant compulsion to play. The schoolbooks tell us how good work is: "Get out there and work hard!" But at the same time we have the headshrinkers telling us to go out and have a good time: "Loosen up. Forget your worries." So you get it coming and going, and you wind up with a guilty feeling no matter what you do. It all becomes compulsive.

**KERR:** You don't even have to delve into psychology to find the source of that compulsion. It's not just psychiatrists; our doctors are always telling us to go out and have a good time, too. And if our doctor doesn't tell us, we have a friend who's had a heart attack whose doctor told him. Everybody thinks he is about to have a coronary immediately if he doesn't rush out and have fun. It is fascinating how often the heart attack comes on the golf course, while you are straining to have the good time to keep the heart attack from coming. I suppose there is also some residual feeling since Freud, since the loosening of inhibitions that, "God, there must be

more fun than all this and I'm not having it. Maybe I should try harder."

**ALLEN:** Americans do seem to be less able to deal with pleasure than other nationalities. There are differences among nations. Among Catholic nations, you'll find that the Irish, for example, are considerably less able to enjoy life than the Italians or the French or the Spanish, even though they share the same religion. I'd guess that the Irish Catholic influence probably has something to do with it in this country—with our inability to have pleasure without guilt. But so does the Protestant puritanical influence.

**DIEBOLD:** I don't see how we can expect to understand the American's attitude toward his leisure without discussing his attitude toward work. The way a man works shapes his whole life and his personality, and that affects the way he is going to react to leisure. Millions of people today are employed as robots. Can you imagine a robot having a good time—on or off the job? But things are beginning to change. Automation is changing them, and, as has been pointed out earlier, elements of leisure are beginning to creep into the workday itself. Work for many people is becoming far more interesting and pleasant than it ever was, and this will improve their ability to enjoy themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** David Riesman has written about this fusion of work and leisure in business and professional life. Activities formerly sharply distinguishable from work, such as expense-account entertainment, have become an important part of the work life. Do you welcome this trend, gentlemen?

**AMORY:** Well, whenever I see a group of businessmen making their bets before a golf game and going out to deduct one another and try to win some money from one another, I'm always rather depressed by it.

**SHEPHERD:** This is true for a lot of people, I suppose, but I happen to know too many friends of mine who work in bagel bakeries and button factories; their work is not even remotely related to their leisure, nor do I believe it ever will be. We keep thinking in terms of executives and creative people. Stop and think for a minute that out of 190,000,000 people in this country, how many are in the executive world? How many are in the creative world?

**PODHORETZ:** Exactly. But I doubt that we'll ever arrive at a future in which work and play are indistinguishable—even for executives and creative people. Such a future could only be produced by a series of very radical revolutions not only in our economic structure but in human nature. It seems to me that the problem we're faced with in the here and now can be defined in the fol-

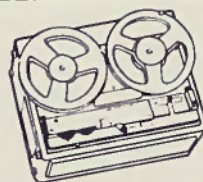


lowing way: The number of jobs that are demonstrably important to the people performing them seems to be declining proportionately—I mean work that is immediately meaningful, at the end of which something worth having gets produced, or done, or made. Many, many people perform work that is not, in itself, meaningful or satisfying to them. And when work is not experienced as fully meaningful, then play, which is nonwork, also becomes meaningless. It seems that you can relax fully only if you've been working fully. The two conditions are interdependent.

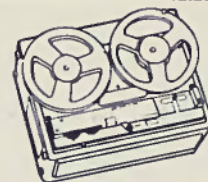
**DIEBOLD:** This is true, but I don't think it's necessarily true that fewer and fewer people do satisfying work. It is true that there are fewer jobs in which the end results are immediately and physically apparent; there are more jobs involving paper and ideas and abstractions. Automation is going to greatly increase the number of such jobs. But it is also going to do away with many of the jobs that are meaningless, boring and repetitive. People talk of the coming robot age. Well, it seems to me that the robot age has been with us since the industrial revolution. People have been made into automatons in the sense of Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*. But many of the sociologists and psychologists who are drawing conclusions regarding the implications of automation are making the mistake of thinking there will be much more of this as time goes on—whereas in reality, precisely the opposite is occurring. It's no longer Charlie Chaplin on the assembly line. The whole situation, both physically and psychologically, is entirely different, but very few people are bothering to observe the phenomenon. For example, instead of crowding people together on the assembly line, we give them "lonesome pay" nowadays—premium pay for being away from other people. It's like hazard pay, but it's for a psychological hazard, in a sense. These people spend their workdays alone at a control console, say, and because of this they get extra pay in some factories. This could hardly be called unpleasant. Now, I'm not holding out the picture of some kind of utopia, but automation is changing the basic situation, and changing it rapidly. We have to throw away all our old stereotyped ideas about the nature of work. This will also force us to change our ideas about leisure.

**SOUTHERN:** Yes, the idea that people hate work and love leisure is pretty suspect, I think. The crucial test would be if somebody were given \$10,000 a year and he didn't have to do anything except press a button once every four hours. What would he do? Would he take off? I have an idea that he wouldn't

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—not because he considered his work such an essential and groovy thing, but because the alternative of self would be too frightening.

**AMORY:** I think that the number who find joy and fulfillment in their work probably remains about constant. I don't think that the machine has changed this very much—not yet, anyway. To be honest about it, the world's work is basically pretty dull, and an awful lot of people have to spend their lives at what are pretty dull jobs—and this is likely to be true of the future as well. But a lot of people make it worse than it is. I've never understood, for example, why the New York bus driver can't be a happier guy, or the New York taxi driver.

One Saturday evening, I remember, just before theater time, there were no cabs at all. It was just before Christmas, and everybody seemed to want a cab. So I just suddenly decided to be a cab for one night, and I had a very interesting time. I got my car out and took people wherever they wanted to go, and talked with them en route. As we drove to our destination, I'd tell them I wasn't a cabbie, just somebody who had offered them a lift, and who happens to be a director of the Humane Society of the United States, and who would very much appreciate a small donation for the Humane Society. I ended up with a very sizable donation for the Society, and I had a very pleasant evening. I don't think it is necessary to be the way most bus drivers and taxi drivers are. They just don't have the right approach to their jobs.

**PLAYBOY:** What about our approach to *leisure* in the years ahead? How will we be spending our free time at, say, the turn of the century?

**DIEBOLD:** Well, for one thing, the computer will be changing a lot of our leisure-time habits—and not only by releasing us from drudgery. The computer itself will be used for leisure. It already is, to an extent. At the World's Fair, for example, there are half a dozen computers that are, essentially, playing games of one kind or another. They may be dressed up, but they're just there for amusement's sake. In connection with this, every home will eventually have some form of facsimile machine. If you want to pass the time with a magazine or newspaper, it will print it out for you on the spot. If you want a hunting or fishing license, you'll be able to dial a number and have it printed out for you then and there. No waiting. We also have computers that are now capable of playing chess. I see no reason why this cannot be extended in the future so that we will play games against the machines.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you spell this out a bit more?

**DIEBOLD:** Of course. Using machines for play sounds Buck Rogersish, but it's not that startling an idea. After all, the auto is a machine and we use it for pleasure as well as business. We fly planes for fun. So there is really nothing so strange about the idea that more complicated machines may someday be used for fun.

On the opposite side of the coin, I think there will be a great increase in handicraft activities of various kinds. Since so many products will be machine-made and standardized, there will be a great premium placed on uniqueness and the individual qualities of hand-crafted articles, many of which we will make for ourselves, just for the fun of it.

There will also be a phenomenal increase in all forms of education. We never used to think of education as a leisure-time activity. Yet today one of the most interesting developments is the fantastic growth of adult education. People are going back to school voluntarily, and often to study things for which they have no great need. They're doing it for fun. This sort of thing will double and redouble in the years to come.

**SHEPHERD:** If we're thinking of unusual new ways of spending our leisure—at new hobbies, for example—there'll be a really novel one called "work." Do you know there are camps that are now being advertised in *The New York Times* where you can send your child for two weeks of work? Where he has to make trails, where he has to cut down trees, and he's given a real job. They even have little canning factories where the kid has to work the machines. I think this is the coming thing. I think eventually there will be places outside New York where you'll spend three dollars an hour to go and grind the valves on a '37 Chevy, or do some coal mining with a pick and a headlamp. Do you know that in Florida there are already certain orange groves that are grown for the very purpose of having people come and pay for the privilege of picking oranges—and they don't even get to keep them? Then they go home and sing folk songs about itinerant fruit pickers. Things are getting weird. But they're going to get weirder.

**AMORY:** Whether we call it work or play, I have a feeling we will be doing it more actively than passively. I think that the coming years will see a big thrust in this area—from do-it-yourself stuff to skiing to the golf craze, which, incidentally, has to be seen to be believed. There are people on these courses waiting to tee off in the pitch-black dark. Waiting to tee off at four o'clock in the morning. We'll see even more of that. I think spectator sports like pro football have seen their heyday. And we are



## Sweet Beat!

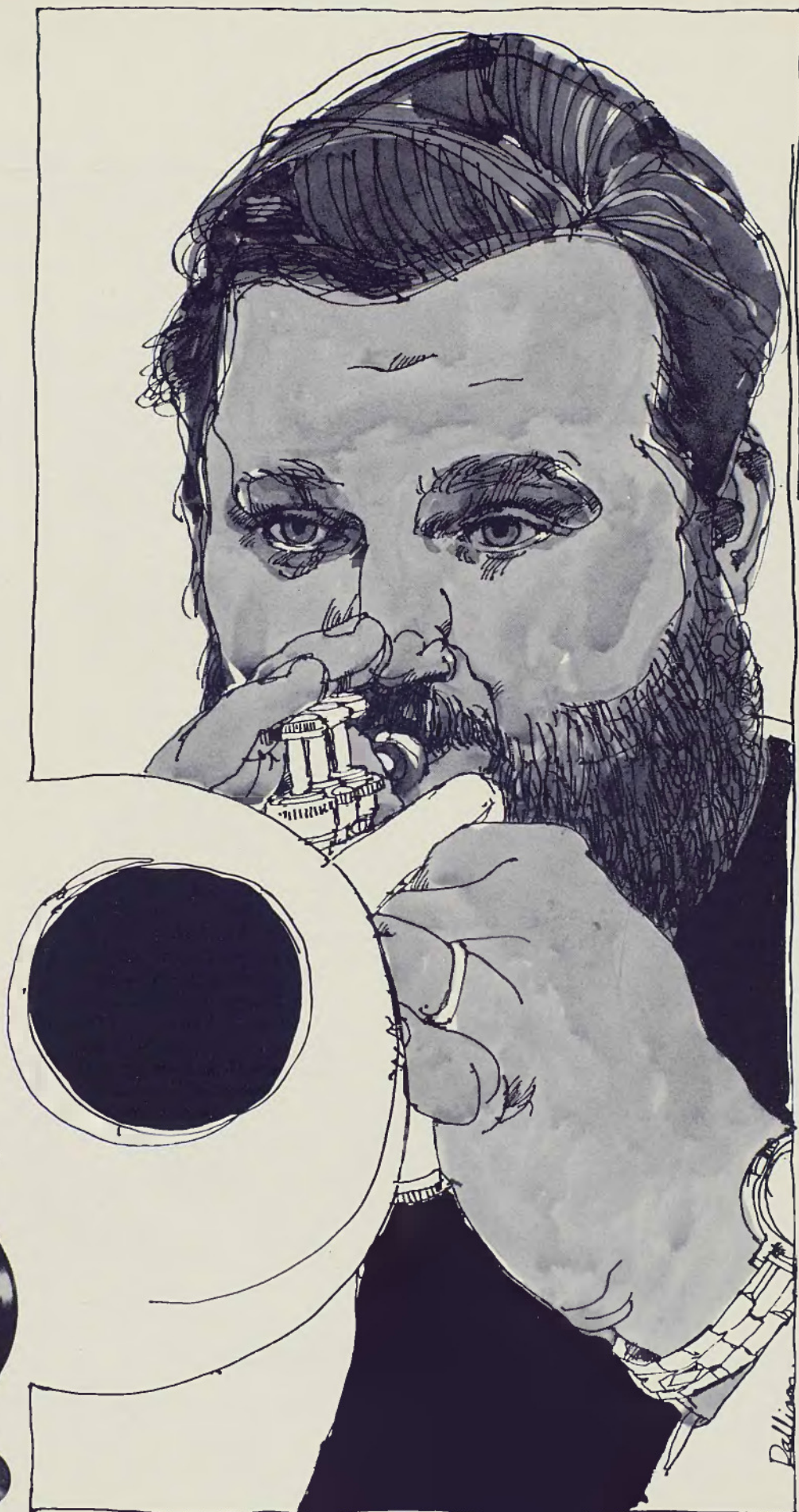
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**DIEBOLD:** Well, I don't think that will necessarily happen even without education; for looking into the distant future, I think we may perfect some human equivalent of the experiments that have been done with pleasure centers in animals—in rats, for example. They are trained to push a pedal which triggers an electric impulse in the pleasure centers of their brains; the sensation is so ecstatic that they'll keep doing it until they all but drop from exhaustion or starvation. They'll stop only long enough to maintain the barest minimum of water and food input. You can't tear them away.

**AMORY:** May I break in to say to the good Doctor Diebold that those experiments don't sound *that* pleasurable. In fact, they sound like the kind that the Humane Society would very much like to investigate.

**DIEBOLD:** I didn't conduct them; I'm just commenting on them.

**SHEPHERD:** There are experiments going ahead in the LSD department that might have some bearing on this. In this area, there seem to be ecstatic experiences available that make a return to reality no less intolerable—only for *people* instead of rats. How about siccing the Humane Society onto *that*?

**SOUTHERN:** No, let them look out for mistreated animals and we'll look out for ourselves. I foresee a widespread use of drugs of every kind for kicks; the serious leisure-time pursuit of the future will be adventures of the mind, occurring in solitude. Ultimately the most exciting—or to keep it on the level of this discussion—the most “fun” thing will not be parachute jumping, masturbation or group identification, but getting blasted out of your mind—which is to say *transcendence*.

**SHEPHERD:** I agree. More and more people will be studying themselves—and their navels. Related to this will be still another hobby: getting analyzed. Analysis is already a great hobby, but it promises to get even more popular. So the big new hobbies will be introspection and neurosis.

**GOODMAN:** Introspection as a hobby? Introspection is like bad masturbation.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**GOODMAN:** Well, if it's good masturbation you're just kind of enjoying your-

self and helping yourself along, but in bad masturbation you're raping yourself, what they call “looking into yourself”; introspection is like that. It's already one of the big leisure activities of our time. And you can have it.

**SOUTHERN:** An introspective faculty has got to be encouraged so that when people come face to face with themselves for the first time they won't be frightened away. Introspection, in a more serious sense than you seem to appreciate, is leisure in its highest form. And it is very important that the emancipation experience—which will come through drugs—be a wholly positive one.

**PODHORETZ:** Well, I think too much introspection, narcotic or otherwise, can be terrible. D. H. Lawrence said that too much self-consciousness was like falling from the hands of God, falling down into a bottomless well of the self, and anyone who has taken the plunge knows what Lawrence meant. Self-preoccupation is one of the great diseases of our time, and people who run away from themselves may be following a healthy instinct. But *are* people running away from themselves these days? I suppose some are. Some selves are so boring that they *ought* to be run away from. Anyway, you don't confront yourself—or discover your identity, to use the fashionable phrase—by looking in the mirror. The confrontation takes place in behavior, in the act of living. The kind of track a man leaves in his life is the kind of self he is. An endless preoccupation with one's inner needs and conflicts is a form of madness, not of leisure.

**SOUTHERN:** Of course you don't confront yourself by looking in the mirror; that's only an image. You have to do like the Indians who eat peyote and sit staring at their reflections in a pool—until they *enter* them. Naturally there's always the chance of getting a little wet. As for the “kind of track a man leaves in his life,” any awareness of that on his part suggests that his concept of life, and his concern, are on the level of something like: “Is my fly open?”

**SHEPHERD:** Well, I don't know if navel contemplation over inner conflicts is going to be the big thing or not, but I suspect we are liable to see bigger and bigger *artificial* conflict. We like to think that we want the Cold War to go out of existence. But is that really true? If all the conflict in the world suddenly disappeared overnight, what then? Where would we go from there? Most of us would be robbed of purpose. Boredom would set in. And when work goes out, too, there is going to be one hell of a big vacuum, and it won't be filled for long by movies, or art, or playing golf. Did you ever talk to a man who has retired at a comparatively early age? You'll find

almost without exception, he'll tell you, “My God, I thought I could never get enough fishing. I could never get enough golf and travel.” Well, he finds out damn well soon, when that's all he's got in his life, that he can get a surfeit of it in an amazingly short time—like in six months. So this, then, takes us back to how we are going to spend all this excess time. Maybe in war and strife. That's grim, but it's my honest opinion. Have you noticed that, in America, as things get better for all racial groups, strife *increases*? It's a fascinating by-product of wealth and leisure. Bread we have; circuses will eventually bore us; but conflict will not. I think everyone is searching for conflict. Trouble will become a desirable thing, and we'll contrive to provide it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mean we'll actually search for pretexts to start wars?

**SHEPHERD:** Not overtly, perhaps. But take the Russian-American race to the moon, for instance. Well, I suspect that the race to Venus and Mars and the other planets will be even more of a race. On a vast scale, it'll serve the same psychological purpose as a horse race. Who really cares whether the green horse beats the blue one? But it's symbolic, you see; it provides a terrific release to everybody who has put his money on it. So now we are involved in a giant race to the heavens, and everyone is talking about the terrific money it's costing. Well, we wouldn't like it unless it did. It wouldn't provide us any conflict unless there was cost. Who goes to race tracks without money?

**KERR:** That's a rather gloomy outlook. But there does seem to be some relationship between boredom and violence or conflict. Juvenile delinquency probably has something to do with being bored. Of course, there's also the fear the young people now are born under, because of the atomic age. They see their elders apparently unequal to cope with the atomic age, and so respect for authority begins to disappear. But it seems to me that when you add the leisure problem to this, you've really got a major dilemma.

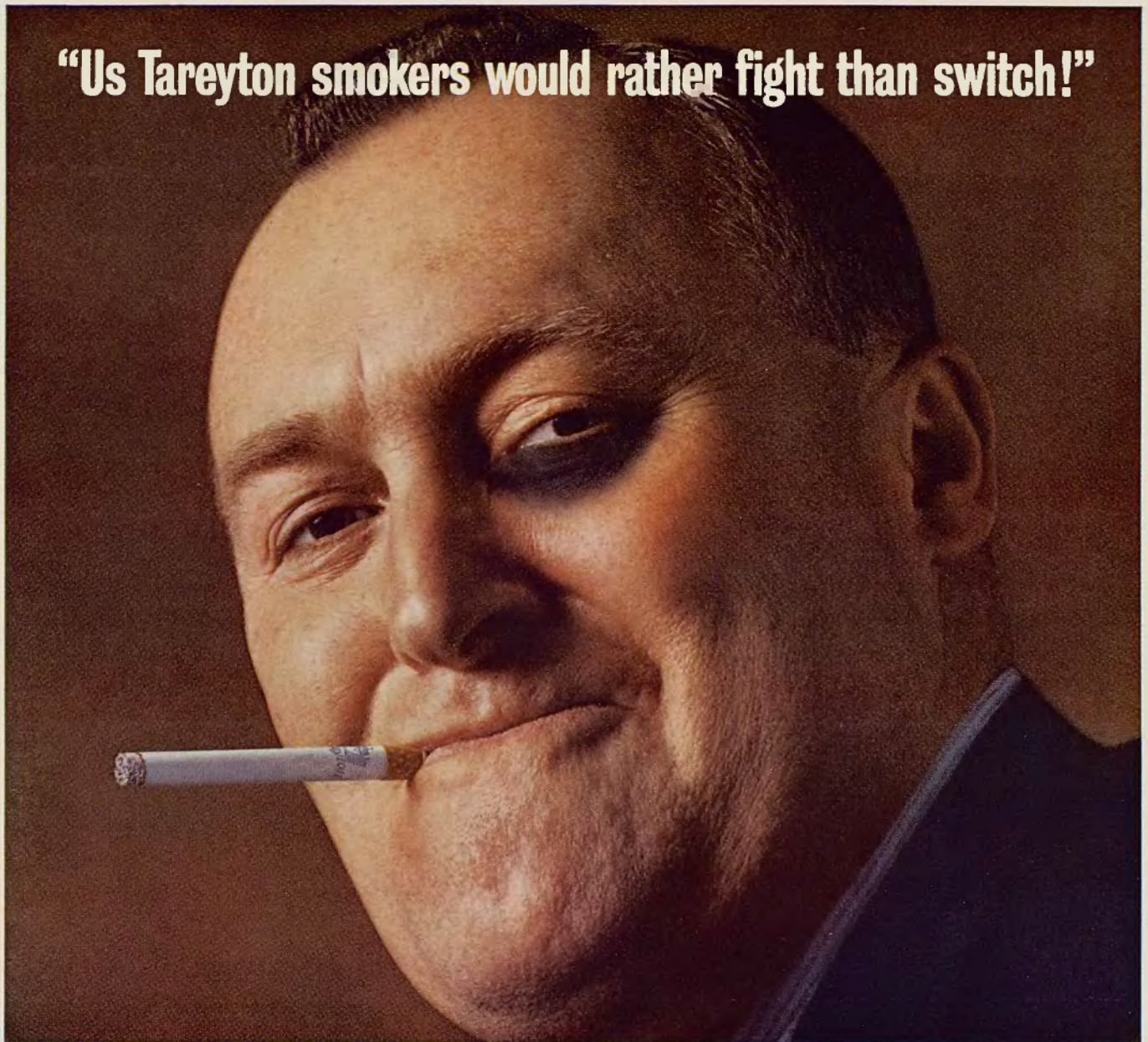
**PLAYBOY:** How can we solve it?

**ALLEN:** It seems to me that there is only one way to cope with this problem, and that is by educating people to understand just how much remains to be done in this world, how they ought to be using their leisure to improve society. If we are able to do this, we might be able to avoid this problem, or at least put it off indefinitely. With the world about to go up in flames at any moment, this is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the human race.

I'm certainly not saying that there's anything wrong with mah-jongg or girl watching or golfing or just goofing off, or any of the harmless diversions we've



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talked about. A certain degree of variety is apparently essential to good mental and physical health. But, by God, I can't understand why there are millions of Americans at a loss for what to do with their free time while most of the rest of the world continues to exist on the edge of starvation—and even here at home, millions of our fellow citizens desperately need help because they are alcoholics or narcotic addicts or criminals or cancer patients or just poor or unemployed; that I can't understand. The schools should be training us for ways of serving the community during our leisure time. That's what the Greeks did. Public service was a respected form of leisure. We need to get that idea across again.

**GOODMAN:** Another thing that needs to be done is a decentralization of power in society. If the average man had some say over his own destiny, he'd be involved with things that matter, and he wouldn't be at a loss. Take entertainment. It's altogether unnecessary for entertainment services like television or radio to be so totally centralized. Why not decentralize them? Open up new stations and channels by the hundreds—try to get the FCC to license so that every neighborhood can have ten independent television outlets. Just imagine if that took place. To simply fill the air time, practically everybody in the community would be on TV, preparing to be on TV, or having just finished being on TV. Now, this might be an absurd situation, but all kinds of ideas would get aired, and there would be participation, and the programs would make more sense than something cooked up by Madison Avenue.

I would decentralize education, too. If you want to train for leisure, you're going to have to revolutionize the whole school system. One way of doing this is to try out a kind of GI Bill for high school-age kids. It would cost \$1000 a year, say, to keep a kid in high school in New York City. Well, you tell the parents, "Work out with your children some educational program for the next year that seems plausible. Here's the \$1000—do it!" You could send them, for example, to Mexico to learn Spanish or to do something else there that's worth while. The effect of this, as it was under the GI Bill, would be to produce a new kind of educational system where people are doing something that meets their needs, rather than doing lessons that are predetermined according to somebody else's needs.

The children and adolescents of our society are the most exploited class; as far as they're concerned, instead of substituting leisure for work, what we are doing is substituting for the work even harder work. We are not training for leisure in our school system. What we are doing is the exact opposite. We are

brainwashing, we are training to do lessons, to drudge at courses you don't care about, to compete for grades. All of this grew up out of the scarcity economy. It is just the opposite of what we need in a leisure society.

**DIEBOLD:** I'm not sure I agree with this prescription, but I do agree that our whole educational machine is reactionary and terribly slow to change, to accept new realities as they emerge. The issue, it seems to me, is that some way must be found to educate our young people out of the old Calvinist idea that work is noble and essential, while leisure, play and self-cultivation are ignoble. This is the philosophical issue. How do you begin to wipe out that idea that's been with us now for so many centuries, all these long centuries of hunger and scarcity?

**SOUTHERN:** I would certainly support the kind of educational program Mr. Goodman suggests, but I think a more ambitious and dynamic approach would be in the use of mass psychoanalysis, at a very early level of a person's development—the earlier the better, but certainly before he hits the street. You have got to get them before they get hooked on the idea or habit of *work*. In my view, there ought to be a form of basic analysis, given the same obligatory priority as, say, that given to math and English, starting at the first year of high school, or slightly earlier. Another approach, as I suggested before, is the use of drugs—that is, for people who are *already* hooked on the blind-work habit. The use of introspective or transcendence drugs, under proper conditions, and entered into without anxiety, would produce an enlightened attitude, an *insight*, into the nature of work and everything else.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think it would be wise to institutionalize the use of artificial aids to help people cope with reality?

**SOUTHERN:** Why not? In Western culture there is already an almost total reliance on drugs—alcohol and sedatives. And these are strictly painkillers and escape drugs. What do you think is going to happen when these people wise up, when they start moving the *other* way from pain and escapism? Eventually it has got to come to that; it's an inevitable extension of what's happening now, and it's becoming more and more difficult for these people to rationalize against it, because all their other values and security techniques have collapsed.

**PODHORETZ:** This goes back to Huxley's idea in *Brave New World*—a society run on Soma. Dope, of course, is widely used now. Not only alcohol and tranquilizers, but cigarettes, aspirins and sleeping pills, which are also forms of dope, if you extend the definition slightly. I see nothing wrong with this—unless it wrecks your health, which is exactly

what it does to many people. But even if they do no harm, drugs solve nothing; they're only palliatives. And as for mass analysis, I'm totally skeptical of its ability to cope with any kind of real crisis.

**SOUTHERN:** You're talking about *sedation*; I'm talking about *awareness*. And what I mean by "mass analysis" would be toward the same end. There is a body of elementary psychoanalytic knowledge which is shared by even the most divergent schools of thinking—an understanding of jealousy, envy, rivalry, hate, irrational fear. If this knowledge were imparted to the very young, it would bring about a profound change in, a profound enhancement of, their lives and of the culture itself.

**AMORY:** I'm afraid I see something morally objectionable about the use of mass drug therapy. I don't think I'd like to live in a society stabilized by anything even remotely like Huxley's Soma. We had better find some other ways to cope with the future, or it won't be worth coping with. Is that what we want to be? Do we want to live in some kind of opium dream? Is that what we were put on earth for?

**PLAYBOY:** Mr. Amory's question brings us back to Mr. Diebold's statement, early in this discussion, that leisure will compel man to question and re-evaluate his reason for being, that it will test his conception of himself. Can we conclude by asking you to elaborate on this prediction, Mr. Diebold?

**DIEBOLD:** Well, every great scientific advance, every great forward leap in invention, has forced man to change his concept of himself. Professor Herbert A. Simon of the Carnegie Institute of Technology has reminded us that with Copernicus and Galileo, man ceased to see himself as the species located at the center of the universe. Then came Darwin, and he could no longer see himself as the species uniquely endowed by God with soul and reason. Now that machines are exhibiting intelligent behavior, it seems to me that once more we face a fundamental question about man's place in the universe. Machines can already learn and improve their performance; given a goal, they can reach it by their own route. Man is no longer the only intelligent organism on earth. As of now, imagination, volition, purposefulness—these remain uniquely *human* characteristics. But in the future? It may turn out, as machines come more closely to imitate man's way of working, that only his way of playing, only his leisure pursuits, will distinguish him from the machine. In short, we now must ask again, "What makes man uniquely human?" Leisure, and how we spend it, may provide the answer.

**PLAYBOY:** Thank you, gentlemen.







## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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"Next, you'll tell me you're madly in love with me . . ."



"... But I am, I am madly in love with you, Vera."



"We'll get a steak and a bottle and go to your place . . ."



"He sold me a worthless bracelet and he sat me on his lap."



"I never saw anything so terrible as that accident . . ."



"Look, won't you please spare us both a ridiculous scene?"





Had he merely wanted her to save him from the fear of death?



On the stairs, at seven A.M., he almost wept with joy.

## A CLOWNY NIGHT IN THE RED-EYED WORLD

*fiction* By CALDER WILLINGHAM

*he found he could not leave her alone with nothing but the company of imaginary monsters*

AS JIMMY MCCLAIN sat by the time clock waiting for the brunette starter, he stared at the cigarette that trembled in his hand and wondered at the mystery of his own nature. Why should a terrible accident cause him to invite out Vera? Why should sudden and violent death cause him to look at Vera and decide she was not an insensitive and malicious hoyden, but a warm, attractive and charming person?

"Oh, ho ho. Your first choice is out, so now you come to me, huh? Well, *aren't* you cute!"

It was a subliminal, mysterious reaction for which there could be no rational accounting, just as there was no reasonable explanation for his instant dislike of Vera in the first place. She was a very pretty girl with an excellent figure, but Jimmy had taken one look at her and loathed her. Why? There was something unpleasant in the expression of her eyes and there was something wrong in the cast of her mouth. So he felt in the beginning. Now, in some strange way, brains and blood on the floor of the hotel elevator had transformed his dislike of Vera into something else.

"The answer is a drink yes, I can use it. I'd have a drink right now with a nigger midget if it asked me. But dinner?—sorry, the answer is no. I'm not your second fiddle."

Vera said she wouldn't change, she'd have the drink first then come back to the hotel where they worked, but when she got downstairs she felt better so she decided to change and get it over with. She came from the women's locker down the gray corridor wearing a black rayon suit with gray gloves and a hat and veil. For a moment, Jimmy didn't recognize her, then he stood from the bench by the time clock, smiled, and took her arm. They went to a bar on Wabash and had two double ryes, then Vera said she had to toddle home. But she didn't.

"Irene's a baby. She asks all the time if she ought to be a nun. How do you like that, a young girl like her asking such a question? It's hypocrisy, pure and simple. She talks about it day and night—but are you a Catholic?"

"No," said Jimmy.

"When I say anything about Catholics the person I say it to always turns out to be one. Between you and me, I can't stand them. I'm not prejudiced, I just don't like them. They have such a know-it-all attitude. Try and argue with one. You're talking to a deaf person. They don't listen. But what really burns me is the whole idear of a Pope in a skirt telling Americans what to do. Irene wouldn't even go to the little girls' room unless the Pope told her it was OK. But she's crazy about a young priest, that's what her secret is. I can't see her as a hooded sister in a thousand years, that's the worst make-believe I ever heard of and frankly I'm sick of it. The aggravation I have from that little dumb blonde—and this afternoon such hysterics and carrying-on! Who blames her for being upset, we were all upset, but going off to church to *pray* for the guy's soul? Oh, ho ho, isn't she the pious angel. And God almighty, did she have to scream like that? I'm telling you you never *heard* such a scream. If a wild gorilla grabbed the little bitch she couldn't of made more noise, and she didn't see anything, anyhow, 'cause the whole elevator was filled with dust. She screamed because of the noise, that was all, and I should think a grown woman could have a little more self-control. Christ, *I* was there and *I* was plenty upset, let me tell you! Anybody would be. But I didn't let my-



self go like that, because right or wrong, Jimmy boy, my idea is you gotta have a little control in life."

Vera finished her third double rye, then took a cigarette from the pack Jimmy had placed on the booth table. With a pensive, satisfied frown she stared in uncertain focus at the cigarette and tapped it against the side of a glass, a small trick hitherto outside Jimmy's experience. The whiskey had put color in her cheeks and a vagueness in her eyes. The accident evidently had jolted and shocked her profoundly; she had gulped the whiskey like a fish. Jimmy made a church of his fingers, rested his elbows on the table, and stared at her, struggling to comprehend her. Was it dim misery in her eyes or just malignant confusion? Where was the human substance of this wretched girl?

"That's a pretty hat you've got on," said Jimmy. "I like it; it's very becoming to you."

Vera looked up, startled, then suddenly bit her lip and turned aside as her eyes welled with tears. "God," she said, "I don't know . . . Jesus, what's the matter with me? Am I drunk or something? I haven't eaten. This stuff has hit me a ton."

Jimmy nodded, dizzy from the horror of her outburst. But the girl was human. The look of gratitude in her eyes could not have come from Mars and the blush in her cheeks was almost virginal. The hat on her head—although now, in 1943, out of vogue—actually was attractive; it was black and made in the style of hats Napoleon wore, with a little veil and triangular fronds of felt stuck out on either side of her head. A long hat-pin with a pearl was thrust through the crown. She looked more attractive than in her starter's uniform. The top three buttons of her rayon shirt had come undone and a fleshy white notch between her breasts was visible. He had believed it was impossible to feel more attracted to her than he had in the lobby of the hotel, but not so. As he stared at her across the booth, he felt an attraction so powerful it was frightening. Her husband, she had said, was playing in a band in Kansas City and the baby was at her mother's.

"It's not eating," said Vera, as the blush faded and the look in her eyes became unpleasant once more. "That and being upset. Of course it was horrible, I don't deny that. Brains were all over the place and it was just like they'd poured buckets of blood on everybody in the elevator. Irene didn't see that, she'd run off by then, sobbing and crossing herself and muttering Hail Mary or whatever they say."

"Well, I'm not exactly religious myself," said Jimmy. "But why not give Irene the benefit of the doubt? Maybe she's sincere."

"Sincere? She's only talking. That's

how they are, those Catholics. It's all talk with them. I hate to say it, but they're hypocrites. They do what they want to, then talk—talk to the priest, Father, I did so and so, fix it for me upstairs. Don't think Irene doesn't do what she wants. Take her out and you'll see. She'll give you another date, she likes you, she thinks you're a gentleman and all that because you went to college. You see, she wants gentleman treatment. Ho ho, gentleman treatment—I guess that's different, huh?"

"I don't know," said Jimmy. "There's been argument about that for a couple of hundred years, but it's kind of dying down."

Vera gazed at him with ironic amusement. "You know sun'thin', honey? Yo' accent's *real* cute. But what does a high-type Southern gentleman like you see in a common-as-mud elevator starter like me or Irene, huh?"

Jimmy smiled. "Well, you know the old saying, 'The son of God looks upon the daughter of man and finds her fair.'"

"You think you're the son of God? Are you crazy. A dropout bellhopping while he waits to be drafted?"

The smile muscles of Jimmy's face were beginning to ache. He shrugged helplessly. "Well, it's a kind of sarcastic quotation. It means that men take themselves pretty seriously, with principles and ideals and everything, but when they see a nice-looking girl, all that goes out the window."

"Well, thanks for educating me. In my ignorance, I appreciate it."

"Oh, you understood the quotation in the first place, Vera. I'm not educating you."

"You're not? Do you think I'm smart?"

"Sure," said Jimmy.

"Um-hm, that's fascinating. Do you think I'm smarter than Irene?"

"I don't really know Irene."

"Well, I'll tell you—I *am* smarter than Irene. And I'll tell you something else, since you're so interested in Irene. You ask her out again, see, then repeat the Pope's last words and give her a nice mint julep like a real *Southun* gentleman. She'll collapse. You'll have one limp blonde on you-all's hands, honey."

"OK," smiled Jimmy, "I'll do that."

"Be sure you repeat the Pope's last words, too. That's even more important than a good ole *Southun* mint julep. It was in Italian, see, and what he said was, 'To hell with orange juice, let's have a party.'"

"Oh?" smiled Jimmy.

Laughing, Vera put a red-nailed hand on his wrist. "That's it, honey. Those were his words."

The smile muscles in Jimmy's face were aching painfully. "If you keep on about the Catholics, you'll drive me to Rome, Vera."

"What? What's that?"

Baffled eyes. She really seemed to believe her blind abomination of the American South and the Catholic Church had a rare charm. "Well, it would solve all my problems, anyhow. If I were a good Catholic like Irene, I wouldn't be out tonight chasing after a married girl."

Vera laughed—first uncertainly, then with confidence. Flirtation she understood. "Are you chasing me?"

"Sure," said Jimmy, "and I aim to catch you, too."

"Well, well, well! Listen to him. Pretty conceited, aren't you? What makes you think I'd be interested?"

Jimmy smiled softly into her eyes. "I just have a feeling."

Vera was pale. "Is that so? You have a feeling. Well, you are just about the most conceited person I ever met in my life, and if you think I'm going to hop in bed with you, you're out of your mind. For your information, I don't do such things."

"You didn't understand me. All I said was I'd catch you. I didn't necessarily mean you'd hop in bed. That's incidental."

"Incidental, huh?"

"Well, I've always thought so. Love is an expression of a relationship, isn't it? I mean, an expression of how people feel toward each other? That's all it is, so you never catch people by going to bed with them, you catch them before you ever get to bed."

"Jesus!" said Vera. "What a line you Southerners throw!"

"Why do you call that a line? It's the truth."

"The truth? Sure, sure. Ha! Next thing you'll be telling me you're madly in love with me."

"I *am* madly in love with you," said Jimmy.

"You're what?"

"I'm madly in love with you, Vera."

Despite herself, Vera stared solemnly at him, her dark and close-set eyes intent upon him and her mouth twisted dubiously to one side. "Huh," she said, "don't be silly."

"It's the truth," said Jimmy. He reached across the booth table and put his hand over her wrist, which was thin and cold. Eyes still fastened upon him, Vera moistened her lips and swallowed. The expression of her face was once again transformed. Jimmy took her hand, turned it over, rested his fingers across her palm, then squeezed her hand, which was very small and very cold. "Do you have a kitchen?" Vera nodded. "We'll get a steak then. It's early, the markets aren't closed. We'll get a steak and a bottle of wine and go up to your place and I'll help you cook us some dinner. Would you like to do that?"

Again, Vera nodded. "OK. All right, we'll do that—but on one condition.

(continued overleaf)





*"Well, let's make up our minds!"*



Promise you won't touch me. I'm serious. Promise you won't even hold my hand like you're doing now. I can't stand it if you touch me, I just can't. Will you promise not to touch me?"

"Sure," said Jimmy.

Vera pulled free her hand and brushed at the tears that for the second time had welled in her eyes. "I'm not just saying that. I mean it. I can't stand it. I can't. Do you promise not to bother me?"

"I promise," said Jimmy.

Vera lived in a small apartment on the fourth floor of a walk-up on the Near North Side. At her insistence, they took a streetcar rather than a taxi. She said almost nothing to him during the ride; hunched down on her side of the seat, she gazed out of the window at the gray buildings and the slate-colored water of the Chicago river. In the A&P, she was even quieter. With downcast eyes, she waited while he bought two small steaks and coffee cream. Nothing else, she said, was needed, unless he wanted vegetables and all kinds of stuff. However, she brightened when he bought a fifth of rye, instead of wine, at the liquor store. Wine, she said, made her "nauseous."

"It isn't much," said Vera, "but make yourself at home. I'll fix a drink."

Jimmy took off his coat, tie and shoes and then sat on the couch, which evidently opened up to make a bed; he could see part of a blanket and sheet under a tear in the cover. Later, he learned that Vera slept in this room, the living room, when her child was with her. When the child was at her mother's, she slept in the bedroom.

"Well," said Vera, "here we are. Now you remember what you said. I really mean it, Jimmy. You believe that, don't you?"

"Sure, I believe it."

A cheap floor lamp cut the darkness and gloom of the tiny apartment, which was furnished with absolute tastelessness and had no character of any kind. There was not a book or even a magazine anywhere in the living room. Vera sat at the end of the couch, as far from Jimmy as possible. "Don't get me wrong," she said. "I don't mean to be unfriendly or anything." Head bowed, she stared at her drink. The floor lamp threw an unflattering light over her shoulder. In the bathroom, she had not only taken off her stockings and girdle, she had also washed off her pancake make-up and under the light of the lamp the lines of worry and loneliness in her face were plainly visible. Vera sighed. "Well, all I can tell you is that I don't really *mean* to be unfriendly, and that's the truth."

"You aren't being unfriendly."

"If I meant to be unfriendly, Jimmy boy, you'd know it. I'd kick you out of here so fast it would make your head swim."

"Sure," said Jimmy.

"Well, don't get any idears, just because I took off my stockings and girdle. I was uncomfortable, that's all."

Jimmy took a new package of cigarettes from his pocket and carefully opened it. "Well," he said, "I don't know why you need a girdle, anyhow, Vera, as young as you are. Why do you wear one?"

Vera laughed. "To hold up my stockings, you jerk. Didn't that idear ever occur to you?"

"Well, yeah, I guess there's that," he answered.

Vera held her glass cupped in both hands and gazed moodily at the ice cubes floating in her whiskey. She had poured herself an enormous drink. "I just don't want any misunderstanding. Sometimes guys are bitter."

Jimmy gently moved his glass back and forth, tinkling the ice cubes in the tiny drink she had given him. He asked, "Why should I be bitter?"

"Oh, having you here at my place, and everything. Some guys will draw a wrong conclusion. But I told you. I warned you. Look but don't touch, Jimmy boy. *Hands off*. The truth is, I just didn't feel like going out to dinner. And I always do what I want to. Always. Believe me, Jimmy boy."

"Um-hmmm," said Jimmy. "Where are you from, Vera? Were you born here in Chicago?"

"Ho ho ho. You're not interested in me, you're interested in Irene. Did you know that one of her breasts is smaller than the other? Really. I swear it. Not much smaller, but it's smaller. She puts Kleenex or toilet paper in one of her bra cups to make up for it. Ha ha ha! And did you know that girl hasn't got any nipples at all? None! They're about the size of BBs, little tiny, tiny BBs stuck in pink dimes."

"Sounds cute," said Jimmy.

"Cute? Huh. I don't know how she'll ever nurse babies."

"Who does these days?"

"Well, I did. Until I got nervous and lost my milk, but that was because of my husband. I had plenty of milk, loads of it. The baby would turn loose for a second to catch her breath, and it would just keep coming, a tiny fine sprinkle right over her head, like a little white fountain. I used to leak all the time, too. It was awful. But this doesn't interest you. Would you rather talk about Irene?"

"No."

"You think I'm being catty to say one of her breasts is smaller than the other, don't you?"

"Well . . . I heard somewhere or other that most women aren't exactly equal in that respect."

"Are you saying I'm like her? Ha ha ha. I'm sorry, darling, I've got news for you. I'm *not*."

"Tell me about your husband," said

Jimmy. "What kind of guy is he?"

"I'd rather talk about Vera. Vera has lovely, even, equal breasts. Ha ha ha ha."

Jimmy smiled. "With big nipples?"

"Not too big, not too little. *Jes'* right, honey chile, *j'es'* right."

"Well, that's the best kind," laughed Jimmy. "Tell me about your husband. He's a musician, isn't he?"

"I'd rather talk about Irene. Do you think she's going to be a nun?"

"I have no idea. I don't know her."

"She's no more going to be a nun than Betty Boop. It's that priest. He's young and good-looking and puts bedroom idears in her mind, that's why she goes and jabbars with him about it. He wants her to be a nun for a reason of his own. Don't tell me those priests don't have their problems. They get tired of holy water. He wants her to be a nun so nobody else can have it. The truth is she was going with a sailor and she was a bad girl. What are you smirking about, doesn't that interest you, a Southerner like you?"

"Maybe it looks like a smirk," said Jimmy, "but it isn't. Believe me, it isn't."

Vera calmly took a large swallow of her drink, then leaned forward, an amused shine in her eyes. "The sailor isn't around. She's getting bored with the priest, because there's nothing in it."

"I wish you'd tell me about yourself, instead of Irene."

"OK, but there really and truly *isn't* anything in it for her. And flattering as it is for a priest to care, she's bound to get tired of that pious jazz after a while. In my opinion, that's why she gave you a date. Her sailor's gone and she's bored with religion. You can get her, Jimmy. Easy."

Jimmy sighed heavily. "May I have another drink?"

"We'll eat in a minute. You want to hear some real gossip?"

"No. I want another drink."

"All right, but listen—if you really want to know the truth about sweet little innocent Irene who wants to be a *nun*, I can tell you. She was in the bushes every night with that sailor. A nun! What a laugh! Listen, I'm a woman myself and I know what a woman feels and thinks. That sailor wasn't the first. Every guy comes in the foyer, Irene's sweet little innocent eyes look him up and down. You can *get* her, Jimmy. Easy!"

During the conversation, Vera had moved by gradual stages down the couch toward Jimmy—shifting her position as if in discomfort, adjusting and readjusting the pillow behind her, crossing her legs and uncrossing them, and in one way or another closing the distance between them. In the meanwhile, by similar methods Jimmy had moved closer to her. As she said, "You can *get* her, Jim-

(continued on page 74)





In announcer's booth: At right, Stirling Moss, with his bride Elaine, offers expert commentary. Fon at left wears sleeveless sweater vest of American-knit wool, by Fashion Hill, \$9, with oxford shirt, by Sero, \$6.50, and alpaca tie, by Rooster, \$3.50, under Arnel and cotton jacket, by Gordon Ford, \$35. Chart-keeper works in two-button Arnel and rayon jacket, by Movest, \$35, with lamb's-wool sweater, by Robert Bruce, \$12.

# attire By ROBERT L. GREEN *GRAND PRIX GARB* *high-speed cars and high-style fashions provide color and excitement at watkins glen*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON







Above left: Drivers Jim Clark, left, and Pedro Rodriguez engage in pit chat with spectator in wool glen-plaid jacket, by Stanley Blacker, \$60, with wool and Orlon slacks, by Esquire, \$17, stretch shirt, by Matson, \$11, and ascot, by Handcraft, \$5. Above right: American Richie Ginther huddles with Ford's Roy Lunn, who boasts blazer, by Stanley Blacker, \$60, stretch slacks, by Anthony Gesture, \$15, and shirt, by Aetna, \$6.

A RACING EVENT, whether it be Le Mans or the Preakness, has traditionally been an occasion when even the most conservative dresser rummages through his wardrobe looking for that bright waistcoat and boldly patterned ascot. The most recent American Grand Prix competition at Watkins Glen was no exception. Witness the collection of casual-wear pictured here among the more than 50,000 persons who mobbed that scenic New York State race course to see the world's best drivers handle the Glen's twisting 2.3-mile course. Perfect for viewing the excitement of formula racing, these sports clothes are equally appropriate for any countrified occasion from alfresco cocktails to informal dining out. The sartorially resplendent racing enthusiasts who watched Graham Hill set a new course







Above left: Bearded Joakim Bonnier goes over anticipated lap time with reporter wearing Fortrel and cotton seersucker jacket, by Hospel, \$35, with pocket shirt, by McGregor, \$6. Above right: Watkins Glen winner Grohm Hill talks with fan dressed in hopsack-weave blozer and slacks coordinates, by J&F, \$65, with oxford buttondown, by Monhotton, \$6, silk ascot, by Handcroft, \$5, and shoggy pullover, by Himalaya, \$15.

record were a far cry from the fans of an earlier day. When Watkins Glen was first set up to handle road-racing events in 1948, it was *de rigueur* to hustle out to the track in corduroy pants and an Indian blanket. "American racing crowds have little dress sense," sniffed the elegant English racing critic Louis Stanley, fresh from watching the competitions in Monaco and France, "... a cross between *Laramie* and *Alice in Wonderland*. Only feathers and war paint were missing." At the latest Glen go, we are happy to report, the Beethoven sweat shirts were held to an absolute minimum. The racing followers had obviously traded their Navahos for garb that would please the most fastidious Continental. Mr. Stanley, shooting stick et al., may come back any time to see for himself.





## CLOWNY NIGHT (continued from page 70)

my. Easy!" she crossed her legs in the manner of an Indian squaw and the fleshy part of her hip moved against his knee. She was now very close to him. Her dark-brown eyes stared intently into his own.

"Aren't you going to give me a drink?" he asked.

Vera put a small, trembling hand on his arm. "Sure," she said, "but don't get drunk."

"Good God!" laughed Jimmy. "There's not much chance of that around here."

Another red-nailed hand reached toward him and squeezed his fingers. Vera continued to stare intently at him, as if trying with desperation to see into his mind and soul. She made no effort now to conceal her violent nervousness. The tic in her cheek was wholly uncontrolled and her hand was squeezing his fingers with wild, repeated, spasmlike contractions. For the third time, her lip trembled and her eyes brimmed with tears. In a tiny and lost voice, she asked, "Do you *really* like me?"

Jimmy touched her hair. "I love you," he said.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Please, please don't! You shouldn't say such a thing to me, that's insane! You couldn't *possibly* love me, not in a million years! Oh, God!" Vera put her hand over her eyes, as the brimming tears ran down her cheeks and her face was distorted by despair. "Oh, God! This is ridiculous! Completely ridiculous! You don't even *like* me, much less love me! Oh, God! God!"

Jimmy put his arm around her shoulders. "I'm not lying to you," he said. "I love you, Vera." Again, he touched her hair. She laid her head on his chest and tightened her thin arms like iron bands around him, as if the world itself would dissolve if she let him go. Again and again, she said, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" There was no doubt of the appalling and terrifying depth of her wretchedness, and Jimmy felt sure he had by no means yet seen the limits of it. The skin of his face tingled with fear and expectation.

A few minutes later, Vera stood up, pulled the cover off the couch, unzipped her skirt, stepped out of it, took off her slip and her bra, then stood before him, a faint smile on her tear-streaked face. "Well, I guess I knew this would happen," she said. "But you're not fooling me, Jimmy. You're a liar."

Quite a while thereafter, Jimmy sat slightly drunk on the edge of the couch and smoked a cigarette while Vera walked back and forth in the kitchenette cooking the steaks. She was drunker than he and totally without self-consciousness. But it was not the whiskey that relieved her of fear and shame;

from the moment he had touched her hand in the bar on Wabash, there had been no barrier between them. The ineffable wall between man and woman simply was not there. In an interlude of the wild hours, she had said to him: "I'm a tramp, Jimmy, you know that, don't you. I cheat all the time. Guys in bars, even guys on the street sometimes. But I don't call this cheating. I even have a crazy idea Jeff wouldn't mind." Jeff was her husband, a Benzadrine-chewing and pot-smoking saxophone player. "Never in my life, Jimmy, never in my life. Stay with me tonight, OK? Just stay with me tonight, that's all I ask."

Never in her life, never in his. Jimmy shook his head and put out his cigarette by blind touch. He could not move his eyes from her and it made no sense whatsoever. The evaluation of a woman's body was obviously formed in a spiritual matrix far removed from vulgar objectivity, but for the sake of a brief game he could look at her with a predatory detachment and say that her figure actually was not very good. She was a tall, long-boned girl and very thin. Her breasts were as "lovely, even and equal" as she had claimed, but had the unfortunate effect of emphasizing that the rest of her body was starved. Her ribs showed and her hipbones were prominent. Despite the full breasts and small, beautiful, delicate hands, she was not womanly. From behind she really looked like a boy, and Jimmy did not like boys. Brief and foolish game, indeed! The fact was that he literally could not take his eyes from her, even for a moment to put out a cigarette. An ache came again in his throat and blood thumped in his ears as he stared at her in deep bewilderment.

"Come on in," she said. "They're ready, and ruined. I don't know what I'm doing, I burned them."

"They look OK," said Jimmy.

"I don't know anything I hate worse than well-done steaks. But my broiler doesn't work right, it flares up and down. God, I don't know. Everybody in my family dies of accidents; it'll probably blow up some time and kill me. That's what happened to my mother—a gas stove. And my father was killed in an accident, too. That's not all, my brother besides. Ha ha. It runs in the family."

Jimmy sat in trousers and undershirt at the oilcloth-covered table, his feet on the cold linoleum of the kitchenette floor. Stark naked, Vera sat across from him and poured coffee with a genteel dignity, her spine arched and her shoulders back. Curls of steam rose from each cup.

"Aren't you cold sitting there with nothing on?" asked Jimmy.

"Cold? No, I'm not cold."

"I think the heat went off. Don't you

want me to get you a bathrobe or something?"

"I said I'm not cold." Vera dropped her eyes and bit her lip. "I seem to remember you telling me an hour ago how beautiful I am. 'Beautiful, beautiful Vera,' isn't that what you said? Does it bother you now? You don't like me naked, now that you've had your fun, huh?"

"I just thought you might be cold."

"Well, I'm not."

"OK." Jimmy reached across the oilcloth table and put his hand on her arm. "But you do bother me," he said, "you bother me plenty. And what's more, you *are* beautiful."

Vera smiled. "So you're not sick of me yet, huh? I guess this is my lucky night."

The steaks were indeed burned. So were the baked potatoes she'd been roasting off and on in the oven. They'd gotten up twice before to eat, but each time he had kissed her or touched her and dinner had been postponed. It was almost midnight. The radiators had clanked and the heat had gone off at least an hour before.

"It's lousy, isn't it? I'm sorry."

"It's OK. It's fine."

"Well, I never said I could cook. I'm a lousy wife, a lousy mother, and a lousy everything."

"I still don't know where you're from, Vera. You weren't born here in Chicago, were you?"

"I was born in Indiana, not that it matters where I was born."

"Have you lived here long?"

"Since right after Pearl Harbor. Jeff was supposed to be drafted and I'd live here on my allotment, but ha ha they turned him down. Psycho, they said—not crazy but half-crazy. I could have told them that. Anyhow he got a job here and we stayed, except he lost the job six months later. He's a third-rate bum. So that's luck for you. He's running around the country having fun in the middle of a war, and my brother is dead."

"Your brother was killed in the war?"

"Not exactly in the war, but because of it. Hitler never shot him and neither did that bald-headed wop from Italy. It was a so-called accident. But it was really murder. Cold-blooded murder. You shouldn't have got me started, but my kid brother was a big strong boy, blond and real handsome, and this goddamn kike killed him."

"Kike?" asked Jimmy.

"Yeah. A so-called accident. My brother always loved cars and everything and they had him working on this truck, doing something or other underneath it. So this Jewish sergeant from New Jersey came along and started the motor. My brother yelled but that murdering Jew didn't hear him, or he claimed he didn't. So he drove off the truck and my brother was caught and thrown under the wheels

(continued on page 128)



# THE SCOTSMAN'S REVENGE

*a caustic commentary on america's childlike willingness to fall for even the most absurd foreign propaganda*

*opinion* BY KEN W. PURDY

DURING THE 1930s a funny little story was current here and in England. It gave considerable pleasure both to those who read it or heard it and to those who had set it afloat. The story, as usually done, opened with the statement that it was well known that the Japanese could not design any mechanical device, but could only copy. The Japanese, everyone knew, were short, myopic, backward folk, addicted to the kimono, the tea ceremony and flower arrangements, people living in the past. After all, they had fought a battle with the bow and arrow in the 19th Century!

But, wishing to build Western-style warships, the Japanese had taken to ordering blueprints from British and American builders, copying them, returning them—"So sorry!"—and then making the ships. A Scots shipyard, the story ran, tiring of the gambit, had submitted a destroyer designed with the center of gravity set six feet to starboard. Naturally, when the ship was launched in Tokyo Bay, with the Emperor himself watching, she turned turtle and sank like a stone.

This amusing little tale was a foundation piece under what I consider one of the two most brilliant and crushingly effective propaganda coups of our time: the Japanese effort to convince the West, and particularly the United States, that Japan was quite incapable of making war on equal terms. A genuine propaganda success is one that can be stated in terms of divisions of troops, in capital ships and aircraft and such hardware, and the Japanese tour de force culminated (continued on page 150)





after two centuries of censorship, literature's most irrepressible bawd—finally declared innocent—comes to the screen to proclaim that a harlot's progress can lead to happiness

# The Unsinkable Fanny Hill



THAT TALL, black-eyed, redheaded, high-breasted and round-heeled lass from Liverpool, Fanny Hill, has come a long way from her humble beginnings. Conceived in a debtors' gaol in 1748 by an eccentric littérateur and vagabond named John Cleland, who then cast her out into the world for a paltry 20 guineas, she went on to ignite the erotic imagination of millions of readers in every major language; and now, 217 years later, Fanny has made her debut as the most triumphant *fille de joie* the movies have ever known.

But it hasn't been easy.

Fanny's woes began less than a year after she first appeared on the Strand in London. Her *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, at six shillings the copy, were already circulating freely, reaching a public whose appetite for the new literary form of the novel had been whetted by the success of Fielding's *Tom Jones* and Richardson's *Pamela*, when the censors suddenly woke up to the fact that she was no ordinary heroine. At the instigation of the local bishops, a warrant to seize everyone connected with the book was issued by the Crown on November 8, 1749.

The harassed author immediately penned an urgent letter to the office of the Secretary of State. In this document, which has only recently come to light, Cleland actually tried to escape prosecution by denying that he was the legitimate father of *Fanny*. "The plan of the first Part," he wrote, "was originally given me by a young gentleman . . . above 18 years ago, on an occasion immaterial to mention here. This I never dreamt of preparing for the Press, till being under confinement in the Fleet, at my leisure hours, I altered, added to, transposed, and in short new-cast." In an obvious reply to the bishops who had cast the first stone at *Fanny*, Cleland slyly wondered how her *Memoirs* "could so long escape the Vigilance of the Guardians of the Public Manners, since, nothing is truer, than that more Clergymen bought it, in proportion, than any other distinction of men." In the same embarrassing vein, Cleland went on to state that in the story of the flagellant in Part II, relating how Fanny is compelled to flog a limp and worn-out roué into potency, "and which I fished for in actual life, I substituted a Lay-character to that of a Divine of the Church of England, of

whom the Fact, with little variation, is sacred Truth: as may, if doubted, on a slender enquiry be traced, and verified." That, he thought, would hold them.

Even *Fanny's* publisher, Ralph Griffiths, a suave and wily operator who is said to have ultimately earned £10,000 from the wench, tried to turn his back on her in this first crisis. He invented a brother called "Fenton Griffiths"—record of whom has never been found, just as there is no evidence of that "young gentleman" referred to by Cleland—and blamed this illusory sibling for the book's publication.

Surprisingly enough, the authorities seem to have been placated—or intimidated by fear of scandal in high places (shades of Profumo!)—for no further action was taken. But what might have impressed the Secretary of State more than any other argument was Cleland's canny reminder that "they can take no step toward punishing the Author that will not powerfully contribute to the notoriety of the Book."

Just four months later, though, in March of 1750, after the hue and cry against her seemed over, *Fanny* came out on the town once more; this time as





The movie version of *Fanny Hill*—sort of a *Tom Jones en déshabillé*—is faithful in tone if not in text to John Cleland's original. Lovely Letitia Roman (left) is featured as the irrepressible Fanny, wide-eyed witness (and occasional participant) in a virtual *Kama Sutra* of sexual high jinks. Though her virginity doesn't long endure, Fanny's innocent air is with her to the end. Above: Our chosed heroine douses pig-tailed seducer with Guinness Stout (left) while gamine Renote Hütte (top center) shows proper bagnio allure ond (top right) sorority sisters sit through customer examination. Above center: Madom Brown (Miriam Hopkins) gets trussed up while girls brandish fetishes preparing for a hord day's night. Above right: Unexpected vista almost shocks fop out of tricorn. Below: Les girls transform boondocks into outdoor orgy.







Filmed in Berlin and directed by Russ Meyer (of *Immoral Mr. Teas* fame), *Fanny* presents a gaggle of *Fräuleinwunders*, along with a few ringers, in what turns out to be an epachal uncostumed epic. Clockwise from top left: Veronica Erickson amply points up that modern tapless dress is history delightfully repeating itself; wigged wag clutches cutie; Mrs. Brown's girls delight customers with tea-dance foolery; Veronica fandles high-fashion bullwhip; girls doff duds in boisterous 18th Century equivalent of kick the can; Christine Schmidtmer presents tasty prospect to hirsute roué; pouting Luise Schwarz awaits date. At center: Cara Garnett sponges soapy Fanny. Below: Lecherous lord fakes samnambulism in attempt to seduce our heroine; after Tarzan-type shenanigans and a romp around the room, he connives his way into Fanny's bed.



a chaste and proper young miss, carefully expurgated of all indelicate passages, with nothing left to remind anyone of her former incendiary charms but her name itself. To this bowdlerized version, for which publisher Griffiths now took full responsibility, the following demure motto (borrowed from *Fanny*) was affixed: "If I have painted Vice in its gayest Colours, if I have deck'd it with Flowers, it has been solely in order to make the worthier, the solemn Sacrifice of it to VIRTUE." Ever one to insure an investment, Griffiths then wrote an anonymous review of the scrubbed edition of the *Memoirs* for his own magazine, *The Monthly Review*, in which he declared with straight-faced innocence that although he had never laid eyes on the original, the present work was endowed with an uncommon "delicacy of sentiment and expression" which could hardly make a maiden blush—let alone a grown man.

However, the Bishop of London, Thomas Sherlock, not only blushed but fumed, then blazed off a letter to the Secretary of State demanding that he take instant action against "this vile Book, which is an open insult upon Reli-





Clockwise from top left: Attempting to preserve what's left of her virtue by outrunning ordent suitor, Fanny falls headlong into lake, is rescued by Charles, doshing noval ensign destined to become her one true love; flaxen-tressed Britt Lindberg and sultry Gitte Jell ore two of film's comeliest extras; periwigged gents and chorming courtesons smooch in parlor; ubiquitous Renote Hütte contemplates the world from the fomilior confines of her four-poster; girls ond headmistress assemble for full-dress reception for o delegation from Commons; uniformed Cora Garnett smiles houghtily; ond girls primp prior to lote date. Left center: Blonde beauty eyes customer worily; while Fanny ond co-worker rest up oter night's lobors. Yet another oeuvre from prolific producer Albert Zugsmith, Fanny is scheduled to open in the U.S. shortly.

gion and good manners, and a reproach to the Honour of the Government, and the Law of the Country." Once again warrants were issued—but once again the case was never brought to trial. It may well have been because of Griffiths' oily influence, or John Cleland's family connections with the powerful Lord Granville of the Privy Council, or, indeed, the threat of an unsavory ecclesiastical scandal vis-à-vis the book; but whatever the reason, the bishop's fire was quietly doused. Cleland himself not only went unpunished a second time, but was generously bought off with a £100-a-year pension by the levelheaded Lord Granville on the promise that he would be a proper fellow and never create a successor to his notorious nymph.

*Fanny*, however, was by now irrepressible. Within a few years other publishers took her in and tricked her out in new editions, sometimes adding bawdy illustrations and even spicing up the already lusty text of the original. Justly enough, the only instance of anyone being convicted for associating with *Fanny* occurred when a bookseller named Drybutter was pilloried in 1757 for having inserted gamy details of a homosexu-

al encounter in Part II of the novel. One can be sure that Cleland as well would have been indignant at Master Drybutter's liberties with his craft, for in spite of his every disclaimer, it is obvious that he loved *Fanny* and composed each of her lines with the devotion of a literary craftsman-biographer.

What he had tried to achieve, as *Fanny* herself put it, was a style "tempered with taste," avoiding "gross, rank and vulgar expression" on the one hand and "mincing metaphors and affected circumlocutions" on the other. His success in forging such a style, with its incandescent power of insinuation, made him the most celebrated erotic novelist of his—and perhaps of any—time. *Fanny* has survived as much for the stylish purity and grace of her expression as for her spirited gambols in the hay.

Without question, the man who could conceive of *Fanny* had to possess the finesse of a literary artist as well as the worldliness of an 18th Century rake. Through his father, Colonel William Cleland, who held the important office of Commissioner of Taxes, and was a close and lifelong friend of the great poet Alexander Pope, young John was

introduced to fashionable society at a tender age and soon became familiar with the poets, politicians, wits, fops and coxcombs who assembled in the clubs and coffeehouses of London. After graduating from the Westminster School, and barely out of his teens, his father obtained for the precocious youngster the post of consul in Smyrna, Turkey; and after a few years of service in that exotic land, at the age of 27, he joined the British East India Company in 1736 and moved farther eastward to Bombay. The *Arabian Nights* splendor and sensuality of the East, in contrast to the rational daylight world of Protestant England, understandably made a dramatic and lasting impression on the budding young writer.

Since Cleland was a privileged member of the British ruling class, available to him were all the rare Indian and Turkish delights that had once been the private reserve of rajas and sultans. But he was also somewhat of a language scholar and was thus able to study the culture at first hand. Among the Sanskrit works he read was that most famous of Oriental love manuals, *Kama Sutra*; one can easily imagine Cleland putting



into practice among the harem girls and nautch dancers of the East the various gymnastic techniques of lovemaking recommended by the poet-sage Vatsyayana. Fanny herself, especially in the famous orgy scene from the *Memoirs*, seems in many respects the quintessence of these erotic experiments distilled and refined in Cleland's imagination a decade later.

But in the midst of these scholarly researches, the author, for reasons still cloaked in mystery, was suddenly dismissed by his superiors in the East India Company and forced to quit Bombay. In a nearly destitute condition, we are told, he managed to reach western Europe, where for the next several years he lived a precarious, bohemian, on-the-road existence. Yet this experience as well was to go into the creation of *Fanny*. In Paris, Cleland encountered a new kind of amorous art which the libertine Louis XV, his court and his mistress Madame Pompadour (who stocked the King's famous harem, the Deer Park, with a choice collection of virgins as extensive as any Oriental seraglio's) had inspired among the painters and writers of the period.

Chief among these writers was Claude de Crébillon, only two years Cleland's senior, who was producing erotic novels in the form of letters and dialogs, such as *A Lady of Quality*, which won him a wide reputation. To Crébillon's more ethereal French touch, Cleland was to add a robust English appreciation of the flesh—the difference, say, between the work of that voluptuous French court painter Fragonard and the lip-smacking, middle-class sensuality of Hogarth. In addition, the advanced social ideas of the French Enlightenment, with its new respect for the dignity of the individual in his pursuit of happiness, must also have played its part in the unconscious molding of Cleland's democratic-minded, independent and pleasure-loving heroine.

What seems to have brought Cleland home to England, at last, was the death of his father in 1741, two months after the old gentleman had been dismissed from his post as Commissioner of Taxes by the administration of Prime Minister Robert Walpole. The prodigal son now found himself back in his native land after an absence of many years, with no inheritance or other means of support, and with his father's political influence a thing of the past. Out of necessity he began to scrounge a hand-to-mouth living as a sometime journalist and hack writer. *Fanny* herself, as Cleland has told us, was conceived during one of those barren seasons when his stuff was not selling, creditors were howling, and the former British Consul had to make one of his enforced visits to debtors' prison.

Cleland was to remain a hired pen during the rest of his long life (support-

ed by his yearly pension of £100), and to end his days as a retired literary gentleman of modest circumstances in Westminster. He had managed to write a number of plays, scholarly works, translations and even novels after *Fanny*—including a rather stiffly stylized and disappointingly dull narrative entitled *The Memoirs of a Coxcomb*—but none matched the success, acclaim and notoriety of his first book and only masterpiece.

Long before he died at the age of 80, in 1789, *Fanny's* fame had already spread throughout Europe, and she was especially cherished by the more advanced social theorists of the age. The famous French encyclopedist, Diderot, whose ideas helped prepare the way for both the French and American Revolutions, was an enthusiastic admirer of *Fanny*. In England the *Memoirs* occupied an esteemed place in the library of the so-called Hell-Fire Club (PLAYBOY, June 1961), whose members were drawn from the ruling elite in society, literature and politics, and included among them John Wilkes, the noted Parliamentarian and political friend of the American colonists. When Benjamin Franklin was in England in 1772, seeking support for the American colonies against the repressive policies of George III, he was made an honorary member of the club, participated in their erotic revels in the pleasure-dome abbey of Medmenham, and through this felicitous union of politics and pleasure, became acquainted with *Fanny*.

Always the initiator, the author of *Poor Richard's Almanack* returned to Colonial shores with the *Memoirs* tucked firmly beneath his arm. It can be confidently assumed that through old Ben other of our founding fathers, including the young Jefferson and Hamilton, joined *Fanny's* fan club. For with her pluck, self-reliance and freewheeling enterprise, Fanny embodied the revolutionary spirit of the times—at least in terms of sexual and social morality. All were qualities which qualified her for success in the New World.

The first American edition of her *Memoirs* appeared sometime during the 1770s, published by the well-known printer and historian of the Federalist period, Isaiah Thomas of Massachusetts. Other domestic editions quickly followed in response to the lively demand, some of them sumptuously illustrated with lithographs and engravings that graphically depicted the raciest episodes of the book. As the new nation expanded, and immigrants from all over the world arrived, many of them brought with them plainly wrapped editions written in their own tongues. In French she was *La Fille de Joie*, in German *Das Frauenzimmer von Vergnügen*, in Italian *La Meretrice Inglese*. But in plain English *A Woman of Pleasure*, then

as now, continued to grow in popularity.

But then as now, *Fanny* continued to arouse the wrath of the local Mrs. Grundys and their hatchet men. She became, in fact, the object of the first American prosecution of a book on grounds of obscenity when two Massachusetts printers, Peter Holmes and Stillman Howe, were arrested in 1821 for publishing a profusely illustrated, unexpurgated edition—which was then ordered destroyed. No matter, for *Fanny* continued to circulate *sub rosa*, and her trade was as brisk as ever. Many of these banned editions tampered with Cleland's style, using all the privity words then in vogue, and adding other four-letter details for good measure—which was not unlike spraying a bouquet of wild flowers with five-and-dime perfume.

When the War Between the States exploded, *Fanny* became a camp follower of both the boys in blue and those in gray, dispensing her charms impartially as if to remind them of the other things they were fighting for. During the gilded age that followed, she gave herself to generals as well as to enlisted men, tycoons as well as ditchdiggers, statesmen as well as the rank and vile. A copy of the *Memoirs* now in the New York Public Library was at one time the property of Samuel J. Tilden, a famous New York reform governor and Democratic nominee for the Presidency against Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. On the record, then, *Fanny* has played a unique role in American life from Colonial times to the present.

But it has only been within the past two years that her *Memoirs* have been able to emerge from bottom drawers and from under false covers. The change in sexual mores since World Wars One and Two, reflected in the greater boldness and realism of contemporary novelists, gradually prepared the way for *Fanny's* own liberation and acceptance in the front parlor. Perhaps the most important single event in this struggle for freedom by writers to mention the unmentionable was the decision by Justice John M. Woolsey in 1933 that lifted the ban on James Joyce's *Ulysses*. A week after this verdict, the well-known liberal lawyer Morris L. Ernst, who defended the book, predicted: "It should henceforth be impossible for the censors legally to sustain an attack against any book of artistic integrity, no matter how frank and forthright it might be."

Mrs. Grundy, however, was not giving up without a fight. When D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* appeared publicly for the first time in America (1959) and England (1960), the book was prosecuted in both countries and won a notable double victory. Then followed the vindication of Henry Miller's *Tropics*, which had been carried

(continued on page 140)





*"That's the note I was telling you about!"*



## Conclusion

# THE EYE

*how frightening it is when a dream—  
fluid and irresponsible—suddenly  
starts to congeal into reality*

*fiction* By VLADIMIR NABOKOV

**SYNOPSIS:** *The nameless narrator, a suicide by pistol shot after having been humiliated and caned by the husband of his mistress, almost immediately begins a new, nightmarish incarnation. The scene is laid in post-World War I Berlin. It is a life peopled by émigrés from Communist Russia: the bookseller Vikentiy Lvovich Weinstock; jovial Khrushchov and his wife Eugenia; her sister Vanya; Dr. Marianna Nikolaeвна; Roman Bogdanovich, an old family friend; Mukhin, the betrothed of Vanya; Vanya's Uncle Pasha; and, above all, the enigmatic Smurov.*

*Smurov's performance becomes increasingly puzzling. At first he is swashbuckling, courageous, extremely masculine—just the opposite of the narrator. Later, chameleonlike, he becomes a shabby liar and a coward. At this point, the narrator reveals that Smurov exists essentially in other people's psyches. Then the prattling Uncle Pasha mistakenly congratulates Smurov for his luck in being engaged to Vanya, who is, in fact, the fiancée of Mukhin.*

*Smurov is crestfallen when he learns the truth from Vanya's sister, Eugenia, and she, in turn, is astounded that he had not known it all along.*

*"I'm all right, I just did not know," Smurov says hoarsely.*

*"What do you mean you did not know? Everybody knows . . . It's been going on for ages. Yes, of course, they adore each other. It's almost two years now . . ."*

THERE FOLLOWS A BRIEF PERIOD when I stopped watching Smurov; I grew heavy, surrendered again to the gnawing of gravity, donned anew my former flesh, as if indeed all this life around me was not the play of my imagination, but was real, and I was part of it, body and soul. If you are not loved, but do not know for sure whether a potential rival is loved or not, and, if there are several, do not know which of them is luckier than you; if you subsist on that hopeful ignorance which helps you to resolve in conjecture an otherwise intolerable agitation; then all is well, you can live. But woe when the name is at last announced, and that name is not yours! For she was so enchanting, it even brought tears to one's eyes, and, at the merest thought of her, a moaning, awful, salty night would well up within me. Her downy face, nearsighted eyes and tender unpainted lips, which grew chapped and a little swollen from the cold, and whose color seemed to run at the edges, dissolving in a feverish pink that seemed to need so badly the balm of a butterfly kiss; her short bright dresses; her big knees, which squeezed together, unbearably tight, when she played skat with us, bending her silky black head over her cards; and her hands, adolescently clammy and a little coarse, which one especially longed to touch and kiss—yes, everything about her was excruciating and somehow irremediable, and only in my dreams, drenched with tears, did I at last embrace her and feel under my lips her neck and the hollow near the clavicle. But she would always break away, and I would awaken, still throbbing. What difference did it make to me whether she were stupid or intelligent, or what her childhood had been like, or what books she read, or what she thought about the universe? I really knew nothing about her, blinded as I was by that burning loveliness which replaces everything else and justifies everything, and which, unlike a human soul (often accessible and possessable), can in no way be appropriated, just as one cannot include among one's belongings the colors of ragged sunset clouds above black houses, or a flower's smell that one inhales endlessly, with tense nostrils, to the point of intoxication, but cannot draw completely out of the corolla.

Once, at Christmas, before a ball to which they were all going without me, I glimpsed, in a strip of mirror through a door left ajar, her sister powdering Vanya's bare shoulder blades; on another occasion I noticed a flimsy bra in the bathroom. For me these were exhausting events, that had a delicious but dreadfully draining effect on my dreams, although never once in them did I go beyond a hopeless kiss (I myself do not know why I always wept so when we met in my dreams). What I needed from Vanya I could never have taken for my perpetual use and possession anyway, as one cannot possess the tint of the cloud or the scent of the flower. Only when I finally realized that my desire was bound to remain insatiable and that Vanya was wholly a creation of mine, did I calm down, and grow accustomed to my own excitement, from which I had extracted all the sweetness that a man can possibly obtain from love.

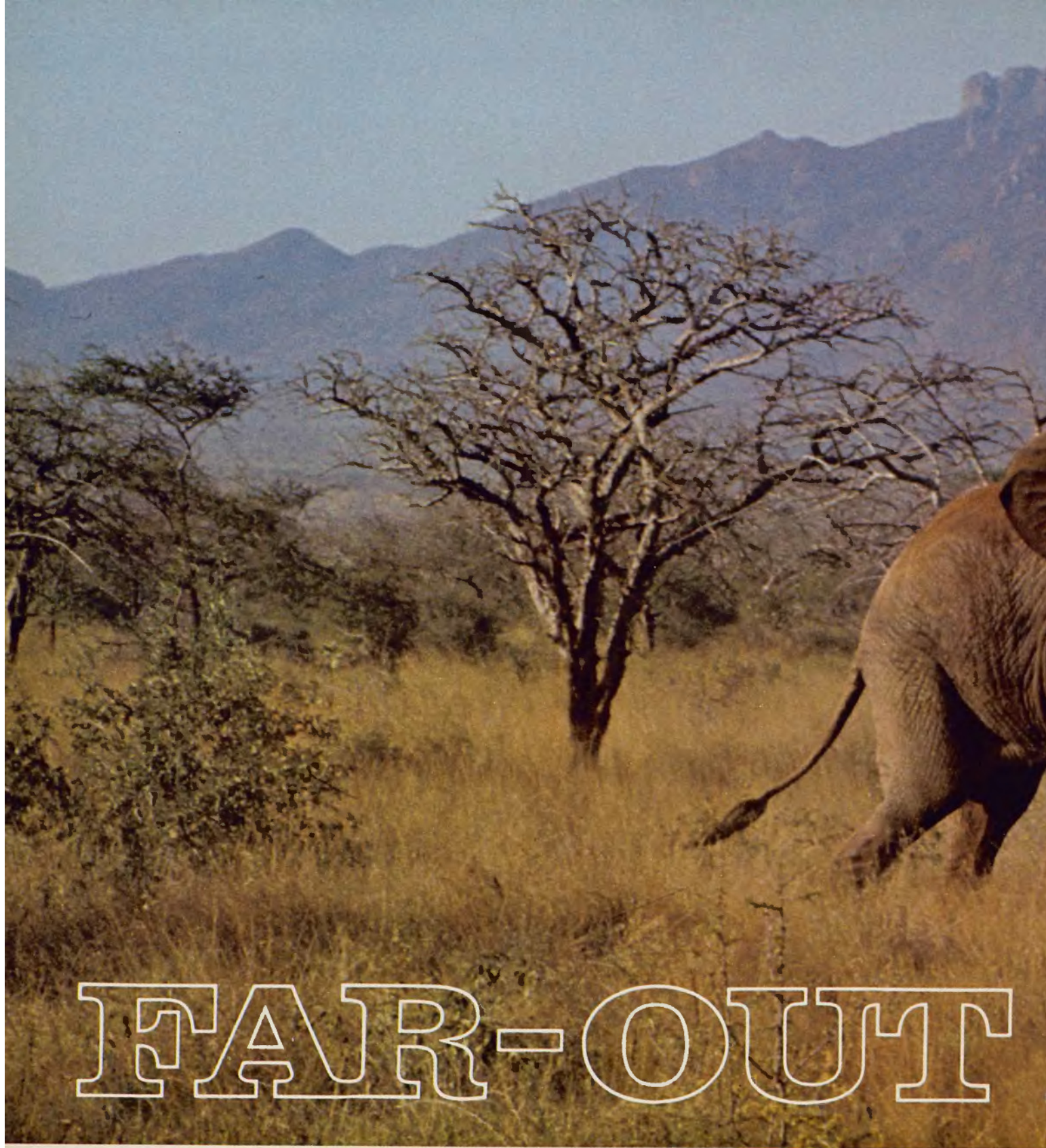
Gradually my attention returned to Smurov. Incidentally, it turned out that, in spite of his interest in Vanya, Smurov had, on the sly, set his sights on the Khrushchovs' maid, a girl of 18, whose special attraction was the sleepy cast of her eyes. She herself was anything but sleepy. It is amusing to think what depraved devices of love play this modest-looking girl—named Gretchen or Hilda, I do not remember which—would think up when the door was locked and the practically naked light bulb, suspended by a long cord, illuminated the photograph of her fiancé (a sturdy fellow in a Tirolese hat) and an apple from the masters' table. These doings Smurov recounted in *(continued on page 142)*





Light Brown - Pencil 22.11.68

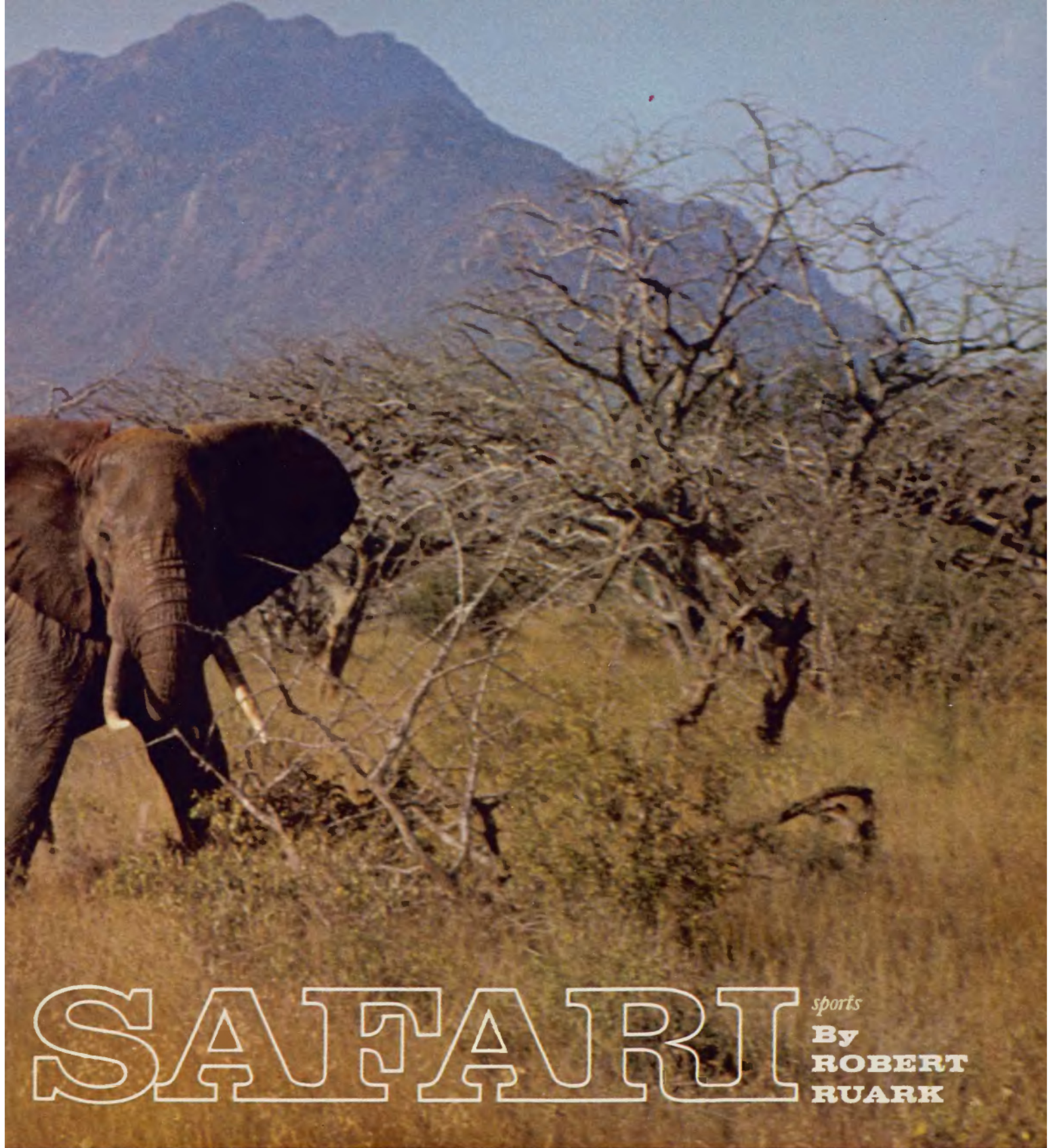




*a spare-no-expense baedeker for the compleat gamesman which charts the whole trip from where*

THE NUMBER-ONE BOY, Manolo, was suddenly a whirling, twisting, leaping demon. He was wearing a gray baboonhide cloak and a pair of bushbuck horns on his head. War rattles clanked on his piston-pounding legs and he flourished a wildebeest-tail fly whisk, embroidered with magic beads. He had clamped a war whistle between his teeth, and occasionally blew piercing blasts. Another chap—the cook, I think—was blowing mightily on a kudu horn. Another—perhaps the room boy?—was dressed in leopardskin and rattles, and was tumbling madly on the ground. Africans of all shapes and sizes were leaping and stamping to as wicked a multiple drumbeat as ever announced the first serving of boiled missionary.





# SATARI

sports

By  
**ROBERT  
RUARK**

*to go, what and whom to take—or leave at home—and what to shoot when you get there* frug had nothing on what I was performing in the way of wiggle and stomp. Now the man with the baboonskin and the rattles and the horns was dusting out the spirits with his whisk, and suddenly I was sitting cross-legged under a female nyalaskin with a small black boy, a token human sacrifice, eating some nauseous mess of mealie meal and guinea fowl, and the wickedly horned gentleman was brushing the evil spirits off *me*.

The chanting grew stronger, the dancers leaped higher, the drums beat louder, the spirits were all about us, and then the head witch doctor bit me on the neck to let the Devil out. I was really not expecting to be gnawed.

Satan now properly exorcised, I continued to sit under the hide with the small boy while the witch doctor rolled the bones, and the dark chorus chanted response to his invocation. The bones were composed of knucklebones of leop-



ard, lion and wart hog; crocodile toe bones, tortoise shells, cowrie shells and old coins.

This was *kush-kush*, a kind of Black Mass with which one begins a safari in Portuguese East Africa—a divination of what's to come. They feel very strongly about *kush-kush* out there, and witch doctors do a thriving business, rather like psychiatrists back home.

It appeared from the prognosis that we would see lions, but would not shoot one, because the major lions in the area were the ancestors of one Faif Medica, a poacher-turned-warden, and a considerable *kush-kush* man himself. We would see many buffalos, and would shoot two at once. It was not the rainy season, but heavy rains would fall. We would find honey. We must expect to see many poacher-crippled animals. But we would have enormous success on safari—at first—and then the unseasonable rains would halt us, because the frogs had told the *kush-kush* man so.

Then the *kush-kusher* walloped me over the skull with his whisk and everybody carried me around the room in a thunder of drums, to a tremendous conga lurch, and it was announced that my name was *Baas* Leopard. (I had been chewed up by a leopard two years ago, and my arm was still in a sling when I came to Mozambique the first time.) My hunting partners were Ben Wright, president of *This Week*, and Walker Stone, editor in chief of Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance. They thought all this mumbo jumbo mildly amusing.

The first thing Wright shot was a one-eyed wart hog. The next victim was a very long-horned greater kudu who had been crippled in a poaching snare. The next was a very sick sable antelope bull, on his last legs from an old arrow wound. All were fine trophies.

Wright shot a buffalo bull, and nailed it with the first bullet. It fell, but appeared to get up, and I checked in with the collaboration bullet, because night was falling and you don't chase wounded Cape buffalos after dark.

Two dead buffalo bulls lay on the ground. Another had come swiftly back and appeared to be the first one getting up and heading for thorn. I had shot the carbon copy.

Stone and Wright shot most of the major trophies in a couple of days, and I hauled in near-record kudu and nyala, as an afterthought. Wright collected an unlikely, accidental leopard, possibly in honor of me and my new name.

After three days the heavens wept and it rained for a solid week. I finally had a word with my gunbearer, Luis, also a *kush-kush* practitioner of repute, and he evidently stopped the rains. The moon filled and the weather was lovely and the shooting was fine. We found the honey, all right; a bee stung me between the eyes and I couldn't see for three days.

Stone wore "lucky beans" in his hat, and didn't get stung. He collected four gallons of honey, and left some for the honey guide, the bird which leads you to the hive. If you don't leave honey for the guide, next time out he leads you to a snake. I believe it.

I do not say that you need the services of a witch doctor and a *kush-kush* ceremony to go hunting in Africa today, but it sure helps.

Like the old gray mare, safari today ain't like she used to be. Today you just can't jump into a Jeep and go whistling off to wallop the nearest inoffensive creature. You may have to travel far, and you have to figure on everything from uncertain weather to politics and outright native warfare. The winds of change, of which Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Macleod spoke so breezily, have switched the whole safari picture in black Africa. In recent years a two-way radio meant communications with town headquarters. In Kenya at least, the (continued on page 96)

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A muster of quality safari equipment. Clockwise from upper left: Brush ox in canvas zippered belt sheath, by Eddie Bauer, \$11.95. Trans-Oceanic radio receiver with international short-wave, marine-weather and standard-broadcast bands, by Zenith, \$275. Professional reflex 16mm motion-picture camera with pistol grip, by Pathé, \$923.25. Mahogany cartridge box for storing shells and cleaning equipment, \$29.95, with metal cleaning kit, \$3.50 (sold separately), both by Abercrombie & Fitch. Heavy yellow-wool pullover, by Aldo, \$35. Water-repellent poplin shooting mitts with split palm for trigger finger, by Eddie Bauer, \$2.95. Hand-finished leather and canvas gun case, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$22.50. Heavy-duty .460 magnum rifle for stalking the biggest of big game, with adjustable rear sights and quick-switch detachable telescopic sight, by Weatherby, \$609. Model 70 H&H .375 magnum rifle for hunting everything from impala to water buffalo, with Monte Carlo stock, cheekpiece and recoil pad, by Winchester, \$154.95. Medium game .244 magnum rifle, with French walnut stock, hand-crafted in England, by Holland & Holland, \$1375. Binoculars, 7x50, coated lenses, for day and night viewing, by United Binocular, \$89.50. Hand-stitched cowhide cartridge belt, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$10. Bright-red game coat designed for warm-weather hunting, with bloodproof game packet, by Eddie Bauer, \$18.50. Rolleiflex with Zeiss Planar 75mm f/3.5 lens and attached meter, \$299.50, 1.5X telephoto lens is additional \$260, both from Honeywell. Nikkorex-F camera comes equipped with automatic reset exposure counter and single-stroke film advancer, shown with 200mm f/4 telephoto lens, \$319.50, both by Nikon. Rifle next to Nikon is .222 caliber bolt-action carbine weighing only 5½ pounds, for brush shooting light to medium game, with sling strap and swivels, by Remington, \$107.95. Bolt-action .22, for target shooting, with Micro-Groove barrel and 4X scope sight, by Marlin, \$46.95. Over-and-under 20-gauge shotgun for bird shooting, with hand-rubbed walnut stock, by Browning, \$630. Camera with transistorized shutter for automatic exposure adjustment to flashbulb burst, takes color and black and white, by Polaroid, \$130. Big-game knife with 5½-inch Swedish-steel blade and top-grain leather scabbard, by Eddie Bauer, \$25. Imported Spanish cotton corduroy hunting jacket with antelope suede yoke and shooting patch, by Cortesiel de España, \$55. Lightweight Dingo boots in sueded leather, with crepe soles, by Acme, \$10. Above boots: Tropical helmet, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$13.50. Sleeping bag with 100-percent-down filler, by Eddie Bauer, \$64.50. Russell "Bird Shooter" field boots with 9-inch uppers in brown veal, from Eddie Bauer, \$33.50. Top-line fishing gear: Left, hollow fiberglass spinning rod, \$34.95, with spinning reel in balanced rotating case, \$29.95; right, 30-pound trolling rod of tubular fiberglass, with hickory butt, \$80, with heavy-duty Penn reel that handles 600 yards of Dacron line, \$42.50, all from Abercrombie & Fitch. Behind rods: Vinyl swamp coat with snap-on hood, kangaroo pockets, by Holt-Knowles, \$37.50. Pelts and shield are from Caravan Traders, Ltd., of Chicago.







PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR





THE DEVIL makes work for idle hands, they say, and if the converse is true, March Playmate Jennifer Jackson's hands are positively angelic. "I'm not out to prove anything; it's just that I'm not at my best unless I'm busy all the time," explains the tireless 20-year-old, who triples as a Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club, a part-time undergraduate at a Chicago teachers' college, and a free-lance model with a rapidly expanding schedule of assignments for national and local advertisers. "What with my time at the Club, hitting the books and posing for a new soft-drink ad, I really need Sunday to catch up with the past week's news," says our centerfold March Hare. "Actually, I'm only sorry there aren't more hours in the day. There are so many things I want to do, and so little time to do them."

Jennifer first adorned our pages last August, when she appeared with twin sister Janis in PLAYBOY's pictorial round-up of *The Bunnies of Chicago*. While

## PORTRAIT OF JENNY

*miss march belongs to a  
matched set of cottontail coeds*

From top left: Keyholders don't mind seeing double as twin cottontails, Jon (left) and Jennifer, odd their special brand of symmetry to Chicago Playboy Club's decor. Loaded down with wardrobe and suitcase, our March Miss moves into new Windy City digs while Jon brings up the rear with on approving first glance of her sister's swinging Playmate pad. A lost-minute decorating change is discussed with pointer ("I really went wild fixing up the place, but my PLAYBOY center-spread modeling fee paid for everything"). Jon (right) breaks up over long-lost baby picture of the pair that Jennifer came across in moving.







MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Bunnydom's only matched set of collegiate cottontails measure the same from top (5'8½") to tape (36-23-36), the similarities stop there. "We're like opposite sides of the same genetic coin," the multi-talented Miss March observes. "Jan is the single-minded sibling in our family. When we attended Wilson Junior College together, she spent the entire two years buried in her books, stayed away from all forms of extracurricular activity and wound up with scads of academic honors and a scholarship offer from a downstate university. Me, I'm the proverbial Jack-of-all-trades who can never settle down in any one role when there are so many others left to try. At Wilson, I put in enough studying to earn a respectable average and split the rest of my time among volleyball, tennis and fraternity dances. The only scholarship I ever won was to the Art Institute of Chicago when I was thirteen, and after six months of design class I was bored to tears. I always kid my twin sister about being more mature because she's older—by a full eight minutes."

Although our girl on the go admits having trouble concentrating on fewer than three things at once, she knows exactly what she likes in the way of male companionship. She prefers older men ("When you're only twenty, that leaves a pretty big group to choose from") of the self-made variety ("No rich man's favorite son for me"), who share her tastes for exotic cuisine, outdoor sports, avant-garde drama, progressive jazz and "the joys of trying something new." We can guarantee the joys attendant upon an appraisal of this month's giftfold.

Top left: Jennifer (in back) and Jonis take a break during a tandem trek across town. Right: Miss March displays her smashing forehand form during one of the twins' regular Saturday sets. "I'll admit I'm no Moria Bueno at the net," says Jennifer, "but I can give most men a fairly competitive game on the courts." Center: Tennis-weary twins spot some friends in the park, and Jon makes a rocket to attract their attention. Bottom: After an evening of twisting at The Id, Chicago's new discothèque in the Ambassador West Hotel, our terpsichorean twin and her dote debote demolishing on après-danse pizza. "I love Italian food," remarks our calorie-conscious coed, "but it doesn't love me. If I want to continue modeling, I have to keep reminding myself that fettucini and fashion just don't mix."



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The sign on the church lawn announced in bold letters: IF TIRED OF SIN, COME IN.

Under it, written in lipstick, was the message: "If not, call Park 4-6898."



Having been married to each other for 40 of their 60 years, a sophisticated couple decided on separate vacations.

After reveling for two months in the island paradise of Hawaii, the old gent made a rather lengthy phone call to the far shores of Miami, where his wife had decided to vacation:

"I'm having a great time," he said. "I met the most fabulous thirty-year-old blonde and we're really swinging." After a pause, a matronly voice aimed at Honolulu replied: "Well, darling, I'm having a great time, too. I met a thirty-year-old man who has been squirting me all over town and I can assure you I'm certainly enjoying myself more than you are."

"How do you figure that?" he responded in an irritated tone.

"Simple mathematics, my dear," she purred. "Thirty goes into sixty more times than sixty goes into thirty."

Then there was the crooked crematory operator who sold the ashes to cannibals as Instant People.

Aware of his prospective father-in-law's flair for sarcasm, the young groom-to-be was nervous over the prospect of asking for his daughter's hand. Summoning the necessary courage, he approached the girl's father and, with the utmost politeness, asked, "May I have your daughter for my wife?"

"I don't know," came the reply. "Bring your wife around and I'll let you know."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *protein* as an adolescent callgirl.

A stern father was taking his little son Johnny for a walk in the park when suddenly a honeybee settled on a rock in front of them. Just for spite, the boy smashed it with a rock, whereupon his father said, "That was cruel, and for being cruel you'll get no honey for a whole year."

Later, Johnny deliberately stepped on a butterfly. "And for that, young man," said the father, "you'll get no butter for a year."

When they returned home, Johnny's mother was busy fixing dinner. Just as they entered the kitchen, she spied a cockroach and immediately crushed it. The little boy looked at his father impishly, and said: "Shall I tell her, Dad, or will you?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *spinster* as a girl aged in the wouldn't.

Though there are two dozen houses of ill fame in our town," said the candidate for mayor to his attentive audience at the political rally, "I have never gone to one of them!"

From the back of the crowd a heckler called out, "Which one?!"



During a chance meeting of two old friends who had not seen each other in years, one of the men inquired about the other's wife.

"Oh, but of course, you couldn't know," said the second man sadly. "Doris has gone to heaven."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the first man, who was a bachelor. Then, realizing that this might be misunderstood, he corrected himself, saying, "I mean, I'm glad!" Then, noticing the shocked look on his friend's face, he blurted, "That is, I'm awfully surprised!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *love letter* as something that often turns out to be a noose paper.

Then there was the man who wanted to get something for his wife, but no one would start the bidding.

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.





*Intreaudi*

*"I've made you immortal, Miss Haskins, as far as I'm concerned."*



# FAR-OUT SAFARI (continued from page 86)

possession of a piece of complicated machinery today is apt to get you shot for a spy by some ambitious ward heeler bucking for sergeant. Vast areas close without warning, due to game shortage, flood and native battles; and rules change according to the whim of newly emerged nations. Once-wide-open territories, such as Kenya and Tanganyika, are now operated on the "block system," which means you have to book months in advance, sometimes, and are restricted to your own area. In the Portuguese African countries, Mozambique and Angola, the shooting country is gobbled by concessions, or *coutadas*, under private management. Poaching has drained some portions of Kenya and Tanganyika, and the wardens are empowered arbitrarily to close and open such areas. I know several sections of Masailand which haven't been really shot over in 14 years, but the poachers have been very busy.

This piece is being written in Mozambique, one of the last strongholds of lush animal life and smiling natives. But my outfitters have had nine recent cancellations. I asked why.

"Every time some bloody wog in the Congo or in Whozitsville rubs out another wog, it makes the papers, and puts the clients off their stroke," my hunter, a profane South African, said. "You've got this bloody madwoman Alice Lenshina with that cult in Rhodesia, killing off people right and left, and you've got the rebels kicking hell out of the army in the Congo. Most of you people"—he looked at me with disdain—"potential clients, I mean, think that Africa is about the size of New York. I mean to say, have you ever been murdered on your last three safaris here?"

"Only by the garlic in the food," I murmured. "And by the conversation of your last female client."

But it is very true that the areas are shrinking, as self-determination rears its nationalistic banner. Mozambique, Angola—if you don't run into a massacre—Bechuanaland and a portion of Southern Rhodesia are the best bets. Chad, I'm told, is good, but there are few fancy frills to be had in hunters or equipment, in the classic sense of romantic white hunter, good tentage, a well-filled chop box and evening cocktails in front of the fire. The Congo—forget it. You never know which native is on first base in the government, or who is making war on whom for what. At this writing the battles are brisk.

I used to do safari on horseback, with camels carrying such vital supplies as water and booze to keep your system safe from harmful irritants. Hunting African elephants on horseback is a dicey business, at best, because once in a while you

have to get off the horse and haul him up the nearest escarpment. Horses, generally speaking, are no damned good—particularly when an old gentleman rhino boils out of a bush in a testy temper.

The elephant-cum-horse-cum-camel safari was about as far out as today's plush operation, with the sanitary toilets and the built-in mosquito nets, as a fellow could find. But you can't do that anymore—at least not in Kenya. The Northern Frontier, where the big Jumbos with the big teeth live, is closed to hunting. It is closed because the Somalis who live in northern Kenya figure that they dwell in an extension of Somalia, and they keep shooting up the locals in the name of lebensraum. You have some trouble on the Ethiopian border, too. A bunch of gay cats called Gelubba can't go courting until they hand the father of the potential bride a set of fresh testicles—somebody else's testicles—to prove that they're worthy to come a-wooing with a flower stuck in the wig. This is discouraging to the innocent bystander who might reckon that a man comes equipped with only one set of crown jewels.

Last time I was in the Northern Frontier (NFD, it's called), I thought I'd got myself mixed up in a TV serial. Everybody was furious at everybody else. The Gelubba were pummeling the Turkana up near Lake Rudolf. The Rendille were pounding hell out of the Samburu, who, in turn, were pounding hell out of the Rendille. The Merus were coming down the hill to steal Somali cattle, and the Somalis were defending themselves with old Arab blunderbusses and tin swords. I personally got involved in a knife fight with a flock of Somali camel jockeys who wanted my water. (The fight ended unspectacularly. My companion, a white hunter, cooled my adversaries with a flashlight. It was a very large flashlight.)

But everywhere in East Africa the air was full of iron. On the Uganda-Kenya border, the Suk and the Karamojong engaged in no less than 260 full-scale battles in a year. The Masai and the Wakamba were filling one another full of poisoned arrows and spears in border cattle rustlings. My own boys, Wakamba, when we were in the Masai, spent all their spare time making bows and arrows and stripping the dead animals of sinew for bowstrings. The best bowwood grows poetically in the Masai country, and the Kamba were arming to kill Masai.

• • •

Over the last dozen years, I have been on possibly 20 safaris. That's to say, I've hunted twice in India, once in Alaska, four times in Mozambique, once in Australia, once in New Zealand and about ten times in Uganda, Kenya and Tangan-

yika. I have shot three elephants of over a hundred pounds per tusk, killed a couple of lions and attended the deaths of a dozen others. I lost count on leopards—maybe 20—and have no idea about buffalos; maybe a hundred. The small game—zebra, impala, Thomson's gazelle, Grant's gazelle, wildebeest, gerenuk, oryx, duiker—in general, camp meat, must run into a thousand. I have shot three tigers, been severely mauled by a leopard, shot gaur and water buffalo, cheetah cat and chital deer, wild dogs and hyenas and guinea fowl and sand grouse and bustard and francolin (all white meat, even the legs, a lovely bird, the francolin), and I have had cerebral malaria, infectious mononucleosis and have been poisoned by tsetse flies and maddened by mosquitoes. I have walked a thousand miles, Jeeped a hundred thousand, and have rung up another hundred thousand in light planes on homemade airstrips in deep bush. I have slept in tents, as well as rondawels and native huts, and I have also slept on the ground in the pouring rain. I have eaten elephant, snake and fried grubworms. I have drunk native beer, palm wine and a tasty mixture of blood, milk, cow urine and wood ash.

This is not meant to be construed as personal triumph, but only to lay a platform for the statement that two thirds of what you read about safaris, and hear about safaris, is sheer cock and purest bull.

There is a simple formula to successful safari. First, you must have enough money to go first-class. You do not wait until you get to Mozambique or Nairobi to choose your hunter, on the off-chance that they will undercut one another in bidding for the job. You do that, and you wind up with some reformed locust-control type, and all he will get you is lost. What you do is ask somebody who has been out before to recommend a reputable firm and an established hunter, or you pick up a sporting magazine and check the safari advertisements. Prices are nearly the same on most safari outfits, and most of the good firms have competent hunters, with steady staffs and stout equipment.

What you want is comfort, not unnecessary hardship, because even on the lushest, plushiest safari, there will be discomfort enough. That's to say, you will crawl through bush, walk endless miles, bump interminably on trackless terrain, be scorched by sun, frozen by morning wind, be bitten by every bug ever created, go to the can in the bush, be rained on, be frightened out of your wits, and bored to distraction in the long waits and perpetual dusty journeying.

With all these negatives going against you, what you really don't need is a white hunter who is frightened of game, has no sense of direction, doesn't know

(continued on page 166)





## WHAT IS NORMAL

THE YOUNG MAN sat still for a moment, drawing deeply on a cigarette and exhaling with slow deliberation. Looking me quickly in the eye, he asked: "Am I normal?"

It was the anticipated response to my question, and once more I had to parry it:

"What do you mean by normal?"

We were discussing his sex life, concluding an interview for the Institute for Sex Research, and I had posed my final query: What question about sex may I answer for you? This had been my very last question in over 7000 interviews about people's sex lives during the past 20 years, and the young man's response was typical. Frequently the response was merely a variation on the same theme:

"Is masturbation normal?"

"Is homosexuality normal?"

"Is mouth-genital contact normal?"

Each of these responses points to one of the serious concerns of a great many people in society today: What constitutes normal sexual behavior? And because the ages have not withered nor customs staled the variety of human sexual behavior, it is impossible to answer directly the question of what constitutes normal sexual behavior.

Whether you are normal or not, or whether you classify certain kinds of sexual behavior as normal or not, depends on how you define normal—and it is one of the most casually and blatantly misused words in the English language. The semantic approach to a definition via the ever-convenient dictionary is not a sure or satisfying way out, since standard reference dictionaries list up to nine definitions for normal. The pitfalls that lurk along the semantic path may be illustrated by a single example from the combined one-volume *Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of the English Language* and the *Britannica World Language Dictionary*, page 863 (international edition): "normal, *adj.* In accordance with an established law or principle; conforming to a type or standard; regular; natural. . . . Synonyms: common, natural, ordinary, regular, typical, usual. That which is natural is according to nature; that which is normal is according to the standard or rule which is observed or claimed to prevail in nature . . . the normal color of the crow is black, while the normal color of the sparrow is gray, but one is as natural as the other."

In giving its general definition, *Webster's New International Dictionary* illuminates the picture not one whit more: That which is normal is "according to, constituting, or not deviating from, an established norm, rule, or prin-

ciple; conformed to a type . . . not abnormal; regular; natural; analogical." For all the dictionaries reveal, they might as well say that what's normal is what's normal.

Approaching a definition of normal by way of its antonyms is just as confusing, since, while one might suppose that sexual behavior that is not normal would be termed abnormal, in common usage other words are employed without regard to finer distinctions (even in the jungles of psychologic and psychiatric jargon) to denote sexual behavior that is "not normal." "Pervert," "deviate" and "degenerate" are descriptive nouns interchangeably used in locker rooms and lecture halls alike in reference to the not normal, and, like all such emotionally loaded words, they carry pejorative, punitive and, hence, judgmental connotations. Furthermore, you have to be "perverted" *away from* something, "deviate" *from* something and "degenerate" *from* something—and that something must be what is normal.

But if our casual misuse of the terms normal and abnormal and their synonyms don't yield any clues to precisely what kind of sexual behavior is normal, the judgmental connotations we impute to these words speak volumes about sexual attitudes: Normal sexual behavior is behavior that is considered "right" or "acceptable," and abnormal sexual behavior is behavior that is considered "wrong" or "unacceptable." The next logical question is: What is right or wrong according to whom?—and in attempting an answer, we are confronted with countless battles—some of which have raged for thousands of years—for authority over the minds, bodies and souls of men. For every definition of "normal" in contemporary dictionaries there are thousands of moralists, legislators, religious zealots, doctors, reformers, politicians, philosophers, artists and just plain laymen—propagandists all, each for his own cause—who are more than willing to tell us what's right and what's wrong and, hence, what's normal and what's abnormal. And with quite possibly *no* exceptions, each and every one of us has evolved his own tacit judgments of right and wrong (normal and abnormal) concerning the next fellow's behavior, according to our own formative mores and our subsequent experiences and insights.

However, since we are also prone to lump our judgments into broad categories, such as "what's moral" and "what's legal," applying such concepts to our definition, we can rephrase the question (continued on page 174)

article By **WARDELL B. POMEROY** a kinsey colleague examines the chaotic criteria by which layman and lawman pass judgment on the sexual behavior of human beings



*"Mother was so pleased  
when she learned Mr. Hefner  
would only be using my face  
on the cover of PLAYBOY."*







Vargas





fiction By **WALT GROVE** DANNY PHILLIPS had reached an age when he was interested in only two things: sex and football. He was ten years old.

During phys-ed period, at school, the boys in Danny's class played some pretty rugged touch. Then the last five minutes were spent sitting exhausted, sweating, and talking about boobs. The instructor, Miss Bee, never overheard them; all Miss Bee did, during phys ed, was referee girls' volleyball and blow her whistle.

One of Danny's classmates, Francis Riley, had been taken to a nudie movie by an older brother. The movie had been shown at a drive-in theater (one dollar per car) and Francis had been smuggled in under a blanket in the back of a station wagon. Whenever a conversation about boobs lagged, Francis would always recount the plot of the movie.

"There was this silly-looking guy. Short and fat, and his hat was too small. He didn't talk, he just made sounds like oooh and ahhh. And clapped his hands. But he was very wealthy and had an estate with a swimming pool. So he invited all these girls. Tall girls and short girls, a Japanese girl and one with red hair—all kinds of girls. And because it was such a hot day, or something, they all took off their clothes and went in the pool. I never *saw* so many boobs in my life. That pool was just loaded with boobs!"

Danny walked to the water fountain in disgust. Francis Riley was the most boring person he knew. He'd heard that same damn story about those same damn boobs at least 1500 times. And he'd *seen* boobs. When he'd been younger he'd gone to the art museum every Saturday, and stared. And he'd seen Mrs. Carter's boobs, more than once. She and her husband had a house next to the seventh green at the country club—they were golf nuts—and there was

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE SUYEOKA





a place where Danny hid in the bushes and peeked. And Mrs. Carter never closed her blinds.

Danny was no longer interested in boobs. What he wanted to see was It.

He had never seen It. And he was certain no other boy in his class had, either—because, if anyone had, then he would talk about It, and discuss It, and stop all the damn chatter about boobs.

Once, in fourth grade, Annie Miller had said she would let them all see It for two dollars. They were supposed to go to her house that afternoon after school. But, by the time they got the two dollars and went to Annie's house it was five o'clock and her mother was there. Then Annie moved to Omaha. And the other girls in the class weren't like Annie. All they did was shriek and scream and grab things out of your hands with their sharp fingernails.

In history class Danny sat in a direct line with the teacher's desk. Mrs. Harper was a large woman who sat comfortably with her legs slightly apart. Danny spent most of history period dropping his pencil and leaning over to pick it up. Sometimes, during the hour, he dropped his pencil as many as 20 times. But he never saw a thing. Not only was the light bad under the desk, but Mrs. Harper had fat legs. All he ever saw was fat legs and garter fasteners.

One time Danny had saved his allowance and sent away for an "Amazing X-Ray Device." The advertisement claimed it would enable a person to see through wood and paper and cloth. He hadn't given a damn about seeing through wood or paper, but . . . if he could only see through cloth! It was a gyp, though. He hadn't seen through anything. And he'd almost ruined his eyes trying, he was sure, because right after that he'd had to start wearing glasses.

Now and then Danny indulged himself in a sweet fantasy. There was a girl or woman, see. It didn't matter which,



## OH DANNY BOY

the sap was rising  
and in the guise  
of spring he would  
the garment of his  
childhood fling



but a woman might be better since she'd be larger. And Danny had placed a ladder against the side of the house. "Perhaps you'd like to climb up to our roof," he'd say, "and look at the view." And the woman would say, "Why, how sweet of you to think of it!" And he'd be polite, of course, and let her climb up first.

It had seemed such a good idea he'd told Francis Riley. "But she'll be wearing underwear," Francis had said, shattering a dream. "What'll you do about that?"

Danny had never really liked that kid, after that.

The bell rang, sounding the end of phys ed. Danny spat a last mouthful of water on the walk. That was against rules. If Miss Bee had seen, he would have been disciplined. He went upstairs to library. Forty-five minutes and he could eat lunch. Then two and a half hours and he would be free for the weekend. It was Friday. After looking up the word "fornicate" in the big dictionary, he sat down and opened his notebook which was full of designs he'd drawn for the automobile of the future.

After a moment he walked to the librarian's desk. She was not like the teachers: she didn't teach anything, and she never threatened you.

"Miss Gorman, can I be excused, please?"

She nodded. "But don't run in the halls, dear."

The boys' and girls' toilets were downstairs, at the west end of the building. The door on the left opened to the boys' toilets, the door on the right to the girls'. The doors were not marked. They didn't have to be. When you started to kindergarten the first thing you learned was girls' on the right, boys' on the left. They told you that even before they told you where the cafeteria was. Left, boys'; right, girls'.

Danny walked down the hall and went in the door on the right. He had not planned that, and he never broke rules without planning the smallest detail, since he did not like to be disciplined. He hadn't even *thought* of it. One minute he was walking down the hall, a law-abiding citizen, and the next he was suddenly in the girls' toilets.

Miss Bee was bent over a basin, giving her hands a good scrub. She appeared to be slightly built, almost willowy, but that was sham. Miss Bee was adept in the Gentle Way. During her sophomore year at college a boy had put his hand fondly under her skirt one warm spring night, and she had dislocated his right arm at the shoulder. Since then she hadn't gone out with men, but she bowled three nights a week and kept a nice cat that nature had intended to be a tom.

Miss Bee was always called to the principal's office when a student needed to be disciplined. The principal was an

older maiden lady who tucked a lace-edged handkerchief in her sleeve at the wrist. While discipline was being administered the principal's office door was closed. Miss Bee preferred a strip of leather as wide as a man's belt, but not as long. The principal counted the blows herself in a well-modulated, refined voice.

Danny was already inside the girls' when he saw Miss Bee. His reflexes were excellent: he whirled and ran.

Miss Bee's hands were slippery with soap, but she was the kind who thought on her feet. She slammed her body against the closing door, trapping Danny and bruising his head so that it raised a lump. Still thinking, she dried her hands carefully on his shirt and then twisted his arm so that he fell crying to his knees.

"Dirty little boy!" she said, slapping him with a small but calloused hand. "What *are* you doing?"

"Going to the toilet, going to the toilet!" But it was too late. He had already waited longer than he could.

Miss Bee stepped back quickly from the spreading puddle.

"And that's not *all* I got to do, either," Danny said with sudden cunning.

Holding him at arm's length, Miss Bee marched him out of the girls', to the door of the boys'. Teachers never went in there; only the old janitor went in there. Miss Bee pointed her finger. "Go," she said. "And don't forget for a minute I'll be waiting right outside this door."

Weeping, Danny went into the boys'. He ran across the room, stood on a basin, and squeezed out a half-open window. Covered with shame—he had gone into the *girls'*; only girls went in the girls', and his male acquaintances would never let him forget it—and soggy with urine, he ran across the playing field. At the corner, before he crossed the street, he looked back.

"You old bitch!" he yelled. "You wormy old whore! Miss Bee is an old bitch and a wormy old whore who *fornicates!*"

Nothing was further from the truth, and he half knew it, but it seemed a fine insulting thing to yell.

Several blocks from school Danny stopped running. He went into a drugstore he seldom frequented and bought 25 cents' worth of candy bars. Eating one, he drifted to the magazine rack and picked up *Mad*.

The shadow of the druggist fell across the page. "Why aren't you in school, kid?"

Danny cleared his throat delicately. "My mother was afraid I was getting a little cold. She kept me home."

"Get out of here," the druggist said harshly. "Go on, beat it. You'll get me in trouble."

"Yes, sir," Danny said politely. He put

the copy of *Mad* back, carefully leaving a chocolate smear on the inside pages so they'd stick together, and walked out. The candy bar had grown warm and soft in his hand. He rubbed it the length of the drugstore window experimentally. It left a nice messy mark. No one was watching. He began to print, in easily read block letters, W H O R . . .

The druggist charged out. "You little bastard!"

Danny whirled and ran, dropping the candy bar where the druggist might step on it, slip and fracture something.

Danny wanted to go see his best friend, Big Ed "Bang-Bang" Roberts. But he couldn't. In the afternoons Big Ed worked in a sporting goods store in the same shopping center where Danny's mother shopped, and Danny wanted to avoid seeing either of his parents as long as possible.

Big Ed had been a famous high school athlete, locally, and had earned the nickname Bang-Bang playing linebacker. In spring training, his freshman year in college, he had torn ligaments in his left knee and had an operation. Although it was his sophomore year academically, Big Ed was taking only a minimum number of hours—and getting his leg in shape—because he still had three years' eligibility.

And Big Ed was the only one in the world who understood.

There was a "pee-wee" football team at Danny's school, but he was not on it. The team had no official connection with the school: it was part of a league organized, and coached, by the American Legion, and they only used the school's playing field for practice and games. But each boy had to provide his own equipment, and Danny had all the equipment except shoulder pads.

At the beginning of school he had explained to his parents he needed shoulder pads. They had said he would get them for Christmas. Danny had said, in a rising voice, that the season would be over then. His parents had said there was always next year. Danny had immediately pointed to the uncertainty of the future—perhaps the country would be involved in a foreign war, or a large-scale depression, or he might even catch a new disease and die, or possibly a truck would run over him and his bicycle and cripple him for life. His parents had told him to shut up.

Danny knew his parents could afford shoulder pads. His father had handmade golf clubs from Scotland, and drove a silver XK-E with airplane-type seat belts. Danny's mother didn't drive, usually: she called a place and they sent a chauffeur and a limousine. In the winter she flew to Jamaica, or the Virgins, with her friend Dotty, when she was "bored absolutely pea-green, dear, and in a hideous depression."

(continued on page 153)



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

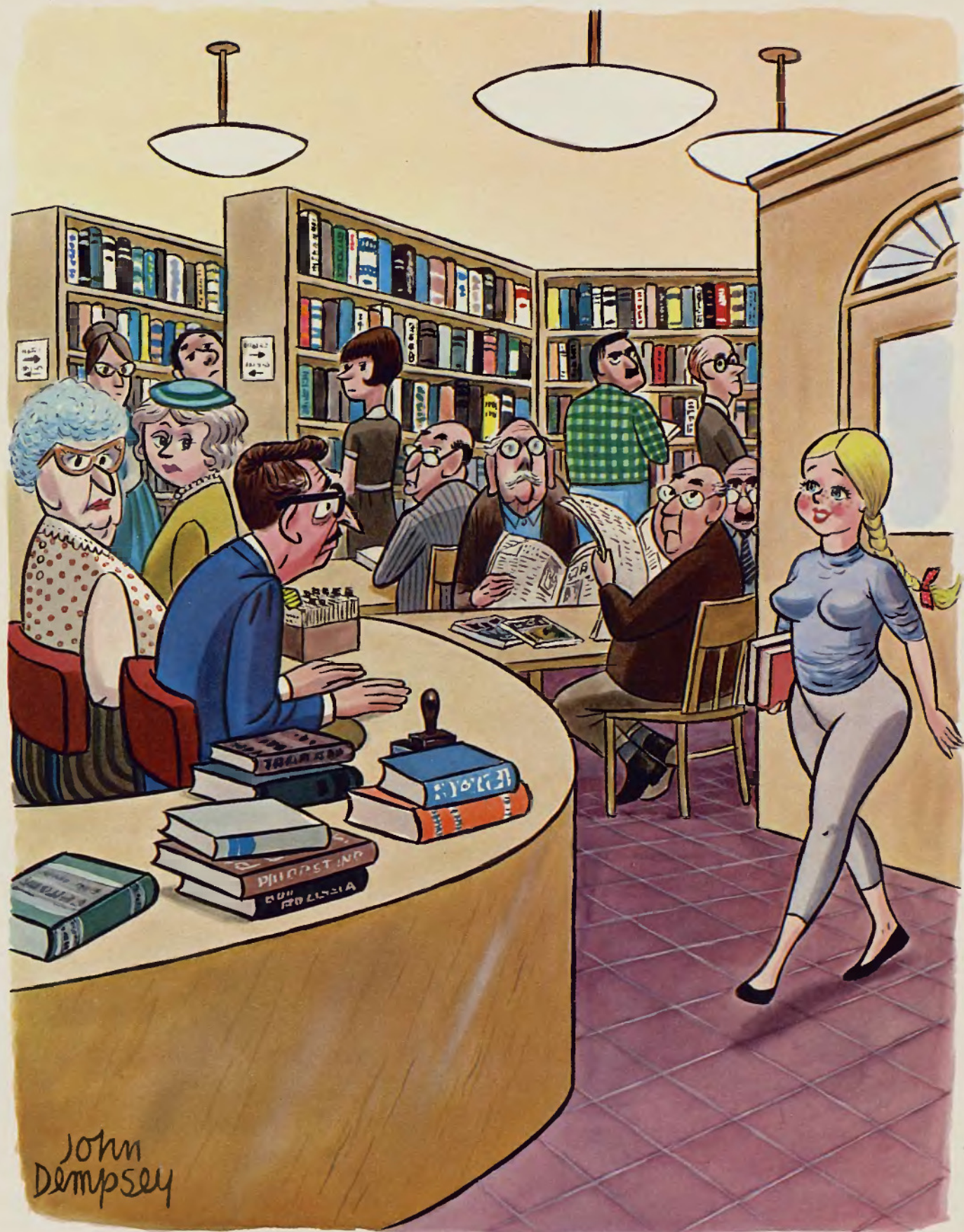


## SIMPLY GREAT

The pullover, one of the most versatile elements in a man's wardrobe, ranks easily as the most popular of sweater styles. It is, therefore, an unusual and noteworthy feat to produce a pullover that is eye-catchingly different yet neatly correct. The one shown above, being subjected to a distaff squeeze play, fills the bill admirably. A trail-blazing flat-knit import with jacketlike open sleeves and loose waist, it comes in 22 colors, by Odys de Paris, \$40.

a radical departure in pullover design—elegantly austere and richly hued—an odds-on favorite as a future classic





*"These books you suggested for me to read,  
Mr. Thornton—WOWEEE!"*



# HOW TO TAKE THE TEETH OUT OF THE TAX BITE: A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO PAYING UNCLE HIS DUE—AND NOT A PENNY MORE—PREPARED FOR PLAYBOY IN COOPERATION WITH THE J. K. LASSER TAX INSTITUTE



article By **ALVIN TOFFLER**

ONCE UPON A TIME, making money was looked upon as the supreme challenge of American manhood. Leisure, luxury, power and prestige—all these hinged on how much money a man could make. The result was materialism: a lamentably lopsided accent on acquisition. Today American manhood faces a much deeper and more spiritual challenge. As every alert, red-blooded young American knows, true achievement is no longer measured by how much money a man can make. What counts is how much he keeps.

For this is the Age of the Income Tax, that triumph of technology, a machine for the manufacture of instant poverty. Today man maketh and—unless he is, like Sherlock Holmes, a master of deduction—Internal Revenue taketh away.

The adroit American male, therefore, must master the legal art of tax avoidance. Avoidance, it should be emphasized, is different from evasion. The penalty for evasion is prison or worse. Evasion is ill-advised as well as illegal. The tax evader breaks the rules of the game. He is downright unsportsmanlike, especially since those who abide by the rules wind up shouldering his burden for him. Avoidance, by contrast, is not only universally regarded as good, clean, exhilarating fun, but has the added virtue of being licit.

Like any art, the practice of avoidance has its own special rules. But its object is simple. The artful avoider attempts, by threading his way through a maze of records and regulations, to achieve that stunning aesthetic satisfaction: payment of the Absolute Legal Minimum.

The true avoider pursues the A.L.M. with passionate dedication. He is willing to bear his share of the cost of government, but he is in no mood to make a charitable contribution to the Internal Revenue Service. He thus appreciates the distinction between A.L.M.s and alms. For this reason tax minimization may properly be called ALMsmanship.

Many potentially competent avoiders give up the game before they begin, intimidated by what they



call "all those fine points." The resourceful ALMsmen know that the essence of legal avoidance is not to ignore the "fine points," or to fear them, but to use them. That is what they are there for.

Of course, not everyone can make equal use of them. "Our taxes," one expert has declared, "reflect a continuing struggle among contending interests for the privilege of paying the least." The result is that, even in our own fair republic, where all men are equal, some men are more equal than others. Married men, for instance.

While a married engineer who earned \$10,000 in salary in 1964 might, after performing a paper ploy known as "income splitting," reduce his Absolute Legal Minimum to \$1440, his bachelor colleague, equal in earning, in learning, and the ardor to avoid, must part with \$1872. This places a premium on marriage that the originators of wedlock failed to foresee.

Similarly, just as not all men are equal, not all types of income are equal. Observe the curious fact that the exact amount of one's Absolute Legal Minimum is affected not merely by how much income the taxpayer has earned, but by how that income is derived. Thus, the married young man who has no children, and who earned \$12,000 in 1964 as a salaried executive, might find that his A.L.M. is \$1900. His friend, in equal circumstances, was lucky enough to make his \$12,000 by selling stock at a profit after holding it for more than six months while he watched its value rise. His A.L.M. is a mere \$720.

Moreover, the possibilities for legal avoidance multiply as the taxpayer grows richer and his affairs more tangled. For the owner of oil wells, the \$100,000-a-year executive who receives a stock option to activate his incentive glands, the businessman who creates a tax-exempt foundation, the entrepreneur who finds a pecuniary haven in Liechtenstein or Switzerland, the canny collector who contributes a Modigliani to his favorite museum—for men in this rarefied financial atmosphere, the art of avoidance may yield truly magnificent returns.

Most beginning avoiders, of course, cannot take advantage of the lush potential that the law permits this favored few. Even intermediate avoiders are somewhat limited by the rules of the art; and the tax burden, therefore, falls with particular weight on the shoulders of young men who earn \$10,000 to \$25,000 in salary form. Yet, unless they have something desperate to conceal, even such unfortunates should reject immediately the counsel of gangster Frank Costello, who, in a moment of avuncular charm, advised his cohorts: "Pay your taxes, boys . . . Pay more than you owe. It looks good to get a refund." The true avoider will know that such advice mere-

ly encourages waste. He will phrase his own basic principle differently. "Pay your taxes," he will agree, "but pay the Absolute Legal Minimum." It is to help you define that elusive but artistic quality, the A.L.M., that the following guide is offered.

. . .

Let us begin with that evanescent commodity known as income. The first step in artful avoidance is to find out what your income, from all sources, totaled for the year. "From all sources" means from *all* sources. The Internal Revenue Service ominously notes that "Some taxpayers, while reporting income from wages and other principal sources, tend to forget to report lesser amounts from sources such as interest on savings accounts and other interest, dividends and rents . . ." "Forgetting" to report income is not the way of the artful avoider. It is not only illegal, it is foolish.

Once the total income is determined, the artful avoider sets about systematically to subtract items from it—eventually, in this way, arriving at a lower and more important figure known as the "taxable income." The lower this figure turns out to be, the lower your tax bracket, and your Absolute Legal Minimum, will be. It is immediately evident, therefore, that the most important mathematical process for the artful avoider is subtraction.

Subtraction, however, begins with addition. Thus the more deductions and exemptions you can add, the more you can ultimately subtract. The astute ALMsmen begins by adding up the number of his dependents. Even a novice knows that the tax man permits you to exempt \$600 from taxable income for yourself and for each dependent. What the novice doesn't know is that this is a trap, placed there for the unwary and unethical—for the midget-mind who thinks that by simply adding imaginary children to his family he can outwit the tax man and reduce his A.L.M. He is thus tempted to cross from avoidance to evasion, with ignominious results. The record is replete with cases in which evaders added cats, canaries and canines to their list of "dependents" in the vain hope that their pets would be taken for children. Then there was the truck driver who claimed his truck as an exemption. These are not examples of willful guilt; they are examples of shining innocence—the innocence of the imbecile. All such gambits are doomed to failure.

Having counted up his dependents, the avoider is now ready for the serious business of subtracting deductions. First of these is the so-called standard deduction, which comes in two tempting sizes—the 10-percent standard and the so-called minimum standard. The avoider must determine which is better for him. The 10-percent standard is

roughly equal to 10 percent of the taxpayer's income or \$1000, whichever is less. The minimum standard, an innovation of the new tax law, is \$200, plus an additional \$100 for each exemption claimed on the return. For a single man who has only himself as an exemption, the minimum standard would be \$300. Like the 10-percent standard, the minimum standard is limited to \$1000 in total deductions. This tempting offer of a "standard deduction," since it simplifies the taxpayer's paper work, is eagerly accepted by the slothful, the wasteful and the unwary. The enlightened ALMsmen, however, takes the longer route, plucking a deduction here and a deduction there, and adding them up. Often his arithmetical effort is rewarded by the discovery that the individual deductions available to him total up to considerably more than the standard deduction. Let us examine several of the oft-neglected opportunities of which he can take advantage.

**Taxes.** Nothing would irritate the true avoider more than having to pay taxes on taxes. Fortunately, even Internal Revenue people do not always demand this. Hence, in calculating his A.L.M., the expert avoider carefully deducts, whenever he can, the amounts he has spent on state or local sales taxes. These include such subterranean sales surcharges as those on gasoline or food and drinks in restaurants and bars. As a consumer, he is also permitted to deduct taxes passed along to him by retailers. Naturally, he has no exact record of the actual total of these taxes. He has to—and is permitted to—make a reasonable estimate.

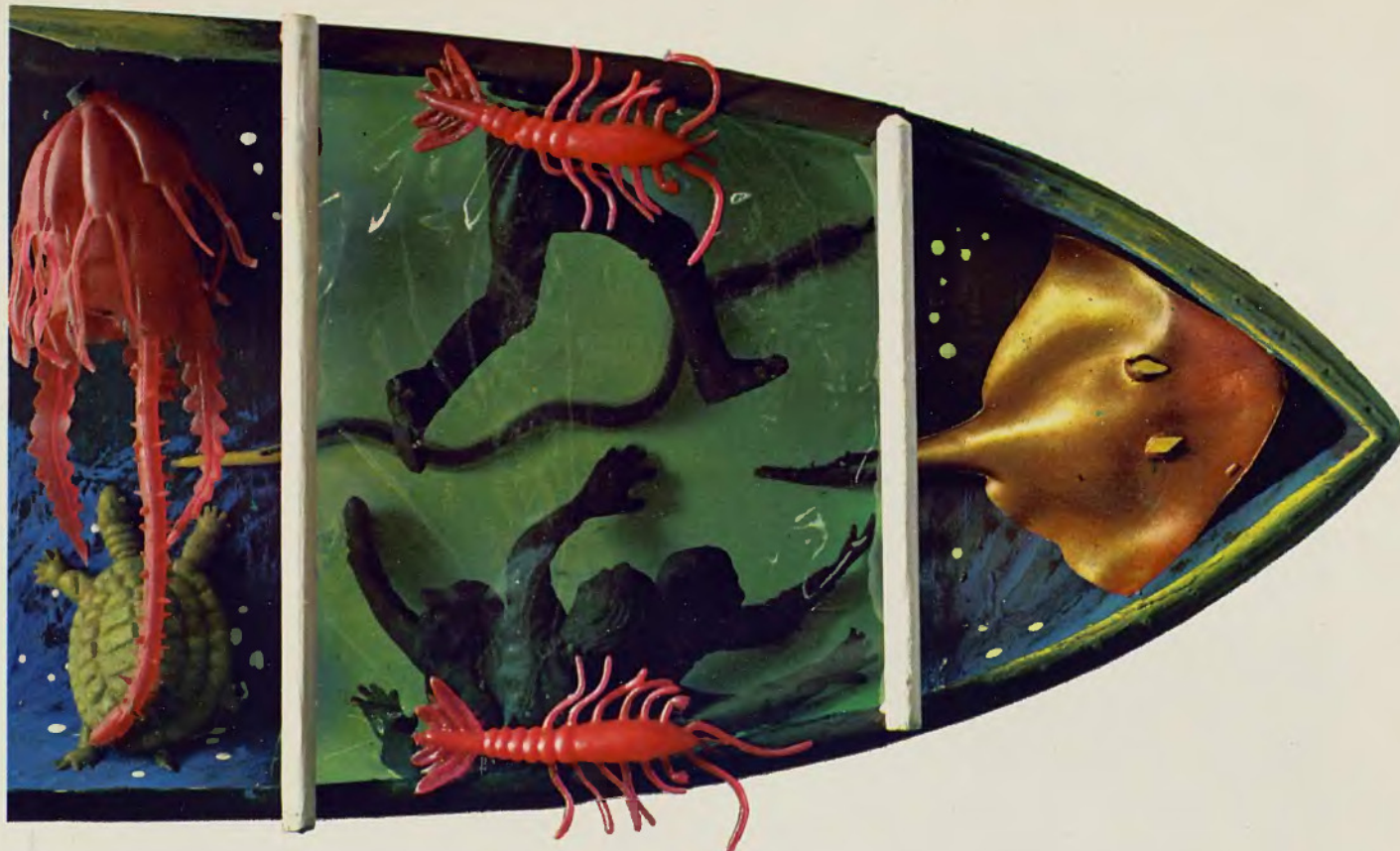
The big bite, and hence the big deduction, in this category is state income tax. If state income tax is withheld from your salary, you will have a simple record of it. But do not forget to add the amount you paid last April if your withholdings did not fully cover the state tax. If you make estimated payments to the state, be sure to deduct all the estimated payments made during the year.

**Medical Expenses.** Imaginative avoiders have taken advantage of modern medicine in novel ways. One ALMsmen deducted the cost of clarinet lessons for his child on the grounds that they had been prescribed by an orthodontist. His child has been tootling tax-free ever since.

Not all ALMsmen are quite so lucky. The history of taxation includes the allegedly authentic case of the man suffering from severe depression who was advised by his doctor that sexual intercourse might work wonders. This inventive fellow tried to deduct from his tax the cost of callgirls, and even presented their receipted bills to the tax people, who, however, took a dim view of this type of therapy.

(continued on page 159)





## THE WATERS OF STINGRAY

*fiction By WILLIAM HOFFMAN*

*they could see the storm behind them; first it was miles away and then—suddenly—it hit them like a fist*

IKE, CERTAIN HE'D HANDLED HIMSELF WELL, was pleased. He broke precise half-inch chunks from the body of a soft-shell crab to bait the three hooks tied to his line. The crabs were kept captive in a wooden tray on the floor boards of the boat. They sloshed about lazily in the salt water brought over the side in a dented galvanized bucket which had a hemp rope tied to the handle.

The boat, built by an oysterman out of native bull pine logs and planks, was a 20-foot Chesapeake Bay canoe pointed at both ends. A canopy nailed to four poles provided shade. The engine, ancient, rusty and leaking drops of oil into puddles of black water beneath it, had been salvaged from a junk-yard Dodge. When they wanted to move, they shifted gears and let out a clutch as if driving an automobile—only they never used any of the gears except third and occasionally reverse.

Doc had charge of the engine. His blunt surgeon's hands sensed its idiosyncrasies and babied it into obeying. Doc himself was stocky and sunburned. He wore a long-billed baseball cap and chewed a cud of Brown's Mule tobacco, the juice from which he spat into the water where pallid jellyfish undulated.

"I've got something," Beanie said before Ike cast out his own baited hooks. Beanie's pole arched and jerked. He worked over his reel. Ike, Doc and Bobo moved to port to stare at the water.

Beanie brought the stingray alongside—a flat and sinister-looking animal with a thrashing tail. The saw-toothed barb under the tail was searching for the enemy. Beanie lifted the stingray into the boat by means of a crabbing net, put his foot on the back of the flapping fish, and cut out the hook with a cork-handled knife. Using the crab net again, he returned the stingray to the water where it slid into the shadows.

"Tell your friends a god saved you," Beanie said to the stingray. Beanie was a ruddy, middle-aged man who owned a heavy-equipment business. Up the Rappahannock he had a polished ocean cruiser with diesel engines, but he preferred fishing in the rough, outsized canoe with his friends. He wore a great tasseled sombrero which shaded his face and bare shoulders.

"He might start a new religion among the stingrays," Bobo added. Bobo was small and grizzled. In his early 70s, he had beautiful silver hair which he brushed straight back and a narrow, haughty face. Anybody who didn't know him would have believed him a native of the region—laconic, scowling, suspicious of strangers. His old khakis were stained with fish and bait, and there were holes in his tennis shoes. Actually, he was an attorney for the railroad and might be found during the week at the country club suavely greeting guests and waltzing the ladies.

They were all men Ike was proud to be with. They had come for him early Saturday morning while it was still dark and had driven toward the mouth of the Rappahannock in Doc's battered and rattling station wagon. They were very serious about their fishing, discussing it all the way to the water. Doc hunched over the wheel like a racing driver. In the rear, rods and gear clattered on the metal floor. Dried fish scales fluttered over their feet.

Ike was disappointed with their clapboard cabin. He hadn't expected a luxurious resort, but with (continued on page 156) 107



PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR PLAYBOY BY FRANK BEZ AND SAM SHAW



*the famous teenage model and innocent ingénue of films and tv pictorially proves*





*that she's a big girl now* **Carol lynley grows up**



Carol Lynley is that rarest of rarities, a famous little girl who grew up to be a famous woman. Never a spoiled prodigy, but always prodigiously pretty in a natural-blonde way, she was New York's top junior mannequin before reaching her teens. At 15, having found modeling "iffy," she launched her acting career with a major role in Broadway's *The Potting Shed*, and the same year added a cover story in *Life* to her more than 50 magazine credits. Carol then assessed her future as being "where the money is," and also predicted that by 21 she would quit, marry and raise a family. Moving faster than foreseen,

Carol was not only married and a mother by that age, but a divorcee as well. Far from retiring, however, she was just beginning to earn big cabbage. Her delineation of the unwed mother in *Blue Denim*—at 17—had won her numerous TV and film parts; but most of them portrayed her as a fluffy-brained teenager. Claiming she merited "adult, sexy roles," Carol made her point in *The Cardinal*, in which she played a hard-bitten taxi dancer. She continued to prove her maturity with sophisticated parts in *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, *Shock Treatment*, *The Pleasure Seekers* and, not least of all, this portfolio of exclusive photographs for PLAYBOY.







*It is eye-pleasingly apparent that Carol Lynley, whether dipping gracefully in her pool, or imitating a Matisse painting inside her home, is a big girl now. Once the best-known subteen model in New York, now well on her way to becoming one of filmdom's foremost actresses, Carol demonstrates her maturity in*



*outspoken comments on life, love, sex and self: "What am I? I'm twenty-three, and I've been working since I was ten. I started because I was the right shape and size and could use the money. I've studied at UCLA and I've been a dancer, singer and model. I've been married, divorced and I have a three-year-old daughter. That's what I am."*









*On her ideal man: "I'll marry again. I'm mostly neurotic, but not neurotic enough to want to slit my wrists or run off with the king of Spain. Rather, I'd like somebody tall, dark, Jewish and rich—take that back; he doesn't have to be tall. My ideal would be to marry a marvelous man with enough money to allow me to say 'no' to films. I suppose what I'm looking for is a dark man on a white horse." On virginity: "Most Americans have a tendency to make too much of virginity, but girls of eighteen who are still virgins think it's terrible.*

*I'm all for girls of twelve being virgins, though." On Otto Preminger: "After 'Blue Denim' my career stopped*



*and then it started again with 'The Cardinal.' I was sent to see Otto and I was nervous and scared half to death of him. I expected him to beat me. But I got the job, and I learned discipline. He made me stand up straight and not talk so fast. I was shy and he made me get over that. Now I miss Otto's yelling."*





*On sex: "Paradoxically, what I have to do is suppress my hot blood and glacial looks. If I weren't American, I'd have children without marriage."*









*neiman portrays  
the beautiful bunnies  
of new york  
in their  
glamorous habitat*

# man at his leisure



Above: Because the Bunnies' attractive satin costumes are pocketless, tips have to be stashed away on a space-available basis.



**THE NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB**, located at 5 East 59th Street, right off Fifth Avenue—just a martini olive's toss from the Plaza and Central Park—was aptly described by *Variety* as a "20th Century dreamworld." From the open-hearth fireplaces, the eye-arresting Neiman paintings, the illuminated Playmate transparencies and **PLAYBOY** cartoons, the warm paneling and deep carpeting throughout, the visitor feels as if he has entered an urbane version of an *Arabian Nights* palace. What brings the fantasy into focus are the indigenous Bunnies, who smile, beguile, serve drinks, dance the twist, check coats, manage the gift shop, take pictures of and with patrons—in short, make the Playboy Club keyholder feel like a sultan of yore. Our man LeRoy Neiman, blending the vivid qualities of this multitiered structure with the lively *esprit* of the Bunnies, reports: "Entering the Club on any level, flashes of delightful flesh pop in the semidarkness as the Bunnies move about. Their throats and bosoms gleam, their Bunny costumes pointing up their natural gifts. As the eye accustoms itself to the romantic glow, more exciting visual rewards ensue. The Bunnies' youthful freshness contrasts with their stylized gestures, making it apparent that it is they who endow this unique setting with its exquisite luster."

Far left: Cottontails catch up on correspondence in behind-the-scenes Bunny Room. Left: Swirling pattern of color conveys motion of twisting Bunnies. Below: Wide-angle sketch of the New York Club's multilevel decor depicts the Living Room at the top, circular Piano Bar, center, and popular Playmate Bar, below.







*"You're just looking for an excuse to break off our engagement."*



## the bounty of belisa



**Ribald Classic**  
from *El Patrañuelo*  
by Juan Timoneda

ONE DAY THREE Roman nobles chanced to meet in the market, and there discussed the idea of abandoning the wives who had cuckolded them mercilessly.

"I married wealth," said Acrio, "and my wife gave her love to a lackey."

"Look at me," cried Octavio. "I chose a wife for high social standing and a page made a fool of me."

"I married for beauty and love," Redolfo muttered. "My wife was seduced by a lusty tradesman who gave her the jewels for which he is famed."

"Let us leave them," said Acrio and Octavio simultaneously, but Redolfo demurred. "Of what use would it be?" he shrugged. "Better that we remain married and make the worst of it."

The others persisted, for they believed that if two deserted their wives and one did not, they might drift apart and allow their friendship to wither. At last they agreed to find one mistress to be shared by the three each night.

Belisa, an innkeeper's daughter, was their choice. Her father agreed to her taking three noble young lovers; her mother, agog at the prestige it would bring her, was delighted; and Belisa, who had often heard of the love of rich young nobles, deduced that if one would suffice, three would be even more sufficient. And so the three nobles moved into her father's inn, where they planned to spend at least a fortnight.

"To avoid any chance betrayal," said Acrio, "we will watch the girl day and night. One will always be with her while it is light. At night all three will sleep in one bed with her, and she shall sleep in our midst. With rules like these to the sport, one can hardly lose—but, after all, she is a woman."

And, indeed, she was. The three lovers marveled at her versatility, for as each encountered her at jousting on the field of love, he experienced new thrills, due to Belisa's propensity for learning from one and quickly teaching the arts she had learned to the others. And Belisa herself was certain that variety is the spice of love and she demonstrated the adage as often as possible, completely unmindful of the captive audience reposing in the same nest.

And thus, an unexpected prosperity led Belisa's father, the innkeeper, to hire a butler to help at table. The name of this knave was Siriaco, and he was large, good-natured and a peasant—a far cry indeed from the polished, perfumed and sophisticated gentlemen with whom Belisa shared her covers. He winked an eye at her, and Belisa demurely looked down at her feet. Surprisingly, they soon became friends.

One night, lest Belisa lack attention and feel the need of masculine affection, each of her noble lovers commemorated with her the most intimate rites of Venus and then promptly fell asleep. At midnight, while all three snored in peaceful exhaustion, the bedroom door opened and Siriaco entered stealthily, slipped out of his tunic and, wearing only his leather waistband, crept quietly into bed.

There he and Belisa joined most merrily until dawn. Their jousting field trembled under the vigor of charge and retreat, and the three nobles awoke and wondered. Each smiled and, marveling at one of his friend's unexpected vigor, each lay awake until the battle subsided, and then fell asleep.

When dawn came, the three awakened again and turned to look fondly at the beautiful Belisa, who slept peacefully among them. Not even the bright sunlight which revealed her alabaster charms was enough to blind their gaze to an object protruding from beneath one of Belisa's firm thighs. There could be no mistake as to its identity. The object was Siriaco's waistband, and all three knew full well why it was there.

Acrio, Octavio and Redolfo arose softly, dressed in haste, placed what money they owed the innkeeper on a table and departed, pretending not to notice the smug smile on Siriaco's face as he saddled their horses and waved them farewell.

—Retold by J. A. Gato 



# SOMEWHERE NOT FAR FROM HERE

*we had to go on, because—for all we knew—we were the last free men on earth*

*fiction* By GERALD KERSH WHEN I SAY that where I come from is neither here nor there, I mean exactly that, for my family's place is dust and ashes. And there are 32 winds. As the Dumb Ox once said, "Neither here nor there is everywhere. You are a citizen of the world, young Martin. Cheer up!"

I have nothing but my name, Martin, and I do not rate. I never had a woman. My ambition was to grow a mustache. I never shall. In another month I should be 15 years old, but that month is not for me. Tomorrow or the day after even my name will be lost. Why should anybody remember me?

Perhaps one of my friends will manage to live until there is peace and quiet. I have never known such a time. But it may come, and somebody might say, "Those children, were the days when we learned to throw a bomb as you learn to throw a ball. The boy Martin was there at that time, and he played the man among us men . . ."

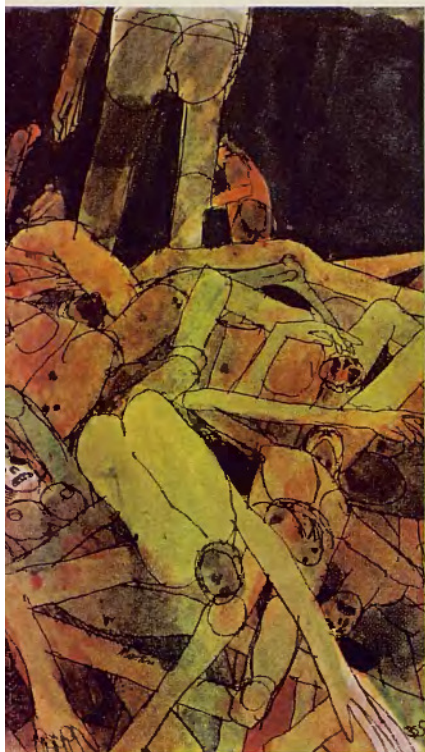
It may be. I hope so. You are, actually, only as you are remembered. I did my best and I fought with the rest. I have to go now where most of my friends must be. But who will recognize poor Martin in the dark?

That night I was with the guerrillas—I was one of the free men—and Mike was leading us; a good man. There were 30 of us with him that night. We had to raid an enemy dump for dynamite, fuses, detonators. When we went through the woods the rain beat on the leaves so that nobody could hear us. It was late when we got out of the trees and crawled up the slope. Mike cut the wire and stabbed a sentry in the throat

"There, in the forest, with the dynamite, we had to avenge the night the enemy left the bodies unburied . . ."







with a broad-bladed butcher's knife. Do this right and a man's lungs fill up with blood. He dies with nothing more than a cough.

The sentry's number two came by, and the Dumb Ox killed him with a handkerchief. It is an old trick. You tie something heavy into the corner of your piece of cloth and swing it backhand about your man's neck; catch the swung end and get your knuckles into the base of his skull. I have done it myself. The principle is that if you use a noose, even of thin wire, it must go over the other man's head and he, being on the alert, will see that wire pass his eyes, and turn or duck. The Ox weighed 300 pounds. The sentry died in silence. So we crept through the gap.

Mike had figured that with any kind of luck 15 of the 30 of us might get away. "It could be a lot worse," he said. So it could. But now the enemy seemed to be fast asleep. We were quiet, God knows; we knew how to be quiet because we had been living like worms underground. But within only a little distance of the dump somebody sensed us. He could not have seen us. He could not have heard us. Whatever it was, he let loose a burst of machine-gun fire in our general direction.

At a sign we lay still. Nobody knew where we were, or whether we were ten or a thousand strong, until they fired a flare, a white flare, which went off in the sky with a shaky light. Under that light we must have been as easy to see as cutout silhouettes. A violet flare went up then and—believe me!—it was a dream, every man with half-a-dozen shadows, all dancing, as Mike threw out his hand in the sign that means *Forward*. Then we charged, muddily-bellied as wild pigs, every one of us with his machine pistol and his grenades.

You would have thought that all the guns in the world had gone off at once. As the white flare died, another went up; only some fool of (continued on page 136)

". . . but first we had to get away, for as we approached the river, we could hear their gunfire behind us."







SCHICKLESS SHEL Silverstein, *PLAYBOY*'s cartoonist at large, recently ended a long stay Stateside by donning sandals and sombrero for a foray down Mexico way. Though sorely tempted at one point to spend his entire southern sojourn basking in the congenial Acapulco sun, our whiskered wit overcame his somnolence and covered the country like a serape in a leisurely ramble from Tijuana to Yucatán. True to the Silverstein tradition, Shel eagerly embraced a number of old Mexican customs—including cockfighting, tequila, *la siesta* and the *señoritas*. Though a seasoned world traveler (his sketch-pad junkets for *PLAYBOY* in the last seven-plus years have taken him to Tokyo, Scandinavia, London, Paris, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Arabia, Greenwich Village, Africa, Alaska, Hawaii and Miami), Shel is anything but jaded and, as the accompanying cartoons show, still has no trouble finding suitable subjects for his inky ingenuity.

## silverstein in mexico

*playboy's peripatetic penman indulges  
in a south-of-the-border shel game*

"I....I really can't find the  
words to express it. Here I am in Taxco, the most enchanting  
city in the world.... a beautiful girl at my side....  
an orange sun burning in the clear azure sky....  
the rows of picturesque adobe houses set along a lazy street....  
a gentle breeze caressing our hot bodies....  
the romantic sounds of a guitar being played in the distance  
...and I think I'm getting diarrhea...."

"But, Señor,  
if I sold you  
a bottle of  
tequila, you  
would not  
expect me to  
drink it with  
you.... if I  
sold you a  
guitar, you  
would not  
expect me to  
play it.... so  
just because  
I sold you  
a blanket...."

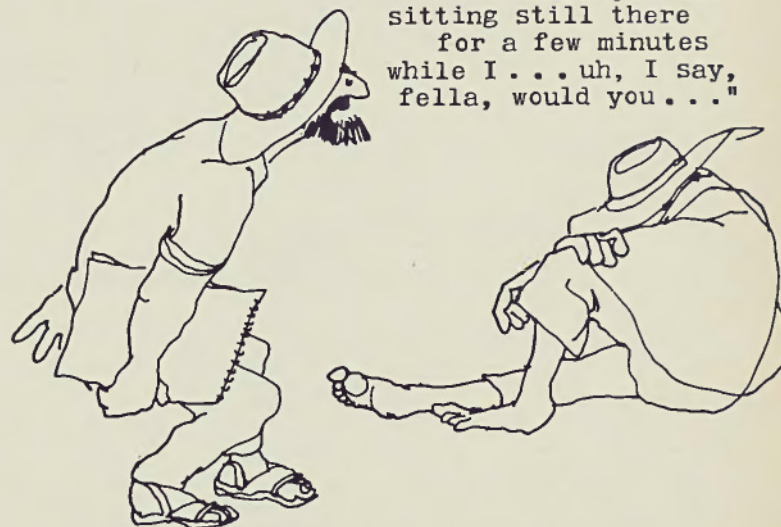
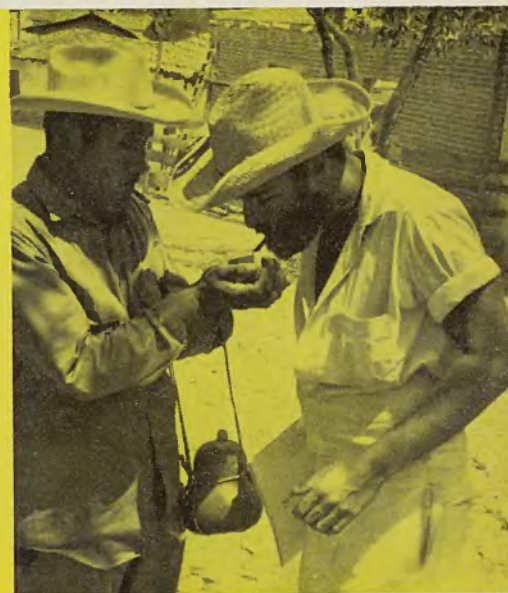




"OK, so you're hungry, but if I buy this for three pesos and it's only worth two pesos, then you'll become materialistic and lose your simplicity, so for your own sake, with your own best interests in mind, I'll give you one peso!"



Below left: Shel finds a spot of shade from which to sketch a local peon at work, later shares a smoke with a caballero.



"Excuse me, mister, but would you mind sitting still while I sketch you... mister... would you mind sitting still there for a few minutes while I... uh, I say, fella, would you..."



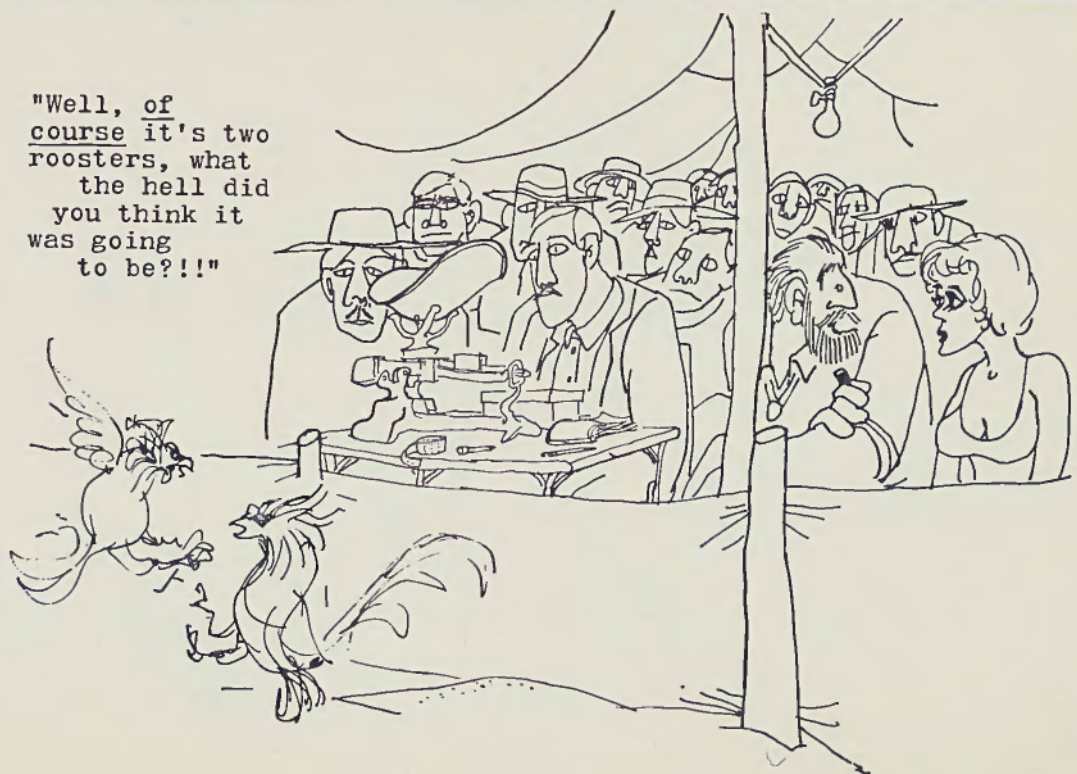


"You see, you Americans have a stereotype concept of Mexicans--you picture us as lazy peons, in big sombreros, living in adobe huts! But there is a modern Mexican --an educated, urbane, enterprising... well, I'd explain more to you, but it is time for my siesta....!"

Below left: Feathers fly and a Mephistophelean Silverstein almost jumps into the pit himself. ("Ixcapuzalco" is the name of a fighting-cack ranch.) Center: Shel adorns monastery wall. Right: In Acapulco's zona raja, he discusses America's balance of payments with local economist.



"Well, of course it's two roosters, what the hell did you think it was going to be?!!"





"Well, if you've got no television, no radio, no night clubs and no movies, what in the world do you do for entertainment?"



"I can't understand it... it couldn't have been Maria--she's much too sweet... it couldn't have been Dolores--she was a virgin... it couldn't have been Luisa--she..."



"But if you just had a little ambition, you'd move to the city and get a job and work hard and, in time, there'd be promotions and by saving and investing wisely, you'd be financially secure and then every year you could afford to come here on a two- or three-week vacation...!"





"I have a terrible  
confession to make,  
Señor Silverstein  
... I have been  
using you just to  
learn English!"



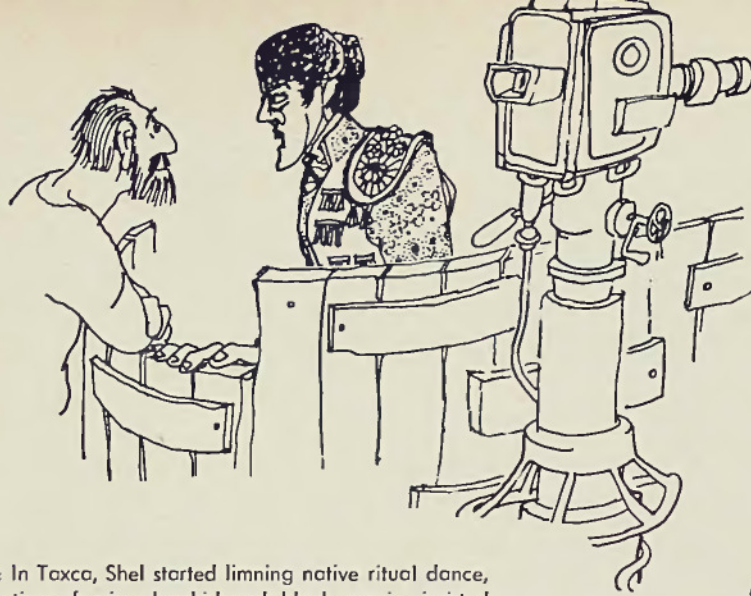
"Yes, the life of a  
woman is not easy  
here, Señor. I must  
clean the house and  
pat the tortillas  
and beat the wash  
and feed the children  
and weave the  
blankets and make  
the pottery, but my  
mother says that  
when I am twenty-one  
years old..."



"But how do you know  
you can't make a  
kosher corned beef  
enchilada if you don't  
try to make a kosher  
corned beef  
enchilada?!"







"In the old days, Señor, a matador had only to worry about the horns of the bull. Now we must concern ourselves with not turning our backs to the camera, with wearing the colors that will pick up well, with staying out of the late-afternoon shadows at the edge of the ring and--most importantly --remembering never to make the kill during the commercial!"

Below: In Taxco, Shel started limning native ritual dance, and natives, fearing bewhiskered black magic, insisted (right after photo was taken) that he set aside his sketch pad.



"You Americans are never satisfied! I get us two good seats for the corrida and you complain because we're in the sun... so we exchange them for seats in the shade and you complain that we're not close enough to the bulls... so we get the closest seats possible, but now you still complain!!"





## CLOWNY NIGHT (continued from page 74)

and the back tires rolled on his head. They didn't do a thing to that sergeant. They didn't even take his goddamn rank away. And do you know why? A lieutenant in that company was a Jew, too. Those kikes between them killed my brother. They're the lice of this earth! And how I hate them! Oh, God, I hate them, I hate them!"

Jimmy paused, forcing himself to take a swallow of coffee. The air in the tiny apartment was colder. Goose flesh stood on Vera's breasts and arms. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry to hear about it, Vera."

"They stick together, you know. That's one thing you can say for those goddamn kikes. They stick together."

Jimmy nodded, eyes down upon his coffee cup. "Yeah," he said, "yeah, I guess so." With difficulty, he forced himself to look up at the fear and hatred in her eyes. "Maybe they think they have to, Vera, with the whole world against them."

"It isn't that at all," she answered. "Their religion says they're the chosen people. Gentiles are just dirt to them. What was my brother to those Jews? Dirt, that's all. Oh, God, I hate them! I'd like to see every Jew in this world burn in hell for what they did to my brother! He was just a boy and *they* killed him, Jimmy. It was cold-blooded murder."

The steak was inedible and Jimmy stopped pretending to try to eat it. He took the last cigarette from his pack, struck a match, then stared at the yellow flame until it almost burned his fingers. He shook out the match, lighted another one and held it to his cigarette. Finally, he managed to look at Vera. "Listen," he said. "You mustn't believe all of that stuff about the Jews and the Catholics, Vera. None of it's true and it hurts you."

"It's all true and it doesn't hurt me," she answered. "The one it hurt was my brother."

"Look, your brother was killed in an accident, and you know it. The Jews didn't kill your brother and neither did the Pope."

Vera smiled with a wry, bitter amusement and rubbed at the goose flesh on her arms. "An accident, huh?" Let me tell you something, it was no accident. That Jew knew my brother was under that truck. A week before, my brother called him a kike and knocked him down three times. He hated my brother's guts and he wanted to kill him. Don't tell me it was an accident, I know better."

"I doubt very much if you're right. The Army wouldn't have let that sergeant off if there'd been the faintest doubt about it, especially in view of the fight they had. But even if you're right you're wrong. Maybe that sergeant knew

deep in his subconscious mind your brother was there and maybe he wanted to kill him. If so, hatred killed your brother, Vera. His own hatred. He caused it himself by calling the sergeant a kike and beating him up."

"Uh-huh. So it was my brother's fault he got killed—he shouldn't have called that kike a kike, huh?"

Jimmy shrugged. "I'm not saying your brother deserved to be killed, but it's a dirty word, Vera."

"Jesus, are *you* ever a bleeding heart? The poor little kikes, what a shame! He called him a dirty word, well isn't that just too bad? I never heard such bullshit in my life. My brother called that son of a bitch a kike because that's what he was, a dirty little kike. And I can prove it. He was running a crooked dice game and taking money off of everybody in the company, then giving part of it to that lieutenant. What's more, he was lending money at interest of ten percent a week. So help me God, this is the truth. Ten percent a week. Do you know how much interest that is in a year?"

"OK. Why did they borrow from him, then?"

"They borrowed from him because he'd won all their money in a crooked dice game."

"Why did they play in the dice game, if they knew it was crooked?"

"They didn't know. He swore it wasn't."

"Maybe it wasn't."

"Sure, it was. That's why my brother beat him up. He caught him red-handed with phony dice and proved it by dropping them in a glass of water. The dice were tilted."

"OK! Suppose this sergeant was a complete swine—there're plenty of crooks in this world. Let me ask you this. Where are you getting hating Jews?"

In bewilderment at his anger, Vera huddled in the chair, goose flesh on her arms and shoulders and a look of frightened worry in her eyes. "Well," she said, "you couldn't be Jewish yourself."

"No, I'm not Jewish, Vera. If I was, I'd have got the hell out of here long ago."

"I guess that's what you want, isn't it, and that's why you're fighting with me. OK, go ahead, leave. I don't give a damn. But why make an excuse, why not just leave?"

"Listen, you stupid idiot, I'm trying to help you. I asked you a question. Where are you getting hating Jews?"

Vera moistened her lips, totally bewildered. "Where am I getting?"

"You run into one Jew who's a crook, and you're going to spend the rest of your life hating all Jews?"

"Do you think it's just that sergeant? The man who owns this apartment

building is a Jew, a big fat Jew with a greasy smile and hair on the tops of his hands. OK, last year I was sick and didn't work for two months. If you want to know, I had a miscarriage. My husband wasn't working, either, and we didn't have any money. I got two months, or maybe it was three months, behind in the rent, and this big fat Jew came up here with his greasy smile and he said to me he just hated to do it but he had to get us evicted for nonpayment. OK, I got so upset I began to cry and he put his hand on my leg and licked his lips, then he smiled his greasy smile and he says—"

"OK, OK," said Jimmy. "I know what he said."

"All right, so you know. A helpless, sick girl, with a no-good husband and a baby. Fine. But what am I to him? Dirt, that's all. Their religion teaches that. It's what they believe."

"No, the man was a son of a bitch," answered Jimmy. "The Jewish religion doesn't teach any such thing."

"The hell it doesn't. They're the chosen people and the rest of the world is dirt. Would he do that to one of his own kind? Never. Because then the rabbi would get on him."

"Well, I'm sure the rabbi would get on him for what he tried to do to you."

"Tried?" asked Vera with a bitter smile. "You don't think I did what he wanted?"

Jimmy glanced at her, an ugly chill racing up his legs from the cold and bare linoleum floor. But no; she could not possibly have done such a thing and then boast about it. She was merely reproaching him for his unsympathetic rejection of the hate she lived by. Jimmy was certain of it, yet something in her eyes made him hesitate. "No," he said, "I don't think you did what he wanted."

Vera laughed. "Well, you're right for once. I told him to get the hell out of my apartment and I'd pay him his goddamned rent in an hour. So I went out and borrowed a hundred fifty dollars from *another* Jew, a nice sweet loan shark with teeth seven miles wide. I paid him a hundred dollars interest for his hundred and fifty."

"OK, so the Jews are no damn good. You run into *two* crooks and that proves it. They're all bad."

"They *are* all bad," answered Vera, "and everybody knows it but bleeding hearts like you."

"What the hell is a *bleeding heart*? Will you explain that goddamn ridiculous expression to me?"

"Sure, I'll explain it. A bleeding heart is soft in the head and won't face facts. I tell you Jews are bad, they're no damn good, but you're a bleeding heart so you argue with me. Anybody who's been around them knows they're lousy. Completely lousy. Oh, sure, if you're a member of the family, they'll give you





Advt. for Falstaff Brewing Corp. of San Jose, Calif., dedicated to those who have experienced the thrill of free fall and great beer.

For 22" x 28" color poster of above photo, send \$1 to: "Skydiving" Box 54654, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054





"One day, when he's old and feeble, he'll be in a nostalgic mood,  
and he'll come up here to see us again, and to reminisce—  
and then we'll get him!"



anything. Jewish kids are the worst spoiled brats in the world. But if you're an outsider, they'll cheat you out of your last nickel and that's a fact."

"The imbecilic clichés fell from her lips like toads and hopped about in the cold, cold air, and she huddled and shivered and her nipples were blue."

Vera stared vacantly for several seconds, then frowned. "I said I wasn't cold. Are you still harping on that?"

"It was just a mental note. I don't want to forget any of these brilliant things you're telling me."

"OK, I'll tell you something else, while we're on the subject. If you've got any American blood in you, it should make a difference to you. They're all pinkos, in case you don't know it."

"Oh, God!"

"It's true. They're all Reds."

"Aw, for Christ's sake," laughed Jimmy. "How can they be money-crazy and pinkos at the same time? You can't have it both ways, Vera. Find one good solid reason to hate the Jews and stick to it."

"But there's more than one reason. Why should there be just one?"

"OK, but you can't have reasons that are mutually exclusive. If Jews are moneygrubbing cheats who exploit the free enterprise system, how can they *also* be subversive Reds who *destroy* the free enterprise system?"

"Ha," said Vera, "very simple. Don't you think those Reds have plenty of money? Look at Russia, they got the whole country. If they want money, they just print some. And that's what they plan for this country, to take it over and own everything. We'd be their slaves, that's all."

"You *seriously* believe the Jews are planning to take over this country?"

"Are you kidding? There're loads of 'em in Washington already. What's more, they own all the banks and practically all the newspapers and there isn't one gentile in Hollywood."

"Jesus in heaven," sighed Jimmy, "take me back where the snow-white cotton grows. You make the South seem downright progressive."

"Yeah, uh-huh—well, frankly I'm surprised to see a Southerner like you taking up for the Jews. After all the trouble you've had down there with niggers, I should think you'd know better."

"Do you hate Negroes, too?"

"No, I don't hate them. Why should I hate them? They're animals, that's all. And so are the Jews, but they're worse because they're smarter."

Jimmy searched in the empty pack for a cigarette, but found none. There was nothing wrong with Vera's basic intelligence; surely there must be some way to reason with her. "Look, did you ever really know anybody who was Jewish? I don't mean a landlord or a guy you borrowed money from, I mean a friend. Did

you ever actually *know* a Jew in your life?"

"Sure. In the ninth grade, my best girlfriend was Jewish."

"Your best girlfriend?"

"By far my best girlfriend. I was in her house a million times. I was almost like a member of that family. I even went to a special big dinner there, a thing kind of like Thanksgiving that they call a Seder, and they don't let gentiles come to that, it's meant to be for relatives only. It's a special dinner and very religious, but the mother let me come because she said I had a Jewish heart."

"A Jewish heart, huh?" With grim amusement, Jimmy stared at the huddled and naked girl on the other side of the oilcloth-covered table. "You've got a Jewish heart like Hitler, that's the kind of Jewish heart you've got."

"Hitler only says the truth about them," answered Vera primly.

"Jesus in heaven! How can you *say* such a thing, when that maniac is murdering Jews all over Europe?"

"Well, if you ask me, they've got it coming to them."

Jimmy gazed at her in wonder, then ran a hand through his hair. It had been an hour since his last drink and the effect was wearing off. He had a splitting headache. "You really puzzle me, Vera. You honestly think a whole group of people deserve to be murdered—"

"What I meant was, I can understand it. Me, I wouldn't kill them. Not really."

"Well, thank God for a ray of dim light in this murk. You wouldn't *really* kill them."

"No, but I'd kick them out of Germany, if I was Hitler."

"You *are* Hitler. You don't know it, honey, but you're Hitler." Again, Jimmy reached to the empty pack for a cigarette, then winced and sighed. The headache was now so bad it was difficult for him to see in clear focus the hunched, naked girl on the kitchen chair. Vera was a pale blur of crossed arms and bowed shoulders with a brunette head of hair on top. "I don't understand you," he said. "This girl in the ninth grade was your best friend, right? And you knew her mother and father?"

"Sure I did. I knew them very, very well."

"And they fit your notion of monsters with horns? You think they'd cheat you and steal money from you?"

"Money? Ha ha ha ha. You're damn right they would. In fact, they did. The father sold me a little gold bracelet for twenty-five dollars, except it wasn't gold. The guy at the pawnshop, *another* Jew, wouldn't lend me fifty cents on it." Huddled in the cold, Vera gave a shiverlike shrug of ironic indifference. "Good business. Sell a little schoolgirl a worthless bracelet for twenty-five dollars. I saved

for months to pay for that thing."

Jimmy stood up. "Can I borrow your bathroom?"

"Sure, right down the hall." Vera was shivering and blue with cold. It was at least one o'clock and what little heat there had been in the apartment was gone. Why had she sat there in freezing discomfort? Because her breasts were "lovely, even and equal" or was the ice of her hatred so cold she could not feel ordinary frost?

"I've got a little headache," said Jimmy. "Do you have any aspirin?"

"Yeah, in the medicine cabinet," she replied. "But that's not all, I'll tell you something else. He didn't only sell me a worthless bracelet for twenty-five dollars, he sat me on his lap one day and tried to feel me up. In fact, he didn't just try, he did. He put his hand right up my dress. I was fourteen years old, a child, but did he care? No. You see, Jimmy boy, there're two things Jews like. One is money and the other is sex. The men, I mean. The women just like money and *food*, that's why they're all fat as pigs. But all Jewish men are lecherous. I never saw one yet that wasn't."

"To hell with it," said Jimmy. "You're impossible."

Vera stood up from the table in alarm. "Right," she said, "to the right, Jimmy. The bathroom's not that way."

"I'm not going to the bathroom. I'm getting the hell out of here."

"You want to leave?"

"You're damned right I want to leave."

"Just because I don't like Jews?"

"That's right, just because you don't like Jews."

Silence. Angrily, Jimmy dressed. As he yanked at the strings of his shoes, he heard a thin voice. "I thought you said you would stay tonight. You *said* you would stay. Didn't you? Isn't that what you said?"

"I don't give a damn what I said."

Silence again. Then calm indifference: "OK, go ahead and leave. I couldn't care less. Heh! If a bunch of Jews mean more to you than me, why should I care? But that's only an excuse, anyhow. You're not fooling me and you never have."

"Why don't you shut up?" asked Jimmy. As he hurled pillows to one side looking for his tie, he heard Vera's bare feet pad into the living room and then heard a faint snuffle behind him. Another snuffle, louder. Her hand touched his shoulder and he turned around. The light was behind her and he could not see her face, but she was not crying. Jimmy switched on the lamp, folded his arms and said, "Look, spare us both a ridiculous scene."

Vera stared calmly at him, dry-eyed. "All right, I'm *crawling*," she said.



"That's what you want, isn't it, for me to crawl? I take it back, everything I said. I'm crawling, Jimmy. Please don't go. I don't want you to go."

"The hell you don't. You've been trying to get rid of me for an hour." He turned and began to look for his tie. A moment later, Vera switched off the lamp.

"Jimmy . . . Jimmy, don't go. Turn around for a minute, huh? Listen, I'm sorry, I take it back. I didn't mean to make you mad. Jimmy, don't leave me here, I can't sleep when I'm alone. Please, Jimmy, you said you would stay. Won't you stay?"

Jimmy pulled back the couch from the wall and peered down in the gloom at the dusty floor. "Where in the hell is that tie?" he asked.

"OK, then, leave me," said Vera.

"I've had enough," he answered. Behind him he heard the pat of her bare feet as she returned to the kitchenette. On his knees, he found his necktie under the couch and hung it around his neck, then grabbed his coat and walked toward the hall door.

"Jimmy," said Vera. Hand on the door, he looked back. She was standing pale and naked under the kitchenette light, a stiff smile on her face. There was a guttural tone in her voice as she spoke. "I just want you to know that I hate you for what you've done to me. You're a dirty, lousy, rotten son of a bitch and don't you ever dare speak to me again, or I'll spit in your face." Jimmy turned to go and an enraged screech came after him. "You hear that, you bastard! I'll spit on you! Don't ever speak to me! Don't ever look at me! I hate you, you liar! You liar! You liar!"

Jimmy shut the hall door and leaned back against it, dizzy. A moment later, he felt a shattering crash on the panel by his head. He was too exhausted even to flinch. Evidently, she had thrown a coffee cup or a plate at him, probably a plate from the sound of it. As he looked down the dim and sleazy stairs, the thought occurred to him that he was lucky to get out of that apartment alive. The girl was perfectly capable of taking a butcher knife and killing him. Why not commit murder in a world of such absolute horror?

Why not, indeed? Jimmy wearily descended the iron-capped stairs, his hand on the grimy banister. He had always considered himself a pretty good hater, but Vera put him in the shade. He was a rank amateur compared to her; there was absolutely nothing she didn't hate. Monsters stalked the corridors of her mind with a total reality: cheating and lecherous Jews, hypocritical and idiotic Catholics, animalistic niggers, Reds and pinkos, snakes and spiders and sharks and wolves—a monster world, and Vera lived in it. She really lived in it and for

that reason it was totally impossible to communicate with her. The opinions she expressed were only a hundredth part of it; the really terrifying thing was the remorseless and fanatical look in her eyes, the twisted and frightened expression of her mouth, and the soft continuing conviction of her voice, a conviction beyond even the possibility of doubt. Nothing would ever change her mind that the world was full of monsters and that life itself was a hideous, horrifying dream.

The hour was much earlier than he had thought. It was only ten minutes of twelve when Jimmy walked into a drugstore on Dearborn Street. There, he bought a newspaper and cigarettes, and took three aspirin tablets. Then he went to a diner and had coffee and bacon and eggs. Vera had told him she and a bell captain had talked to a reporter over the telephone, at the request of an assistant manager. While he ate, Jimmy looked for the story.

It took a long time to find it. The story was buried on a back page of the paper and that surprised him. He'd expected to see a big headline with numerous interviews and pictures. Jimmy read the drab words with dismay. Didn't they realize the significance of what had happened? What bald-headed and cigar-chewing night reporter had traced with indifference this shock of death? It was nothing at all, a microseismic echo in banal journalese of the earthquake of brains and blood on that elevator floor. But there was one interview in the story, an interview of sorts, and if it did not satisfy Jimmy's need for knowledge of the disaster, it did return him to his clowny night. Something, he was sure, would have done that anyhow. He had known when he walked down those iron-capped stairs he would walk up them again.

#### HOTEL ENGINEER KILLED IN ELEVATOR FALL

John Charles O'Neill, aged 54, of 1220 Blue Island Avenue, was killed instantly in an accidental fall down an elevator shaft of the Hotel Manchester at 4:15 P.M. today.

The cause of the tragedy has not been determined, but the hotel management states that Mr. O'Neill was probably the victim of electric shock. The maintenance engineer, an experienced and long-term employee of the Hotel Manchester, was working on a short circuit in the elevator tower when he lost his footing on a repair catwalk and plunged 33 stories down shaft number 11. The body of Mr. O'Neill landed upon an elevator at rest on the lobby floor and crashed through the panels of the roof, severely injuring the elevator operator, Miss Judith Sterne, of 1904 Cottage Grove Avenue.

Six hotel guests, who were in the

elevator at the time of the accident, are reported to have escaped with minor injuries, although several required treatment for shock and hysteria. Miss Sterne, who is reported to have suffered a broken arm and possible concussion and internal injury, was taken by ambulance to Memorial Hospital. Guests injured in the accident were treated at the Hotel Manchester infirmary and have been released. According to an eyewitness of the tragedy, Miss Vera Koltanowski, chief elevator starter of the Hotel Manchester: "It was a miracle of God nobody else in that car was killed. His body tore the roof of the elevator to bits. I never saw anything so terrible and awful."

The dead man is survived by his wife, Clara, and three children, John Charles, Jr., Margaret and James.

*Koltanowski?* That was not Vera's name. Her name was Johnson or Johnston, an ordinary English name. Jimmy looked again at the newspaper story, but there it was—Miss Vera Koltanowski. How could that be? He rubbed his forehead in an eerie bewilderment. Could this be her maiden name? Was it possible for Vera, a hater of the Catholic Church, to be a Polish Catholic herself?

Jimmy had a second cup of coffee and thought it over. She had sounded downright ignorant on the subject of Catholicism. Not that he himself knew very much about it, but her anti-Catholicism had seemed naïve. Could it be that her father was a renegade Catholic and she herself had not been brought up in the Church? That was very possible, if the mother was of some other faith. Her mother could be a Protestant, or anything else, even . . . a sudden shock made Jimmy almost drop his coffee cup. How had this anti-Semitic girl ever been invited to a Seder? Of course it was possible, but that whole story of the "best girlfriend in the ninth grade" had had a faint air of fabrication. Could it be that Vera, hater of the Pope and rabid anti-Semite, was herself both Catholic and Jewish?

No fog could equal that of Chicago, melting pot of the wheatland and hog butcher to the world; dim headlights and dim pedestrians passed before him like ghosts in the mist. On a wet bench in Lincoln Park, Jimmy wondered again at the mystery of his own nature. How had the death of an unknown man precipitated this incredible affair with a girl he had always despised? Why had he felt in the bar on Wabash a rush of love for her? Why had the sight of her naked body overwhelmed him with pity and desire?

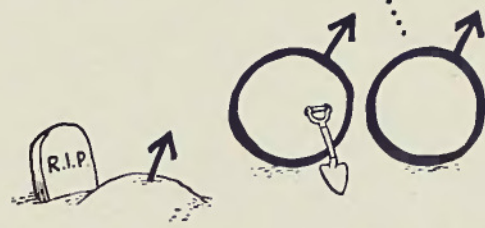
But there were deeper mysteries; in seven hours, the puzzle had ramified, not  
(continued overleaf)



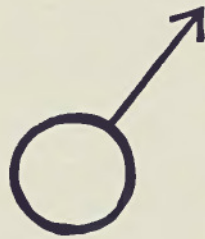
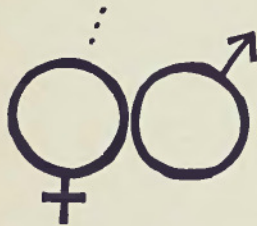
# SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times  
humor By DON ADDIS

YOU'RE NEW AT THIS  
JOB, AREN'T YOU?



CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY...  
CYRANO IS VERY SENSITIVE  
ABOUT IT



HELLO THERE, CUTIE... OH, PARDON ME, MISTER  
STARR



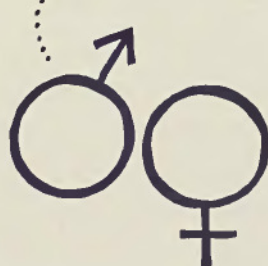
IS THIS YOUR FIRST  
NUDIST CONVENTION?



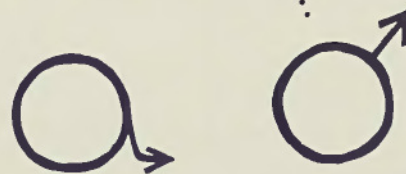
TAKE IT OFF!  
TAKE IT OFF!



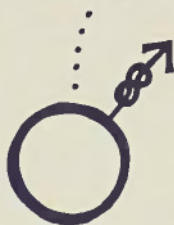
HERB IS IN ADVERTISING.



TIRED BLOOD



YOU DIDN'T TELL ME  
SHE KNEW JUDO!



SO THAT'S WHAT  
MAKES HIM SO  
DAMN JOLLY!





simplified. If the truth be told, had he not been more than a little self-righteous and pious in his attitude toward her? After accepting the embrace of her body, should he not feel a greater human obligation toward her soul? Was he himself so far removed from all sin? Had he never looked in sour rejection at the skirts of a nun, or frowned with distaste at an alien Jew, or shrugged at the abasement of helpless Negroes in his homeland? Was his own bleeding heart so pure? And most of all: was he a liar? Was it predatory, young-man lust that made him tell Vera he loved her? Had he merely wanted a woman in his arms to distract him from the fear of death and oblivion? Was that the only meaning of his pity for this wretched and miserable girl? If so, then he was a liar, indeed. Jimmy smiled and threw his cigarette in a fiery arc into the fog. It was ridiculous, it was downy, but there really was no alternative. An infuriated butcher knife in his belly would be better than leaving Vera Koltanowski all alone with nothing but monsters for company on a cold Chicago night.

"Me, half-Jewish? Ha ha ha ha! Whatever put that idear in your head? And half-Catholic, that's even funnier. Ha ha ha ha! You're nutty as a fruitcake, Jimmy boy. I never met such a nut as you. Never in my life, Jimmy, never in my life."

After half an hour under two blankets in Jimmy's arms, Vera had finally begun to get warm. But she was still crying. He had found her at the kitchenette table, the bottle of rye almost empty beside her and her head on her arm sobbing in the cold. Although she had had more than her share of the whiskey, she was not drunk. Half-drunk maybe, but not enough to help. Whiskey, she said, didn't have much effect on her, perhaps because she drank so much of it. Until a year or two ago, it had helped her sleep, but not anymore. The only thing that helped now was to have someone in her arms, that was the only way she ever got any rest, and it was a problem because most of them wanted to get up and leave.

"OK, you're not Catholic and you're not Jewish," said Jimmy with a smile. "It was a bright but inaccurate idea. I'm full of theories, and some of them are bound to poop instead of pop."

"You're nuts," said Vera, head on his shoulder and arm tight around his waist. "You must be nuts, to come back to me. Oh, Jimmy, I'm so glad you did, I'm so glad! I never dreamed you would, I was sure you hated me. But you don't, do you?"

The newspaper had made an error in calling her Miss. Actually, Koltanowski was Vera's married name. Where the name "Johnson" or "Johnston" had come from was a mystery; evidently, Jimmy had invented it out of whole

cloth for his own emotional purposes. Her maiden name was Mueller, and her father was a German Lutheran and so was her mother. Her husband was a Polish Catholic, but never went to church. There really *had* been a Jewish "best friend in the ninth grade" and Vera really had attended a Seder. So much for Jimmy's theory, but it had brought him back to the cold apartment and in the last analysis it was not really wrong.

Since she was obviously exhausted and they had already made love over a period of many hours, Jimmy thought she would go to sleep. However, as she warmed in his arms, she continued to weep and talk to him. Finally, she said it: "Aren't you going to make love to me?"

Jimmy winced. "Is that what you want?"

"I always want that," she answered. "Anyhow, isn't that what you came back for?"

"No, I came back because I said I would stay with you, honey."

"But don't you want me?"

"Well, it's late, and we're both very tired." Jimmy kissed her cheek, which was still wet with tears. "Why don't you go to sleep, Vera, and stop crying? You'll ruin your eyes if you keep on like that."

She was silent for a while, but the tears continued to fall on his chest and shoulder. Twice, she took a deep breath and sighed. "I guess you think I'm oversexed or something, don't you? Well, I'm not. It's just that that's the only way I can relax."

Jimmy, who still had a headache, patted her shoulder and again kissed her cheek. "It's very late, Vera. You just shut your eyes and stop crying and go to sleep, OK? Imagine little goats jumping over a bush in a pasture and you'll drift right off."

"Huh," she answered. "Goats are nothing for me to think about right now, but OK."

The tears did finally stop and for a long time Vera was quiet. Jimmy himself was half in a dream when he heard a small voice in his ear: "I just don't think I can get to sleep, if you don't."

"Oh, God," said Jimmy. An hour later, he lay back on the pillow in utter exhaustion, a fiery stitch in his side and a generalized ache in every muscle of his body. A headache pounded violently in his temple. Spots danced in the dark before his eyes. "Honey," he said, "I hope you can get to sleep, I really do. I hope that."

Vera laughed. "It's your own fault. What did you come back for? I can't help it, Jimmy. I'm not to blame."

"OK, honey. Fine. We'll sleep, huh?"

"All right."

But Vera didn't sleep, she talked.

"Hey, I tell you something. I have to admit something. I laid the landlord."

"Did you? I thought you borrowed money from a loan shark."

"I borrowed from a loan shark, but that was for something else. I laid the landlord for the rent. Ten dollars a time, but you know what? When I'd worked it all off, he gave me a coat. Cloth, but nice. It must have cost him sixty or seventy bucks and he didn't have to do that."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Well, it shows Jews aren't all bad. He was kind of nice to me, and I guess I led him on in the first place. I just didn't have the money for the rent, that's all. But believe it or not, that's the only time I ever took any money. Ha ha. I'm for free, Jimmy. Hey, and I'll tell you something else. You know Becky's father? I said he felt me up? When I was fourteen and everything? Well, he did, but I led him on, too, just like the landlord. I always *was* a tramp. Do you believe that?"

"Yeah, I believe it," said Jimmy.

"Even at fourteen, I was a tramp. I sat in his lap myself, as a matter of fact. You can't blame him completely for what he did and it was nothing much, anyhow. Does this surprise you?"

"No."

"Ha ha. You're smart, aren't you, Jimmy? But you were wrong about my being a Catholic and a Jew."

"Yeah, that was a wild swing."

"There was something else I wanted to tell you. About that bracelet my girlfriend's father sold me. Well, that was crap. Where would I get twenty-five dollars when I was fourteen?"

Jimmy laughed. "Well, you fooled me that time. I believed that one."

"I fooled you on something else, too."

"Well, let's see. Your brother? Is he still alive somewhere despite that murdering sergeant?"

Vera smiled in the dim light that came from the open bathroom door. "Close, but no kewpie doll," she answered. "I never had a brother. I'm an only child."

Jimmy sat up in the bed. "You have no brother at all?"

"Nah. And that was bullshit about Irene going in the bushes with a sailor. The little fool's a virgin, and I guess she really believes her religion, too. A lot of those Catholics do. It's not just hypocrisy with them."

"Uh-huh," said Jimmy. "Next you'll be admitting Negroes are human beings."

"Sure, they're human. In fact, a colored person will help you quicker'n a white. They're more kindhearted."

Jimmy nodded. "In other words, practically everything you've told me tonight has been a lie of one sort or another. What's the point? Why did you make up all those stories and tell all those lies?"

Vera shrugged. "Well, you kept picking on me about the goddamn Jews. I was defending myself, that's all. And I



always have had a good imagination."

"You admit all your stories were lies or at least distortions, and you *still* call them the goddamn Jews?"

"Let's don't get on that again. We'll just never see eye to eye on that, Jimmy. You like them, and I don't. But I told you all this to kind of agree with you, and meet you halfway."

"Out of gratitude for my coming back, huh?"

"Yeah, that's right, gratitude. And I'll tell you something else, too. You think I'm a tramp, don't you? You believed that, didn't you? You think I'm in bed with a million guys. Well, *that was the biggest lie of all, Jimmy*. I been married six years, and before tonight I cheated on my husband *one* time. Just *one* time, Jimmy, that's all."

"Um-hmmm. The Jewish landlord, I presume?"

"Oh, what the hell. All right, so I *am* a tramp. What's the use? I'll never see you again after tonight, anyhow."

Jimmy laughed. "Why don't you go to sleep, Vera? It must be damn near four o'clock."

"It isn't really my fault and my husband understands it even if you don't. I was born that way. Some women just can't help themselves, and I'm one of them. And I've fought it, too, I've tried. The best I can do is not get involved where I work. You see, I've got to have

men, Jimmy, I'm a tramp. I'm a worthless, lying tramp and naturally you're not going to want to see me anymore. Of course not! You'll run the other way just like all the rest and I don't blame you! But do you know something? I swear, Jimmy, I swear it to God, that if anybody in this world really loved me I wouldn't be like that! Do you believe me?"

"Yes, I believe you," said Jimmy.

"All right, then stay here with me. Move in, live with me! I'll write my husband, I'll divorce him if you want, I'll marry you. I'll do anything, if you stay with me, and I swear before God I'll never look at another man! Never, never, Jimmy! If you'll just love me, my troubles will be over!"

Again, Vera was weeping. How was it possible for tear ducts to produce such an enormous quantity of fluid? Jimmy shook his head in the gloom. It was too much. But he made a final effort. "What you need, Vera, is not for somebody to love you, but for you to love somebody."

"But how can I love somebody, when *nobody* loves me? That's the trouble, Jimmy, *nobody* loves me! You're the only person I ever met who cares anything about me! People don't like me! They never have! Everybody hates me!"

"You hate yourself," said Jimmy, with the last of his strength, or so he thought.

"But why should I hate myself? Why? Why, Jimmy?"

"God knows," he answered. "Now go to sleep. Be quiet. Stop crying. Shut your eyes. Lay your crazy head on my shoulder and go to sleep, or I'll get up and leave. I mean it! I'm not bluffing, Vera—I can't stand another word out of you! Now shut your eyes and go to sleep! Do you understand me?"

Vera nodded. For five minutes or so, she sniffled and tears damply trickled on his shoulder, then for a long time she was silent in his arms, breathing soft and slow. Jimmy was once again halfway in a dream when he heard a small voice at his ear: "You got me all wide awake. And besides, I'm in love with you. Jimmy. Jimmy. Please . . . put your arms around me again . . . kiss me . . . please, Jimmy, I can't ever get to sleep, if you don't."

The clowny night lasted until red-eyed and dreary dawn. When Jimmy walked down the iron-capped stairs at seven A.M., he felt a spiritual liberation so enormous he almost wept with joy. But if he had done so, if the tears of Jimmy McClain had splashed on those iron stairs in the red-eyed dawn, then not a single one would have fallen for Vera Mueller Koltanowski. Not a single, solitary, salty tear. She was a drunken, half-crazy bitch and to hell with her.



# UNSHRINKABLES

**First wool hose that won't shrink in the washer or dryer!** They're easy to identify. Just look for the Red Toe Stripe™. It's the mark of a Thorobred®—Jockey Thorobred wool hose. It's a guarantee, too: if these socks shrink out of size, you get a new pair free. So go ahead—enjoy the comfort and absorbency that only wool socks can give . . . like the over-the-calf style (always neat—no leg exposure). But make sure you choose The Unshrinkables—Jockey Thorobred wool hose. Imported from England, yet only \$2. Anklet and over-the-calf styles.



JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WIS.—A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.



## SOMEWHERE NOT FAR (continued from page 121)

an enemy fired a green one. Shooting at shadows? So they were; only they filled the air with lead in a double enfila. Mike went forward all the time and I was the first behind him. I said it was like a dream. But it was not a bad dream. Everything was so quick and bright, you wanted it not to end. And if this is child's talk, let it be.

We cut our way into the dump. Mike threw me a case of dynamite. The Ox took it from me and put it under his arm. He was as calm as if all this had been arranged in an office. Pulling the pins with his teeth, he threw four grenades. A machine gun stopped suddenly and I heard a man screaming, "Mother! Mother!"

Mike gave me four tins of fuses and two of detonators which I could get inside my jacket. Then he caught hold of another box of those round bombs you can crack a tank with, and we ran.

I was at his elbow. All of a sudden he went down on one knee. When I saw him fall I stood over him. He was wounded, horribly wounded, split open; a terrible sight to see. What kind of strength is it that is put into a man? Torn to pieces, how does he still go on? The rain was a kind of curtain. The next flare made a double rainbow. "Back to the bridge!" Mike said. I hesitated: I was bound to obey, but it was my duty to die with him. Then he ran—not back to where we had come from, but straight into the enemy dump. He was hit a dozen times. My head was cut by a bullet, which knocked me down but brought me to my senses. I remembered that I was carrying detonators and fuses.

So I caught up with the few who were left of us at the foot of the slope. You may say without lying that young Martin was the last out.

I was blind with blood. A green flare and a white one went off, and it was just as if the night had turned to lead. Then something cracked. I recognized the thunder noise of dynamite and the snapping of Mike's box of bombs. He had got to some of the heavy stuff, because after that the dump burst in a red and white flash. A long time later (as it seemed) there was a burning wind which sucked the breath out of our bodies, and a shower of branches, leaves and bits of metal; and the rain was mud and blood.

This is the way Mike died.

We caught our breath. There were only nine of us left now, and one of us wounded—the best of us all. His name was John. The Ox said to him, "Well, friend, you've got it good. One of you lend a hand with this box of stuff. Don't take it to heart, John—I can carry you twenty miles."

So he could have. At first sight you might have thought the Ox to be noth-

ing but a silly-faced fat man, as broad as he was tall. You would never have made a bigger mistake in your life. He was the strongest man any of us ever saw, and he seemed to be made of a sort of tough, resilient rubber. Heavy as he was, he could move like a cat. It was impossible to tire him or wear him out. I have seen him fell a tree with a double-bitted ax, using only his left hand. His last stroke was as powerful as his first. It seemed to me there was no weight the Ox could not move. He picked John up as easily as a woman picks up a baby, and in much the same way, although John was not a little man. He kept saying, "Leave me, leave me," but the Ox took no notice of this, but cradled him in his enormous arms and carried him ahead swiftly but ever so gently. I heard him say, "Leave him, he says! Christ Jesus, for all I know we might be the last free men left in the world!"

So we might have been. There was no way of knowing otherwise.

That great downpour of rain which had curtailed us when we came out had stopped. It was not going to cover our retreat. The night was clearing and there was a little new moon no bigger than a clipping from your thumbnail. After that awful bang with which Mike went out of the world, everything seemed strange and quiet, almost peaceful. You felt that your troubles were over. It was peace, as I have heard old men talk of it. In a few minutes I would find myself walking home.

But when I saw John gritting his teeth in his pain, I knew there was no such thing as home, and peace was an old man's story. It did not take much to remind me of ashes and dust and the 32 winds.

. . .

I was in the forest when the enemy came through our place. When I came back there was nothing but dirt and darkness where the village had been. The enemy were punishing us for something somebody had done—I don't know who and I don't know what. My family had lived there a long time. Where our little house had been there was only half a wall, smoldering. Among the burnt stuff I recognized part of the table we had eaten at all our lives. We were clean people. The table had been scrubbed and scoured until the soft parts of the grain were worn away and there was a pattern in the wood I could have recognized anywhere, blindfold, just by feeling it. They left the bodies unburied. I buried my father and mother, first covering my mother with my shirt, she being stripped naked. I put my brother between them. They had picked him up by the heels and beaten his brains out

against the floor. He was three years old.

Yes, there was plenty to remember.

I said, "Ox, I've got fuses and detonators under my jacket. I would have stayed with Mike if it hadn't been for that, honest to God!"

He said, "Keep the stuff dry, then. This is no time for heroics. For all I know we are the last of the free men."

This made me feel better. I said, "Mike ran into that dump with a dozen bullets in him."

The Ox said, "He might have done worse. He might have run away from the dump with a dozen bullets in him."

Mike's brother Thomas spat and said, "Shut up, you goddamn Ox."

He was a strong man, too, and a brave man, but he would never make a leader. This, as I once heard John say, was because he did not know how to take an order. He liked to argue. Leaders don't argue. He could give a command, but if he did so, you had the feeling that he didn't really expect to be obeyed. With Mike an order was a law; where he went, you followed.

Thomas was a good man, though. So were they all; everyone had been through fire and water and knew what it was to bed down in hell. John used to say that all the best men have been to hell. As the storm proves the boat, trouble proves the man, he would say.

John was a man. He was 30 years old, well educated; a man without fear, and in battle a wildcat. When John spoke, even Mike listened. The enemy captured him once and (being short of guards) broke his leg with an iron bar so that he could not run away. They tortured him for weeks. He let them concentrate on his fingernails and all that while the bone knitted. All the time he never spoke. One dark night he crawled away and escaped.

He had suffered his share—yes, indeed—and now he was dying. He said, "Ox, Ox, put me down. I am leaving a trail of blood for anybody to follow."

We had reached a little clearing in the forest, so disguised with brush that it would take a woodsman to find it. At that, a woodsman who knew that particular part of the woods. The Ox sighed. He felt the life going out of John. He set him down on a bed of moss so that his back was supported by a tree, and said, "Better let me ease that belt a bit."

"Take it off, Ox, and keep it. Keep the knife, too. It is a good bit of steel. Keep it. I won't need it now."

The Ox took the belt and the knife in silence. Then John looked at me and took out a little leather book, and gave it to me. He said, "For you, Martin." I took it. It was, I think, some book of poetry, but it was all gummed together with blood. I said, "I will learn to read."

He smiled at this. "Now go on and



leave me, friends. I am a dead man. The dead weigh heavy. Go."

We said nothing. Then the Ox said one word, "No!"

We stared at him. Nobody ever heard his voice sound like that, hard as iron. He said, "While there's life there's hope. I carry you as long as you breathe. The free men don't leave their kind to die."

Thomas said, "Hold it, Ox. I assume command, Mike being dead."

"By all means," the Ox said, "you are general officer in command, you are anything you like. Command. First of all, though, let me tell you what we've got to do."

He had the case of dynamite open and was handing out the sticks in bundles. "First and foremost we've got to get as much of this stuff home as we can, so we divide it equally and each carry a few pounds. Fuses and detonators—they're precious. Divide them up likewise. Stow the stuff away and we'll get going. Once we get across the footbridge we're all right. But by now the enemy is over its little shock and after us in force. Let's go."

"I'm in command here," said Thomas.

"Sure, sure." The Ox lifted John up again. He climbed out of the hollow, light and fast, and we all followed him as if we had been in the habit of doing so all our lives. Then we were deep in the woods again. We followed him because we could see that he knew exactly what he wanted to do. Although he moved so fast, I think that if John had been a bowl filled with water to the brim he would not have spilled a drop, he carried him so gently and steadily.

He reached the stream ahead of us. There he stopped dead. I knew that something bad had happened. Catching up with him, I saw that where we had left a swift but shallow brook the day before, there was a rushing torrent. There must have been a great cloudburst high up in the hills.

We were at the narrowest part where the little wooden bridge was. Only now there was no bridge. The flood had torn it down and tossed it away.

Between us and the other side lay 20 feet of foaming water driven by a current strong enough to whisk you away like a twig. Only a few of the piles of the bridge were standing a foot or so above the surface.

This was bad. Then, as we looked at one another, a little boy came running. He was too young for fighting, but he carried messages. He shouted above the noise of the water, "The enemy is coming. A strong force. Hide yourselves. They are no more than three miles away." Then he was gone.

Thomas said, "We must scatter and hide."

(continued on page 178)

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the guise of individualism. Because I have achieved a certain level of life, everyone should do the same. Inequity, poverty, limited circumstances are viewed not as realities, but as illusions that exist only in the mind.

However, there is another view of success that is quite different in its motivation. Only as each person does strive to do his best and has the possibility to do this will society become more of what we believe it ought to be—free and productive. As long as there are persons held in bondage—financial, religious, racial and circumstantial—our human resources are held in check and our society remains limited. As those who have achieved a sense of success in life move from a selfishness that affirms "every man must do what I did," to the realization that "I am responsible for the conditions of life that exist about me," only then have we done more than fallen for affluence. The uncommon man is the one who recognizes his dependence upon and his responsibility to the world in which he lives.

One of the most sensitive areas of life that *The Playboy Philosophy* touches on

is that of religion. It is at this point that Mr. Hefner takes issue with our culture as a whole. The Bill of Rights states very specifically that there shall be no official church. On the positive side this means that there shall be freedom of religion. And, as Hefner correctly indicates, this we have successfully protected. But there is another side of the issue that we have not maintained. That is—freedom from religion. It is this freedom that is at the heart of the liberal religious movement, and it served as the impetus for the initiation of Unitarian Universalism two centuries ago.

The freedom-from-religion concept does not suggest that there should be an absence of religion in the nation; but it does imply that there must be an absence of religious infiltration into the institutions of that society. Almost anyone who thinks about this for a moment realizes how difficult, if not impossible, it is for this to occur.

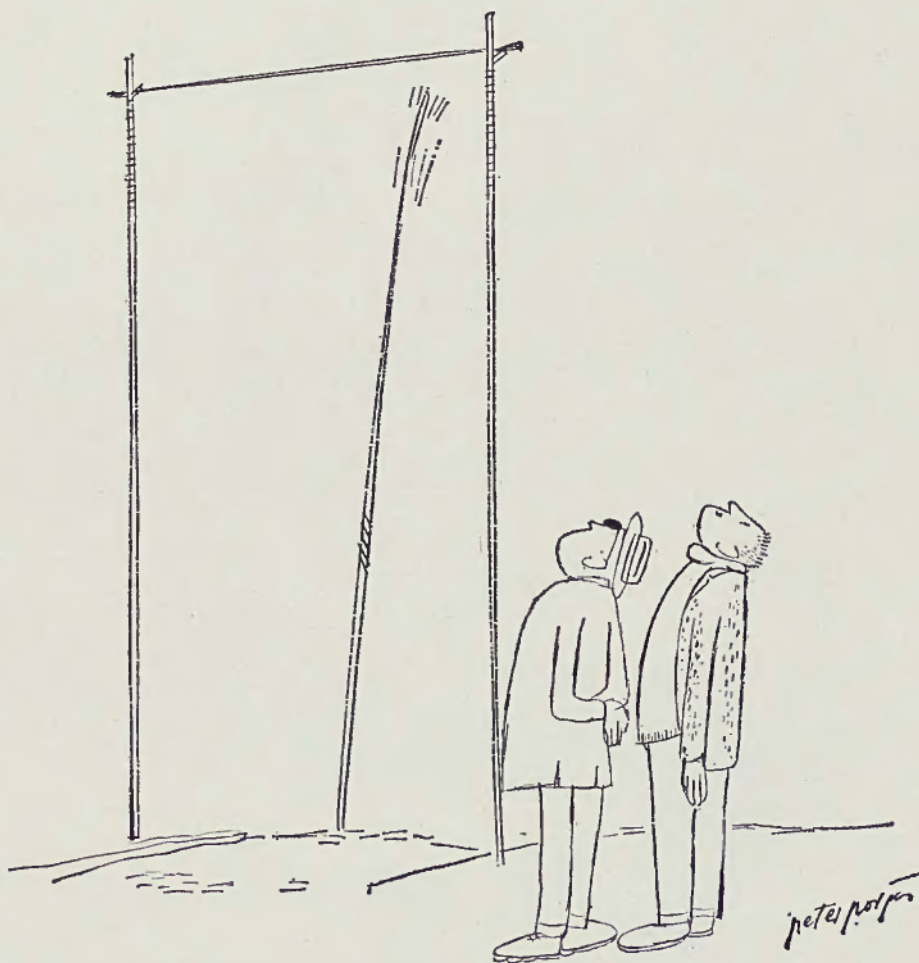
But it is just because it is too difficult that the ideal must not be neglected. Hefner points out that "at the heart of the matter is religion's belief in itself as an absolute: There are thousands of

different organized religions throughout the world and each is convinced that its own basic beliefs are divinely inspired and true." This is the precise danger that religion presents. Because of its belief in its own absoluteness, it carries with it inherent tendencies toward totalitarianism.

Most religions are based on faith, while democratic society requires the constant utilization of reason. As a result, the dictums of religion tend toward the irrational or, at least, the nonrational. This means that society as a whole is placed in an impossible position; it cannot challenge the decisions of religion, because these are supported and maintained by presuppositions that cannot be discussed or argued.

However, Mr. Hefner tends to create the impression that authoritarian and nonrational aspects are inherent in all religions. "America's religious heritage," he writes, "stresses selflessness, subservience to a greater Power and the paying of homage to Him in long-established, well-defined, well-organized ways; democracy teaches the importance of self, a belief in oneself and one's own abilities." He goes on to compare the religious ideas of living for others, meekness, and being born in sin with the democratic concepts of competition, the necessity of speaking out and the inborn goodness of human nature. What Mr. Hefner describes as the cornerstones of democracy happen to be the foundation blocks of liberal religion. It is for this reason, it seems to me, that Unitarian Universalism is the only religious orientation today that is thoroughly consistent with the democratic view of man. This discussion of religion in *The Playboy Philosophy* is essential, because it points up the inconsistencies that exist between democracy and Puritan-based religion in this country. It is about time that we come to the realization that certain forms of religion are directly opposed to the idea of an open and free society.

A large section of *The Playboy Philosophy* deals with the question of morality. Many of the criticisms that have been leveled against Mr. Hefner's thinking suggest that he advocates the libertine. The critics feel that he is encouraging promiscuity when he writes, "Modern American morality is an amalgamation of the superstitious paganism and masochistic asceticism of early Christianity; the sexual anxieties, feelings of guilt and shame, witch-hunting sadism and sex repression of the medieval Church; the desexualized courtly love of the troubadours; England's Romantic Age, wherein love was presumed to conquer all; and the prohibitively strict, severe, joyless, authoritarian, unresponsive book-banning, pleasure-baiting dogma of Calvinist Protestantism, Puritanism and Victorianism." Hefner then makes his



"Well... this ought to establish a new record."



point: "This is a morality that virtually assures us our high incidence of unhappy marriages, frequent divorces, impotence, masochism, frigidity, frustration and perversion."

It is a well-known psychological fact that continued suppression of feelings will result in violent eruptions in the life of an individual. This is precisely the difficulty with overprotection of the young. In an effort to shelter a child from life, parents oftentimes have the idea that they can keep their child free from what they term "the ravages of life." Unfortunately, just the opposite occurs. Long ago John Dewey and William James pointed out that it is only by participating in life that the individual comes to develop values that are his own. Attempts to indoctrinate a person are ineffective. Promiscuity and perversion are not the results of freedom; rather, they are the fruits of the inhibited life.

In a recent issue of *PLAYBOY*, Hefner answered a critic who said that *PLAYBOY* was violating the law of God. Hefner wrote, "We do not favor 'free love' or any blind or irrational pursuit of pleasure—we have never suggested a pattern of behavior based on the premise: Live for the moment and let tomorrow take care of itself. We have proposed a philosophy of living, rather, that places its emphasis on both today and tomorrow. We do not advocate sex as simply a sport and we do not believe that any human conduct should be removed from its consequences."

Psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists and sensitive religionists have expressed this idea for decades. The irrational suppression of human feelings will result in irrational human responses. This is the source of the libertine, irresponsible life. It is the shackled individual who develops antisocial tendencies. It has been those in society who have felt that man is basically evil, who have attempted to restrain and control human nature, and who have led man into his current moral plight.

Yes, I do believe there is a need for a new morality, and here I am in perfect agreement with *The Playboy Philosophy*. To suggest that our moral heritage is no longer viable is not to imply that immorality is the greatest good. We shall not achieve this new morality by attempting to return to the rigidities of Puritanism. Nor shall we arrive at a more enlightened position through a justification of our actions because of an "everybody does it" attitude. The morality that I seek is one that is centered on the welfare of persons and the ends of love in each situation. Of course, this requires rules and laws, but they will be guides to behavior, not prison bars of conscience. The morality of which I speak will seek ordered liberty, self-control, the discipline of a seeking mind



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and a loving heart and it will require the ability of human beings to renunciate the trivial in favor of the significant. The authoritarians will be displeased because this morality will be flexible and responsive to new situations and new truths. But it will not be possible to practice such an ethic until we unshackle ourselves and our children from the irrationalities of the past and the rigidities of outworn restrictions. In a phrase, only free people can be true to themselves. If we really believe in the possibility of human evolution, we must create conditions through which man can develop to new heights.

In essence, one's philosophy of life will depend on one's view of man. He may be looked upon as evil, who, when given freedom, will degenerate into little more than an animallike creature. But to live with such a view is to ignore everything that the history of man has taught us and it is to refute the democratic ideal that brought this nation into being. It is to deny what the great teachers of mankind have lived and died for through the centuries. Oppression of the human spirit by religion or by society can and will transform us into something less than human. If we are given the opportunity, we can seek after truth and beauty. If we are free from the domination of irrational forces, we will discover a way of life that is based on reason. If we view ourselves as significant persons, we will come to believe that the purpose of life is to be found in living

and thus we will be free to venture forth utilizing our own powers to the fullest. As Hefner writes, "Man should be free to explore the whole of reality—in the world and in himself—to strive, to achieve, to progress."

"One of the clearest dangers in modern society," writes John W. Gardner in his book *Self Renewal: The Individual and a Vital Society*, "is that men and women will lose the experience of participating in meaningful decisions concerning their own life and work, that they will become cogs in the machine because they feel like cogs in the machine. All too often today they are inert components of the group, not participating in any significant way, but simply being carried along like grains of sand in a bucket."

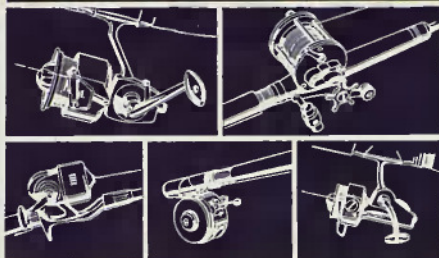
Call it what you will—*The Playboy Philosophy*, the liberal religious ideal of the free mind or the democratic belief in the worth of the person—it is a view toward life predicated upon the affirmation that the chief end of man is to glory man and enjoy him forever.

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## Fanny Hill

(continued from page 80)

in the knapsacks of thousands of GIs during World War Two, just as *Fanny* had been in the Civil War. As a result, such works as William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*, translations of the *Kama Sutra* and *The Perfumed Garden*, and Jean Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers* were able to appear unchallenged. But *Fanny Hill*, the most famous of all, was still considered too hot to handle.

The first attempt to make a proper literary lady out of *Fanny* took place as recently as 1963, when G. P. Putnam's Sons published the *Memoirs* in a legitimate trade edition. At once the D. A. s of all five boroughs of New York City moved to prosecute. The issue was plain: If *Fanny* were allowed to pass, then any other so-called pornographic work that celebrated the pleasures of the flesh without preaching any moral or pleading any cause could also come out into the open. In August of 1963, the case of the Corporation Counsel of the City of New York vs. G. P. Putnam's Sons was argued before Justice Arthur G. Klein of the state Supreme Court.

The defending attorney, Charles Rembar, introduced a half-dozen respected literary figures as *Fanny's* champions—J. Donald Adams, then a contributing editor to *The New York Times Book Review*; John Hollander, poet-critic and Assistant Professor of English Literature at Yale; Louis Untermeyer, poet and former Librarian of Congress; Gerald Willen, Assistant Professor of English at Hunter College; Eric Bentley, drama critic and Chairman of the Program of the Arts at Columbia University; and Walter J. Minton, president of G. P. Putnam's Sons. To refute these witnesses, Seymour B. Quel, the prosecuting lawyer, called to the stand The Reverend Dr. William F. Rosenblum, Rabbi of Temple Israel of Manhattan; Father Edward Soares, of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine; Julius Nierow, a social worker for the New York City Youth Board; and The Reverend Canon William S. Van Meter, of the Protestant Council of the City of New York.

All of these witnesses for the prosecution were confidently expected to testify that *Fanny* was, indeed, "patently offensive to current community standards of morality." However, to Mr. Quel's surprise and consternation, The Reverend Canon Van Meter had a change of heart when he took the stand:

Q. (from Mr. Quel): Canon have you read *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*?

A. Yes, sir. I read it last night in some detail, and have somewhat changed my views as a result of this; that is, I didn't find in it what I

expected to find, but I read it last night until four o'clock this morning.

Q. Have you an opinion as to whether the book conforms generally with community standards? Just answer that yes or no.

A. Yes.

A brouhaha ensued among the judge, the attorney for the defense and Mr. Quel, accompanied by objections, exceptions and counterobjections. Then The Reverend Canon was cross-examined by Mr. Rembar.

Q. Dr. Van Meter, you said just now that after reading the book your views of it had changed somewhat. Would you please expand on that statement?

A. Well, I had looked at this book very hurriedly. It came into my possession at 10:15 yesterday morning. . . . I was expecting to find a quite different kind of work. . . . Something which was titillating, or some such thing, and looked at passages which looked, at first examination, as quite lurid, and then I read the book as a whole, and I came out with a quite different view.

Q. What view did you come out with?

A. I came out with a view that this was a serious book, that there was some serious consideration of plot and character development, that it had some sociological importance, if a person were concerned with that period.

In an attempt to recoup, Mr. Quel later called his heretical witness back to the stand, but this proved to be even more damaging for the prosecution.

Q. Well, so far as the contemporary times are concerned, what is your opinion of the book?

A. I think that qualitatively it doesn't vary from a great deal of the literature which is currently available.

And that, it seems, was the decisive turn in the case. For in his decision upholding G. P. Putnam's publication of the book, Justice Klein declared:

"If the standards of the community are to be gauged by what it is permitted to read in its daily newspapers, then *Fanny Hill's* experiences contain little more than what the community has already encountered on the front pages of many of its newspapers in reporting of the recent 'Profumo' and other sensational cases involving sex.

"If the standards are to be measured by what the public has of late been permitted to view in the so-called 'foreign art' movies, and, indeed, some of our do-



mestic products, then it is equally clear that *Memoirs* does these standards no violence whatsoever . . .

"While the saga of *Fanny Hill* will undoubtedly never replace *Little Red Ridinghood* as a popular bedtime story, it is quite possible that were Fanny to be transposed from her mid-18th Century Georgian surroundings to our present-day society, she might conceivably encounter many things which would cause her to blush."

Soon after this victory, however, a 16-year-old virgin, approximately the same age as Fanny herself when she first went to the wicked city of London, was directed by her crusading bluenose mother to buy a copy of the *Memoirs* from a local Manhattan bookstore. A chance was lost to test the late Mayor Jimmy Walker's memorable dictum, "No girl was ever ruined by a book," for her mother immediately snatched it from her, had a summons issued against the bookseller, and *Fanny* once again was haled into court. This time (January 1964) she was indeed branded a whore by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court and the bookseller was convicted of corrupting the morals of a minor.

But finally, in the spring of last year, before the state's highest court (the Court of Appeals), *Fanny* was vindicated of all charges and can now take her place side by side with Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* on any respectable bookshelf. In only three states of the union—New Jersey, Rhode Island and Massachusetts—does she still wear an official badge of shame.

In fact, *Fanny* is now more at home in America than in the land of her birth. A London bookseller who advertised the *Memoirs* as "Banned in America" was brought to court in January of 1964 under the Obscene Publications Act. The prosecution, unwilling to allow a jury to decide the issue since its 1960 defeat in the case of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, brought action against the seller rather than the publisher—which in English law meant that a judge would have the sole power to decide the case. The defense called in as witnesses an array of authors and literary critics, including the distinguished biographer Peter Quennell, ex-M. P. and scholar H. Montgomery Hyde, and British novelist Marghanita Laski, while the prosecution produced no witnesses whatsoever except the two bobbies who had seized the book. Nevertheless, after listening to four days of testimony, the judge summarily convicted *Fanny* in a verdict that took him little more than a minute to deliver. As a result, only a bowdlerized version of the *Memoirs* can be obtained in Pecksniffian Britain at this time.

On this side of the Atlantic, however,

*Fanny* unadulterated may be procured not only in book form, but is reaching an even greater audience through records and cinema. Two albums of her amorous misadventures, cut on the Fax and Recorded Literature labels, have been available since last September. A legitimate theater effort is scheduled for production at Los Angeles' Ivar Theater with hopes of an eventual trip to Broadway. And as a movie heroine, *Fanny* can now be seen on both European and American screens.

The adaptation now showing abroad is a substantially budgeted Albert Zugsmith production, filmed last year in Berlin and directed by Russ (*The Immoral Mr. Teas*) Meyer, which features a creamy new dish of zabaglione named Letitia Roman as the unsinkable Fanny. The American version is only nine minutes long but in color and on a wide screen. Entitled *A Comedy Tale of Fanny Hill* and starring pert beauty-contest winner Judy Cannon, it was on the bill at the premiere of Chicago's Playboy Theater. Yet a third celluloid incarnation of *Fanny* has been announced by the London theatrical producer David Pelham.

At this writing, quite in keeping with her two-centuries-long battle for acceptance, the Zugsmith *Fanny* has not been given a seal of approval by the Motion

Picture Association of America. For the first time in the history of motion-picture self-censorship, a title itself, plain old *Fanny Hill, Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, has been sufficient to preclude issuance of the seal. Seal or no, *Fanny* is scheduled to make her U.S. bow shortly, after having opened in Israel. Undaunted by his troubles with the censors, Mr. Zugsmith plans to produce a sequel that carries on where *Fanny* left off, this one to be called *Fanny Hill Rides Again*.

Despite all the attempts by Grundys, bowdlers and kill-joys to suppress her, generations to come may very well wonder what all the fuss was about. To quote the poet William Blake:

*Children of the future age,  
Reading this indignant page,  
Know that in a former time,  
Love, sweet love, was thought a  
crime.*

Compared with most other novels that attempt to deal realistically with sex, *Fanny's Memoirs* are a paean to the pleasures of copulation without guilt or shame. Joy is the only message she preaches. As Miss Laski succinctly put it, "It is a jolly book."



"I'm sorry I called you a nut — it was  
a 'Freudian slip'!"



## THE EYE (continued from page 82)

full detail, and not without a certain pride, to Weinstock, who abhorred indecent stories and would emit a strong eloquent "Plui!" upon hearing something salacious. And that is why people were especially eager to tell him things of this nature.

Smurov would reach her room by the back stairs, and stay with her a long time. Apparently, Evgenia once noticed something—a quick scuttle at the end of the corridor, or muffled laughter behind the door—for she mentioned with irritation that Hilda (or Gretchen) had taken up with some fireman. During this outburst Smurov cleared his throat complacently a few times. The maid, casting down her charming dim eyes, would pass through the dining room; slowly and carefully place a bowl of fruit and her breasts on the sideboard; sleepily pause to brush back a dim fair lock off her temple, and then somnambule back to the kitchen; and Smurov would rub his hands together as if about to deliver a speech, or smile in the wrong places during the general conversation. Weinstock would grimace and spit in disgust when Smurov dwelt on the pleasure of watching the prim servant maid at work when, such a short time ago, gently pattering with bare feet on the bare floor, he had been fox-trotting with the creamy-haunched wench in her narrow little room to the distant sound of a phonograph coming from the masters' quarters: Mister Mukhin had brought back from London some really lovely records of moan-sweet Hawaiian dance music.

"You're an adventurer," Weinstock would say, "a Don Juan, a Casanova . . ." To himself, however, he undoubtedly called Smurov a double or triple agent and expected the little table within which fidgeted the ghost of Azef to yield important new revelations. This image of Smurov, though, interested me but little now: it was doomed to gradual fading owing to the absence of supporting evidence. The mystery of Smurov's personality, of course, remained, and one could imagine Weinstock, several years hence and in another city, mentioning, in passing, a strange man who had once worked as a salesman for him, and who now was God knows where. "Yes, a very odd character," Weinstock will say pensively. "A man knit of incomplete intimations, a man with a secret hidden in him. He could ruin a girl . . . Who had sent him, and whom he was trailing, it is hard to say. Though I did learn from one reliable source . . . But then I don't want to say anything."

Much more entertaining was Gretchen's (or Hilda's) concept of Smurov.

One day in January a new pair of silk stockings disappeared from Vanya's wardrobe, whereupon everyone remembered a multitude of other petty losses: 70 plennings in change left on the table and huffed like a piece in checkers; a crystal powder box that "escaped from the Nes S. S. R.," as Khrushchov punned; a silk handkerchief, much treasured for some reason ("Where on earth could I have put it?"). Then, one day, Smurov came wearing a bright-blue tie with a peacock sheen, and Khrushchov blinked and said that he used to have a tie just exactly like that; Smurov grew absurdly embarrassed, and he never wore that tie again. But, of course, it did not enter anyone's head that the silly goose had stolen the tie (she used to say, by the way, "A tie is a man's best ornament") and had given it, out of sheer mechanical habit, to her boyfriend of the moment—as Smurov bitterly informed Weinstock. Her undoing came when Evgenia happened to enter her room while she was out, and found in the dresser a collection of familiar articles resurrected from the dead. And so Gretchen (or Hilda) left for an unknown destination; Smurov tried to locate her but soon gave up and confessed to Weinstock that enough was enough. That evening Evgenia said she had learned some remarkable things from the janitor's wife. "It was not a fireman, it was not a fireman at all," said Evgenia, laughing, "but a foreign poet, isn't that delightful? . . . This foreign poet had had a tragic love affair and a family estate the size of Germany, but he was forbidden to return home, really delightful, isn't it? . . . It's a pity the janitor's wife didn't ask what his name was—I'm sure he was Russian, and I wouldn't even be surprised if it were someone who comes to see us . . . For instance, that chap last year, you know whom I mean—the dark boy with the fatal charm, what was his name?"

"I know whom you have in mind," Vanya put in. "That baron something or other."

"Or maybe it was somebody else," Evgenia went on. "Oh, that's so delightful! A gentleman who was all soul, a 'spiritual gentleman,' says the janitor's wife. I could die laughing . . ."

"I'll make a point of taking all that down," said Roman Bogdanovich in a juicy voice. "My friend in Tallin will get a most interesting letter."

"Don't you ever get tired of it?" asked Vanya. "I started keeping a diary several times but always dropped it. And when I read it over I was always ashamed of what I had put down."

"Oh, no," said Roman Bogdano-

vich. "If you do it thoroughly and regularly you get a good feeling, a feeling of self-preservation, so to speak—you preserve your entire life, and, in later years, rereading it, you may find it not devoid of fascination. For instance, I've done a description of you that would be the envy of any professional writer. A stroke here, a stroke there, and there it is—a complete portrait . . ."

"Oh, please show me!" said Vanya.

"I can't," Roman Bogdanovich answered with a smile.

"Then show it to Evgenia," said Vanya.

"I can't. I'd like to, but I can't. My Tallin friend stores up my weekly contributions as they arrive, and I deliberately keep no copies so there will be no temptation to make changes *ex post facto*—to cross things out and so on. And one day, when Roman Bogdanovich is very old, Roman Bogdanovich will sit down at his desk and start rereading his life. That's who I'm writing for—for the future old man with the Santa-Claus beard. And if I find that my life has been rich and worth while, then I shall leave this memoir as a lesson for posterity."

"And if it's all nonsense?" asked Vanya.

"What is nonsense to one may have sense for another," replied Roman Bogdanovich rather sourly.

The thought of this epistolary diary had long interested and somewhat troubled me. Gradually the desire to read at least one excerpt became a violent torment, a constant preoccupation. I had no doubt that those jottings contained a description of Smurov. I knew that very often a trivial account of conversations, and country rambles and one's neighbor's tulips or parrots, and what one had for lunch that overcast day when, for example, the king was beheaded—I knew that such trivial notes often live hundreds of years, and that one reads them with pleasure, for the savor of acnentry, for the name of a dish, for the festive-looking spaciousness where now tall buildings crowd together. And, besides, it often happens that the diarist, who in his lifetime has gone unnoticed or had been ridiculed by forgotten nonentities, emerges 200 years later as first-rate writer, who knew how to immortalize, with a struggle of his old-fashioned pen, an airy landscape, the smell of a stagecoach, or the oddities of an acquaintance. At the very thought that Smurov's image might be so securely, so lastingly preserved I felt a sacred chill, I grew crazed with desire, and felt that I must at any cost interpose myself spectrally between Roman Bogdanovich and his friend in Tallin. Experience warned me, of course, that the particular image of Smurov, which was perhaps



destined to live forever (to the delight of scholars), might be a shock to me; but the urge to gain possession of this secret, to see Smurov through the eyes of future centuries, was so bedazzling that no thought of disappointment could frighten me. I feared only one thing—a lengthy and meticulous perustration, since it was difficult to imagine that in the very first letter I intercepted, Roman Bogdanovich would start right off (like the voice, in full swing, that bursts upon your ears when you turn on the radio for a moment) with an eloquent report on Smurov.

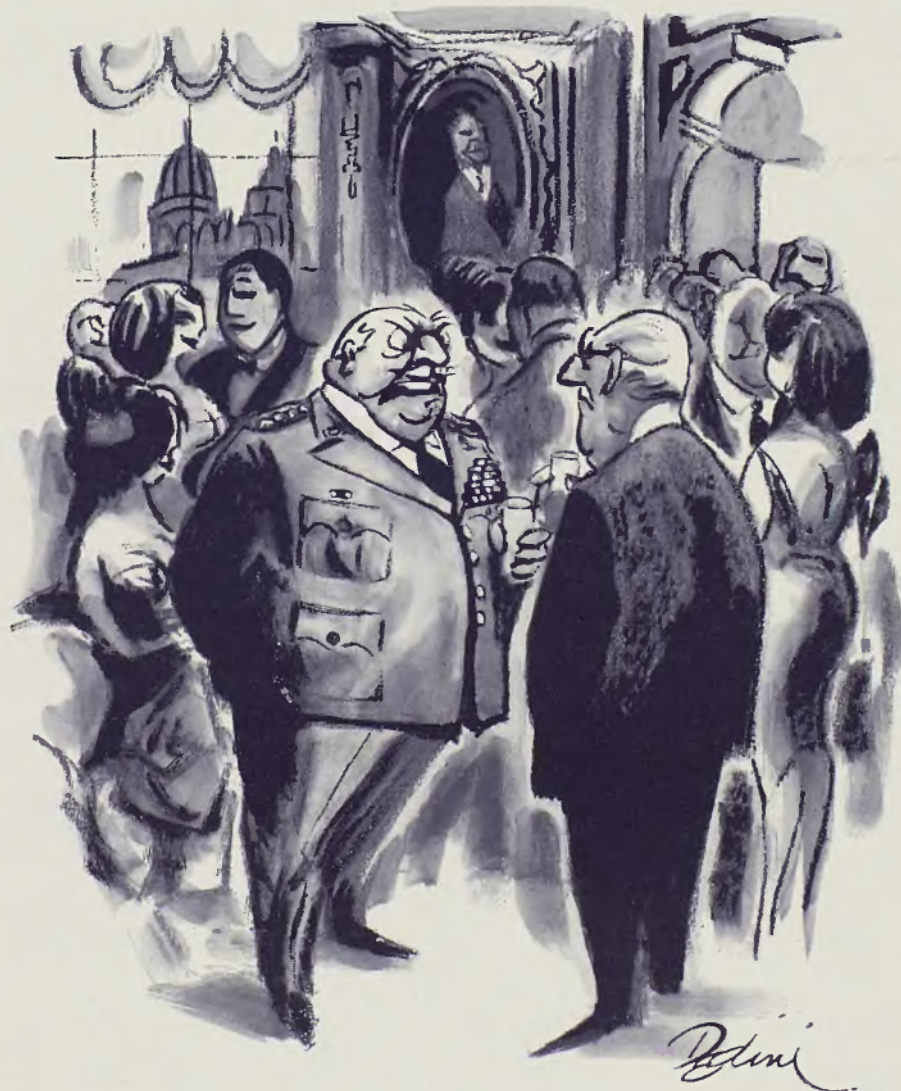
I recall a dark street on a stormy March night. The clouds rolled across the sky, assuming various grotesque attitudes like staggering and ballooning buffoons in a hideous carnival, while, hunched up in the blow, holding onto my derby which I felt would explode like a bomb if I let go of its brim, I stood by the house where lived Roman Bogdanovich. The only witnesses to my vigil were a street light that seemed to blink because of the wind, and a sheet of wrapping paper that now scurried along the sidewalk, now attempted with odious friskiness to wrap itself around my legs, no matter how hard I tried to kick it away. Never before had I experienced such a wind or seen such a drunken, disheveled sky. And this irked me. I had come to spy on a ritual—Roman Bogdanovich, at midnight between Friday and Saturday, depositing a letter in the mailbox—and it was essential that I see it with my own eyes before I begin developing the vague plan I had conceived. I hoped that as soon as I saw Roman Bogdanovich struggling with the wind for possession of the mailbox, my bodiless plan would immediately grow alive and distinct (I was thinking of rigging up an open sack which I would somehow introduce into the mailbox, placing it in such a way that a letter dropped into the slot would fall into my net). But this wind—now humming under the dome of my headgear, now inflating my trousers, or clinging to my legs until they seemed skeletal—was in my way, preventing me from concentrating on the matter. Midnight would soon close completely the acute angle of time; I knew that Roman Bogdanovich was punctual. I looked at the house and tried to guess behind which of the three or four lighted windows there sat at this very moment a man, bent over a sheet of paper, creating an image, perhaps immortal, of Smurov. Then I would shift my gaze to the dark cube fixed to the cast-iron railing, to that dark mailbox into which presently an unthinkable letter would sink, as into eternity. I stood away from the street light; and the shadows afforded me a kind of hectic protection. Suddenly a

yellow glow appeared in the glass of the front door, and in my excitement I loosened my grip on the brim of my hat. In the next instant I was gyrating on one spot, both hands raised, as if the hat just snatched from me were still flying around my head. With a light thump, the derby fell and rolled away on the sidewalk. I dashed in pursuit, trying to step on the thing to stop it—and almost collided on the run with Roman Bogdanovich, who picked up my hat with one hand, while holding with the other a sealed envelope that looked white and enormous. I think my appearance in his neighborhood at that late hour puzzled him. For a moment the wind enveloped us in its violence; I yelled a greeting, trying to shout out the din of the demented night, and then, with two fingers, lightly and neatly plucked the letter from Roman Bogdanovich's hand. "I'll mail it, I'll mail it," I shouted. "It's on my way, it's on my way . . ." I had time to glimpse an expression of alarm

and uncertainty on his face, but I immediately made off, running the 20 yards to the mailbox into which I pretended to thrust something, but instead squeezed the letter into my inside breast pocket. Here he overtook me. I noticed his carpet slippers. "What manners you have," he said with displeasure. "Perhaps I had no intention to post it. Here, take this hat of yours . . . Ever see such a wind? . . ."

"I'm in a hurry," I gasped (the swift night took my breath away). "Goodbye, goodbye!" My shadow, as it plunged into the aura of the street lamp, stretched out and passed me, but then was lost in the darkness. No sooner had I left that street, than the wind ceased; all was startlingly still, and amid the stillness a streetcar was groaning around a turn.

I hopped on it without glancing at its number, for what lured me was the festive brightness of its interior, since I had to have light immediately. I found a



*"I think war is nature's way!"*



cozy corner seat, and with furious haste ripped open the envelope. Here someone came up to me and, with a start, I placed my hat over the letter. But it was only the conductor. Feigning a yawn, I calmly paid for my ticket, but kept the letter concealed all the time, so as to be safe from possible testimony in court—there is nothing more damning than those inconspicuous witnesses, conductors, taxi drivers, janitors. He went away and I unfolded the letter. It was ten pages long, in a round hand and without a single correction. The beginning was not very interesting. I skipped several pages and suddenly, like a familiar face amid a hazy crowd, there was Smurov's name. What amazing luck!

"I propose, my dear Fyodor Robertovich, to return briefly to that rascal. I fear it may bore you, but, in the words of the Swan of Weimar—I refer to the illustrious Goethe—(there followed a German phrase). Therefore allow me to dwell on Mr. Smurov again and treat you to a little psychological study . . ."

I paused and looked up at a milk chocolate advertisement with lilac alps. This was my last chance to renounce penetrating into the secret of Smurov's immortality. What did I care if this letter would indeed travel across a remote mountain pass into the next century, whose very designation—a two and three zeros—is so fantastic as to seem absurd? What did it matter to me to what kind of portrait a long-dead author would "treat," to use his own vile expression, his unknown posterity? And anyway, was it not high time to abandon my enterprise, to call off the hunt, the watch, the insane attempt to corner Smurov? But alas, this was mental rhetoric: I knew perfectly well that no force on earth could prevent me from reading that letter.

"I have the impression, dear friend, that I have already written you of the fact that Smurov belongs to that curious class of people I once called 'sexual lefties.' Smurov's entire appearance, his frailness, his decadence, his mincing gestures, his fondness for Eau de Cologne, and, in particular, those furtive, passionate glances that he constantly directs toward your humble servant—all this has long since confirmed this conjecture of mine. It is remarkable that these sexually unfortunate individuals, while yearning physically for some handsome specimen of mature virility, often choose for object of their (perfectly platonic) admiration—a woman—a woman they know well, slightly, or not at all. And so Smurov, notwithstanding his perversion, has chosen Varvara as his ideal. This comely but rather stupid lass is engaged to a certain M. M. Mukhin, one of the youngest colonels in the White Army, so Smurov has full assurance that he will not be compelled to perform that

which he is neither capable nor desirous of performing with any lady, even if she were Cleopatra herself. Furthermore, the 'sexual lefty'—I admit I find the expression exceptionally apt—frequently nurtures a tendency to break the law, which infraction is further facilitated for him by the fact that an infraction of the law of nature is already there. Here again our friend Smurov is no exception. Imagine, the other day Filip Innokentievich Khrushchov confided to me that Smurov is a thief, a thief in the ugliest sense of the word. My interlocutor, so it turned out, had handed him a silver snuffbox with occult symbols—an object of great age—and had asked him to show it to an expert. Smurov took this beautiful antique and the next day announced to Khrushchov with all the outward signs of dismay that he had lost it. I listened to Khrushchov's account and explained to him that sometimes the urge to steal is a purely pathological phenomenon, even having a scientific name—kleptomania. Khrushchov, like many pleasant but limited people, began naïvely denying that in the present instance we are dealing with a 'kleptomaniac' and not a criminal. I did not set forth certain arguments that would undoubtedly have convinced him. To me everything is clear as day. Instead of branding Smurov with the humiliating designation of 'thief,' I am sincerely sorry for him, paradoxical as it may seem.

"The weather has changed for the worse, or, rather, for the better, for are not this slush and wind harbingers of spring, pretty little spring, which, even in an elderly man's heart, arouses vague desires? An aphorism comes to mind that will doubtless—"

I skimmed to the end of the letter. There was nothing further of interest to me. I cleared my throat and with untrembling hands tidely folded the sheets.

"Terminal stop, sir," a gruff voice said over me.

Night, rain, the outskirts of the city . . .

Dressed in a remarkable fur coat with a feminine collar, Smurov is sitting on a step of the staircase. Suddenly, Khrushchov, also in fur, comes down and sits next to him. It is very difficult for Smurov to begin, but there is little time, and he must take the plunge. He frees a slender hand sparkling with rings—rubies, all rubies—from the ample fur sleeve and, smoothing his hair, says, "There is something of which I want to remind you, Filip Innokentievich. Please listen carefully."

Khrushchov nods. He blows his nose (he has a bad cold from constantly sitting on the stairs). He nods again, and his swollen nose twitches.

Smurov continues, "I am about to speak of a small incident that occurred recently. Please listen carefully."

"At your service," replies Khrushchov.

"It is difficult for me to begin," says Smurov. "I might betray myself by an incautious word. Listen carefully. Listen to me, please. You must understand that I return to this incident without any particular thought at the back of my mind. It would not even enter my head that you should think me a thief. You yourself must agree with me that I cannot possibly know of your thinking this—after all, I don't read other people's letters. I want you to understand that the subject has come up quite by chance . . . Are you listening?"

"Go on," says Khrushchov, snuggling in his fur.

"Good. Let us think back, Filip Innokentievich. Let us recall the silver miniature. You asked me to show it to Weinstock. Listen carefully. As I left you I was holding it in my hand. No, no, please don't recite the alphabet. I can communicate with you perfectly well without the alphabet. And I swear, I swear by Vanya, I swear by all the women I have loved, I swear that every word of the person whose name I cannot utter—since otherwise you will think I read other people's mail, and am therefore capable of thievery as well—I swear that every word of his is a lie: I really did lose it. I came home, and I no longer had it, and it is not my fault. It is just that I am very absent-minded, and love her so much."

But Khrushchov does not believe Smurov; he shakes his head. In vain does Smurov swear, in vain does he wring his white, glittering hands—it is no use, words to convince Khrushchov do not exist. (Here my dream exhausted its meager supply of logic: by now the staircase on which the conversation took place was standing all by itself in open country, and below there were terraced gardens and the haze of trees in blurry bloom; the terraces stretched away into the distance, where one seemed to distinguish cascades and mountain meadows.) "Yes, yes," said Khrushchov in a hard menacing voice. "There was something inside that box, therefore it is irreplaceable. Inside it was Vanya—yes, yes, this happens sometimes to girls . . . A very rare phenomenon, but it happens, it happens . . ."

I awoke. It was early morning. The windowpanes were trembling from a passing truck. They had long ceased to be frosted with a mauve film, for spring was near. I paused to think how much had happened lately, how many new people I had met, and how enthralling, how hopeless was this house-to-house search, this quest of mine for the real Smurov. There is no use to dissemble—all these people I met were not live beings but only chance mirrors for



Smurov; one among them, though, and for me the most important, the brightest mirror of all, still would not yield me Smurov's reflection. Hosts and guests at 5 Peacock Street move before me from light to shade, effortlessly, innocently, created merely for my amusement. Once again Mukhin, rising slightly from the sofa, stretches his hand across the table toward the ashtray, but I see neither his face, nor that hand with the cigarette; I see only his other hand, which (already unconsciously!) rests momentarily on Vanya's knee. Once again Roman Bogdanovich, bearded and with a pair of red apples for cheeks, bends his congested face to blow on the tea, and again Marianna sits down and crosses her legs, thin legs in apricot-colored stockings. And, as a joke—it was Christmas Eve, I think—Khrushchov pulls on his wife's fur coat, assumes mannequin attitudes before the mirror, and walks about the room to general laughter, which gradually begins to grow forced, because Khrushchov always overdoes his jokes. Evgenia's lovely little hand, with its nails so glossy they seem moist, picks up a table-tennis paddle, and the little celluloid ball pings dutifully back and forth across the green net. And in the semidarkness Weinstock floats by, seated at his planchette table as if at a steering wheel; again the maid

—Hilda or Gretchen—passes dreamily from one door to another, and suddenly begins to whisper and wriggle out of her dress. Whenever I wish, I can accelerate or retard to ridiculous slowness the motions of all these people, or distribute them in different groups, or arrange them in various patterns, lighting them now from below, now from the side . . . For me, their entire existence has been merely a shimmer on a screen.

But wait, life did make one last attempt to prove to me that it was real—oppressive and tender, provoking excitement and torment, possessed of blinding possibilities for happiness, with tears, with a warm wind.

That day I climbed up to their flat at noon. I found the door unlocked, the rooms empty, the windows open. Somewhere a vacuum cleaner was putting its whole heart into an ardent whir. All at once, through the glass door leading from the parlor to the balcony, I saw Vanya's bowed head. She was sitting on the balcony with a book and—strangely enough—this was the first time I found her at home alone. Ever since I had been trying to subdue my love by telling myself that Vanya, like all the others, existed only in my imagination, and was a mere mirror, I had got into the habit of assuming a special jaunty tone with her,

and now, greeting her, I said, without the least embarrassment, that she was "like a princess welcoming spring from her lofty tower." The balcony was quite small, with empty green flower boxes, and, in one corner, a broken clay pot, which I mentally compared to my heart, since it often happens that one's style of speaking to a person affects one's way of thinking in that person's presence. The day was warm, though not very sunny, with a touch of turbidity and dampness—diluted sunlight and a tipsy but meek little breeze, fresh from a visit to some public garden where the young grass was already nappy and green against the black of the loam. I took a breath of this air, and realized simultaneously that Vanya's wedding was only a week away. This thought brought back all the yearn and ache, I forgot again about Smurov, forgot that I must talk in a carefree manner. I turned away and began looking down at the street. How high we were, and so completely alone. "He will be quite a while yet," said Vanya. "They keep you waiting for hours in those offices."

"Your romantic vigil . . ." I began, compelling myself to maintain that life-saving levity, and trying to convince myself that the vernal breeze was a bit vulgar too, and that I was enjoying myself hugely.

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I had not yet taken a good look at Vanya; I always needed a little time to get acclimated to her presence before looking at her. Now I saw she was wearing a black silk skirt and a white pullover with a low V neck, and that her hairdo was especially sleek. She went on looking through her lorgnette at the open book—a pogromystic novelette by a Russian lady in Belgrade or Harbin. How high we were above the street, right up in the gentle, rumpled sky . . . The vacuum cleaner inside stopped its buzzing. “Uncle Pasha is dead,” she said, lifting her head. “Yes, we got a telegram this morning.”

What did I care if the existence of that jovial, half-witted old man had come to an end? But at the thought that, along with him, had died the happiest, the shortest-lived image of Smurov, the image of Smurov the bridegroom, I felt that I could no longer restrain the agitation that had long been welling within me. I do not know how it started—there must have been some preparatory motions—but I remember finding myself perching on the wide wicker arm of Vanya's chair, and already clutching her wrist—that long-dreamt-of, forbidden contact. She blushed violently, and her eyes suddenly began to shine with tears—how clearly I saw her dark lower eyelid fill with glistening moisture. At the same time she kept smiling—as though with unexpected generosity she wished to bestow on me all the various expressions of her beauty. “He was such an amusing old man,” she said to explain the radiance on her lips, but I interrupted her:

“I can't go on like this, I can't stand it any longer,” I mumbled, now snatching her wrist, which would immediately grow tense, now turning an obedient leaf in the book on her lap, “I have to tell you . . . It doesn't make any difference now—I am leaving and shall never see you again. I have to tell you. After all, you don't know me . . . But actually I wear a mask—I am always hidden behind a mask . . .”

“Come, come,” said Vanya, “I know you very well indeed, and I see everything, and understand everything. You are a good, intelligent person. Wait a moment, I'll take my handkerchief. You're sitting on it. No, it fell down. Thank you. Please let go of my hand—you mustn't touch me like that. Please, don't.”

She was smiling anew, assiduously and comically raising her eyebrows, as if inviting me to smile too, but I had lost all control of myself, and some impossible hope was fluttering near me; I went on talking and gesticulating so wildly that the wicker chair arm creaked under me, and there were moments when the

parting in Vanya's hair was right under my lips, whereupon she would carefully move her head away.

“More than life itself,” I was saying rapidly, “more than life itself, and already for a long time, since the very first moment. And you are the first person that has ever told me that I am good . . .”

“Please don't,” pleaded Vanya. “You are only hurting yourself, and me. Look, why don't you let me tell you how Roman Bogdanovich made a declaration of love to me. It was hilarious . . .”

“Don't you dare,” I cried. “Who cares about that clown? I know, I know you would be happy with me. And, if there is anything about me that you don't like, I'll change—in any way you wish, I'll change.”

“I like everything about you,” said Vanya, “even your poetic imagination. Even your propensity to exaggerate at times. But above all I like your kindness—for you are very kind, and love everyone very much, and then you're always so absurd and charming. All the same, though, please stop grabbing my hand, or I shall simply get up and leave.”

“So there is hope after all?” I asked.

“Absolutely none,” said Vanya. “And you know it perfectly well yourself. And besides, he should be here any minute now.”

“You cannot love him,” I shouted. “You are deceiving yourself. He is not worthy of you. I could tell you some awful things about him.”

“That will be enough,” said Vanya and made as if to get up. But at this point, wishing to arrest her movement, I involuntarily and uncomfortably embraced her, and at the warm, woolly, transparent feel of her pullover a turbid, excruciating delight began to bubble within me; I was ready for anything, even for the most revolting torture, but I had to kiss her at least once.

“Why are you struggling?” I babbled. “What can it cost you? For you it's only a little act of charity—for me, it's everything.”

I believe I might have consummated a shiver of oneirotic rapture had I been able to hold her a few seconds longer; but she managed to free herself and stand up. She moved away to the balcony railing, clearing her throat and narrowing her eyes at me, and somewhere in the sky there rose a long harp-like vibration—the final note. I had nothing more to lose. I blurted out everything, I shouted that Mukhin did not and could not love her, in a torrent of triteness I depicted the certainty of our happiness if she married me, and, finally, feeling that I was about to break into tears, threw down her book, which somehow I happened to be holding, and turned to go, forever leaving Vanya on

her balcony, with the wind, with the hazy spring sky, and with the mysterious bass sound of an invisible airplane.

In the parlor, not far from the door, Mukhin sat smoking. He followed me with his eyes and said calmly, “I never thought you were such a scoundrel.” I saluted him with a curt nod of the head and left.

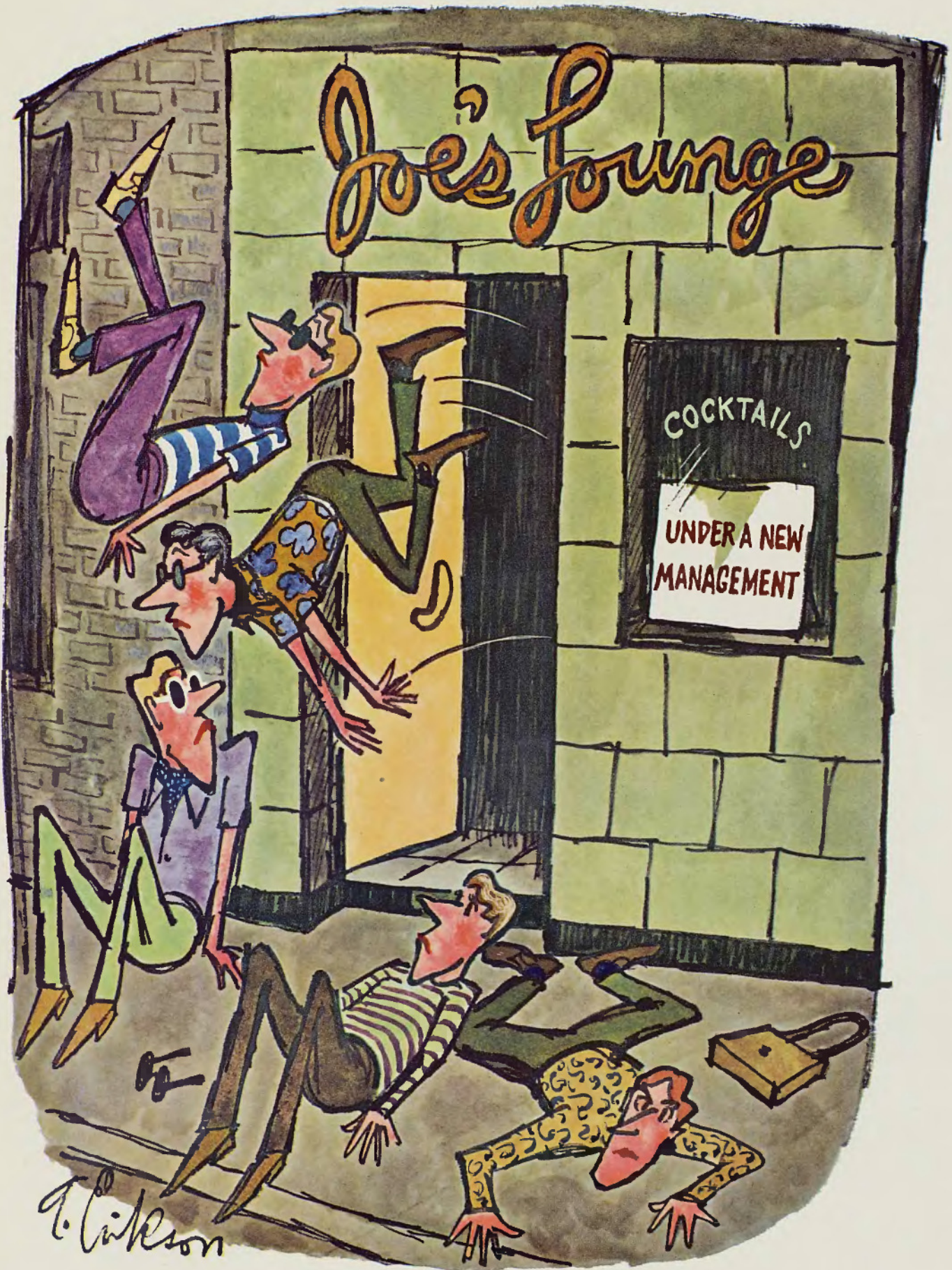
I descended to my room, took my hat, and hurried out into the street. Upon entering the first flower shop I saw, I began tapping my heel and whistling, as there was no one in sight. The enchantingly fresh aroma of flowers all around me stimulated my voluptuous impatience. The street continued in the side mirror adjoining the display window, but this was but an illusionary continuation: a car that had passed from left to right would vanish abruptly, even though the street awaited it imperturbably; another car, which had been approaching from the opposite direction, would vanish as well—one of them had been only a reflection. Finally the salesgirl appeared. I selected a big bouquet of lilies of the valley; cold gems dripped from their resilient bells, and the salesgirl's fourth finger was bandaged—must have pricked herself. She went behind the counter and for a long time fussed and rustled with a lot of nasty paper. The tightly bound stems formed a thick, rigid sausage; never had I imagined that lilies of the valley could be so heavy. As I pushed the door, I noticed the reflection in the side mirror: a young man in a derby carrying a bouquet, hurried toward me. That reflection and I merged into one. I walked out into the street.

I walked in extreme haste, with mincing steps, surrounded by a cloudlet of floral moisture, trying not to think about anything, trying to believe in the marvelous healing power of the particular place toward which I hurried. Going there was the only way to avert disaster: life, hot and burdensome, full of the familiar torment, was about to bear down on me again and rudely disprove that I was a ghost. It is frightening when real life suddenly turns out to be a dream, but how much more frightening when that which one had thought a dream—fluid and irresponsible—suddenly starts to congeal into reality! I had to put a stop to this, and I knew how to do it.

Upon reaching my destination, I began to press the button of the bell, without pausing to catch my breath; I rang as if quenching an unbearable thirst—lengthily, greedily, in utter self-oblivion. “All right, all right, all right,” she grumbled, opening the door. I dashed across the threshold and thrust the bouquet into her hands.

“Oh, how beautiful!” she said, and, a







little bewildered, fixed me with her old, pale-blue eyes.

"Don't thank me," I shouted, impetuously raising my hand, "but do me one favor: allow me to have a look at my old room, I implore you."

"The room?" said the old lady. "I'm sorry, but unfortunately it is not free. But how beautiful, how nice of you—"

"You didn't quite understand me," I said, quivering with impatience. "I only want to have a look. That's all. Nothing more. For the flowers I brought you. Please. I'm sure the roomer has gone to work . . ."

Deftly slipping past her, I ran along the corridor, and she came after me. "Oh dear, the room is rented," she kept repeating. "Dr. Galgen has no intention of leaving. I can't let you have it."

I yanked the door open. The furniture was somewhat differently distributed; a new pitcher stood on the washstand; and, on the wall behind it I found the hole, carefully plastered over

—yes, the moment I found it I felt reassured. With my hand pressed to my heart I gazed at the secret mark of my bullet: it was my proof that I had really died; the world immediately regained its reassuring insignificance—I was strong once again, nothing could hurt me. With one sweep of my fancy I was ready to evoke the most fearsome shade from my former existence.

With a dignified bow to the old woman I left this room where, once upon a time, a man had bent over double as he released the fatal spring. In passing through the front hall, I noticed my flowers lying on the table and, feigning absent-mindedness, scooped them up, telling myself that the stupid old woman little deserved such an expensive gift. In fact, I could put it to better use—for instance, I could send it to Vanya, with a note both sad and humorous. The moist freshness of the flowers felt good; the thin paper had yielded here and there, and, squeezing with my

fingers the cool green body of the stems, I recalled the gurgling and dripping that had accompanied me into nothingness. I walked leisurely along the very edge of the sidewalk and, half-closing my eyes, imagined that I was moving along the rim of a precipice, when a voice suddenly hailed me from behind.

"Gospodin Smurov," it said in a loud but hesitant tone. I turned at the sound of my name, involuntarily stepping off the sidewalk with one foot. It was Kashmarin, Matilda's husband, and he was pulling off a yellow glove, in a terrific hurry to proffer me his hand. He was without the famous cane, and had changed somehow—perhaps he had put on weight. There was an embarrassed expression on his face, and his large, lusterless teeth were simultaneously gritting at the rebellious glove and grinning at me. At last his hand, with outspread fingers, fairly gushed toward me. I felt an odd weakness; I was deeply touched; my eyes even began to smart.

"Smurov," he said, "you can't imagine how glad I am to have run into you. I've been searching for you frantically but nobody knew your address."

Here it dawned upon me that I was listening much too politely to this apparition from my former life, and, deciding to take him down a peg or two, I said, "I have nothing to discuss with you. You should be grateful I did not take you to court."

"Look, Smurov," he said plaintively, "I'm trying to apologize for my vile temper. I couldn't live at peace with myself after our—uh—heated discussion. I felt horrible about it. Allow me to confess something to you, as one gentleman to another. You see, I learned afterward that you were neither the first nor the last, and I divorced her—yes, divorced her."

"There can be no question of you and me discussing anything," I said, and took a sniff of my fat, cold bouquet.

"Oh, don't be so spiteful!" exclaimed Kashmarin. "Come on, hit me, give me a good punch, and then we'll make up. You don't want to? There, you're smiling—that's a good sign. No, don't hide behind those flowers—I can see you're smiling. So, now we can talk like friends. Allow me to ask how much money you are making."

I pouted awhile longer, and then answered him. All along I had to restrain a desire to say something nice, something to show how touched I was.

"Well, then, look," said Kashmarin. "I'll get you a job that pays three times as much. Come and see me tomorrow morning at the Hotel Monopole. I'll introduce you to a useful person. The job is a snap, and trips to the Riviera and to Italy are not to be ruled out. Automo-



MARY MURPHY

"That's nice, dear . . . Tell Aunt Marie why you think she's a 'swinger' . . ."



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bile business. You'll stop by, then?"

He had, as they say, hit the bull's-eye. I had long been fed up with Weinstock and his books. I started sniffing at the cold flowers again, hiding in them my joy and my gratitude.

"I'll think it over," I said, and sneezed.

"God bless you!" exclaimed Kashmarin. "Don't forget then—tomorrow. I'm so glad, so very glad I ran into you."

We parted. I ambled on slowly, my nose buried in the bouquet.

Kashmarin had borne away yet another image of Smurov. Does it make any difference which? For I do not exist; there exist but the thousands of mirrors that reflect me. With every acquaintance I make, the population of phantoms resembling me increases. Somewhere they live, somewhere they multiply. I alone do not exist. Smurov, however, will live on for a long time. The two boys, those pupils of mine, will grow old, and some image or other of me will live within them like a tenacious parasite. And then will come the day when the last person who remembers me will die. A fetus in reverse, my image, too, will dwindle and die within that last witness of the crime I committed by the mere fact of living. Perhaps a chance story about me, a simple anecdote in which I figure, will pass on from him to his son or grandson, and so my name and my ghost will appear fleetingly here and there for some time still. Then will come the end.

And yet I am happy. Yes, happy. I swear, I swear I am happy. I have realized that the only happiness in this world is to observe, to spy, to watch, to scrutinize oneself and others, to be nothing but a big, slightly vitreous, somewhat bloodshot, unblinking eye. I swear that this is happiness. What does it matter that I am a bit cheap, a bit foul, and that no one appreciates all the remarkable things about me—my fantasy, my erudition, my literary gift . . . I am happy that I can gaze at myself, for any man is absorbing—yes, really absorbing! The world, try as it may, cannot insult me. I am invulnerable. And what do I care if she marries another? Every other night I dream of her dresses and things on an endless clothesline of bliss, in a ceaseless wind of possession, and her husband shall never learn what I do to the silks and fleece of the dancing witch. This is love's supreme accomplishment. I am happy—yes, happy! What more can I do to prove it, how to proclaim that I am happy? Oh, to shout it so that all of you believe me at last, you cruel, smug people . . .

*This is the last installment of a three-part serialization of "The Eye" by Vladimir Nabokov.*



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## SCOTSMAN'S REVENGE

(continued from page 75)

logically in Pearl Harbor and the dazed surprise of Curtiss P-40 pilots on their first encounters with the Mitsubishi Zero.

In the 1940s and 1950s we were treated to a variation on the same theme, equally successful, if not, or at least not yet, so pointedly demonstrated, this time by the Russians. The thesis was similar: "The Russians are a nation of ham-handed peasants, quite incapable of operating, much less designing anything more complicated than a harness buckle. They fought World War II with U.S. lend-lease equipment, all of which was ruined because they didn't know enough to lubricate it. Their hopeless sense of inferiority in scientific matters causes them to issue, every 30 days, another absurd claim to the invention of the wheel, or fire by friction, or the revolving door, or whatever. But they have never invented anything and they have never left the 19th Century."

The most prominent victim of this simple but stunningly successful campaign was probably Mr. Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense under Eisenhower, who greeted a subordinate's report on the progress of Soviet rocketry with explosive skepticism: "The Russians can't make a two-and-a-half-ton truck or a working flush toilet—and you're trying to tell me they've got an intercontinental ballistic missile!"

It was noticeable that while they were busily throwing up for U.S. editorial-page sharpshooters such clay pigeons as a claim to the invention of the Linotype machine, the Russians said little about K. E. Tsiolkovsky, the primary world authority on liquid-fueled rockets, whose work preceded by 28 years Robert H. Goddard's launching of the first one in Massachusetts in 1926. (It can thus be argued that the missile gap between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. began in 1898.)

It has been some time since the Soviets threw us a hush puppy. No claim that electric lighting was invented by an Astrakhan muzhik has lately been advanced. The Soviets have gone on to a secondary phase of the operation: "U.S.S.R. rockets are bigger, more powerful, longer-ranged, longer-lived, safer, better in every way, better, better, better..." (This is reminiscent of Joseph Goebbels' brilliant minor operation with German racing automobiles just before World War II. He took effective advantage of the popularity of auto racing in Europe, and the German skill in it, by heavily subsidizing the two biggest German producers, Mercedes-Benz and Auto Union. Adding the sheer weight of money to talented designers, skilled

builders and the best drivers available, the two firms soon put competing British, French and Italian companies to the wall, and race spectators in the hundreds of thousands came to concede that if Mercedes didn't win, Auto Union would, because the Germans were, as near as no matter, unconquerable. Incidentally, both cars produced unusually loud exhaust notes, the *Auspuff* of the 16-cylinder Auto Union being almost frightening. Although race cars are expected to be loud, the ripping screech of the Auto Union was constantly remarked. To serve the same purpose, a high noise factor was said to have been designed into the Stuka dive bomber. Road-traveling refugees who underwent low-level Stuka attacks never forgot the hellish racket the thing made.)

It is noticeable that the Japanese and the Russian operations had much in common. (1) Each was based on some truthful substance. (The Japanese *are* small, some of them *do* wear kimonos; the Russian peasant, until recent years, had little experience with mechanical devices.) (2) Each told the intended victim what he wanted to hear, thus insuring that he would believe and repeat. (3) Each was derogatory of the originating country. This is a defense against the suspicion of propaganda. (4) Each attracted and pleased the most devoted enemies of the originating country. For example, the reactionary press in the United States was hopelessly gulled: "The Russians could never have built The Bomb without German scientists." "The Russians could never have built The Bomb without stolen U. S. secrets." In the minority were editorialists who said, "The hell with *how* they got it. The trouble is, they have it, and how are we going to catch up to them and pass them?"

What is to be learned from all this? That in two important instances the American people were led up the garden path like children. More important, how are we to prevent its happening again? I don't know. Not having an answer is no barrier to writing an article about a problem, as we all know. For decades writers have resolved the matter in this fashion: "True, the situation is black, and there is little ground for optimism. However, surely if everyone concerned will put his shoulder firmly to the wheel, a solution can be found, and carried to a successful termination. It *must* be done, and, I am convinced, it *will* be done."

This is the upbeat ending sacred to three generations of editors. I don't think I shall use it in this case. I do not for a moment believe that we are all going to put our shoulders to the wheel



in this matter. I don't think anything at all is going to be done about it.

Action, or at least financial support of action, must originate in the Congress of the United States. The Congress is bitterly opposed to propaganda of whatever stripe or purpose. During World War II the Office of War Information had constantly to fight off Congressmen and Senators who were convinced that the organization was intent, not on foreign propaganda, its assigned task, but on a domestic effort to perpetuate the Democrats in office. (The Office of War Information could not maintain even key personnel. One example: The Tagalog language, basic tongue in the Philippine Islands, then under Japanese occupation, was very important in U. S. propaganda. The Office of War Information had *one* Tagalog translator. He was inducted into the Army and sent to Cooks' and Bakers' School. The OWI didn't dare attempt to get him a deferment.) The average Congressman, I think, does not understand why any foreigner *needs* to be told about the United States. In this attitude, I believe, the Congress faithfully reflects the attitude of the people. I see no hope of soon reversing this view.

International propaganda as the Soviets practice it is a subtle and sophisticated endeavor. A State Department official assigned to petition the House Appropriations Committee for funds with which to support a global tour by American chess players might well be advised to drown himself in the Potomac the night before his scheduled appearance—but the governing chiefs of the U. S. S. R., whose view of *Weltpolitik* is brutally pragmatic and straightforward, consider Soviet domination of the chess world to be imperative. Indeed, as the American master Bobby Fischer has repeatedly said, they not only countenance but insist upon the collusion, chicanery and cheating necessary to this end. Without understanding why it is genuinely important to Soviet policy that Tigran Petrosian, or some other suitable Soviet citizen be champion of the world at chess, it is impossible to understand what international propaganda is about, and what it can accomplish.

In the light of the principles laid down in the thorough lickings the Japanese and the Russians have given us, what propaganda line should we direct today to the inhabitants of the Soviet Union and Communist China? Should we continue to tell them that the Americans are strong, determined, intelligent, hard-working and intent upon being first in the race to the moon, no matter what the cost? Yes, we should—if we want to rouse in them a fierce determi-

nation to outdo us, if we want to make them willingly accept their governments' exhortations to rise and arm and defend themselves from the monstrous capitalists, who wish to rape their wives and eat their babies.

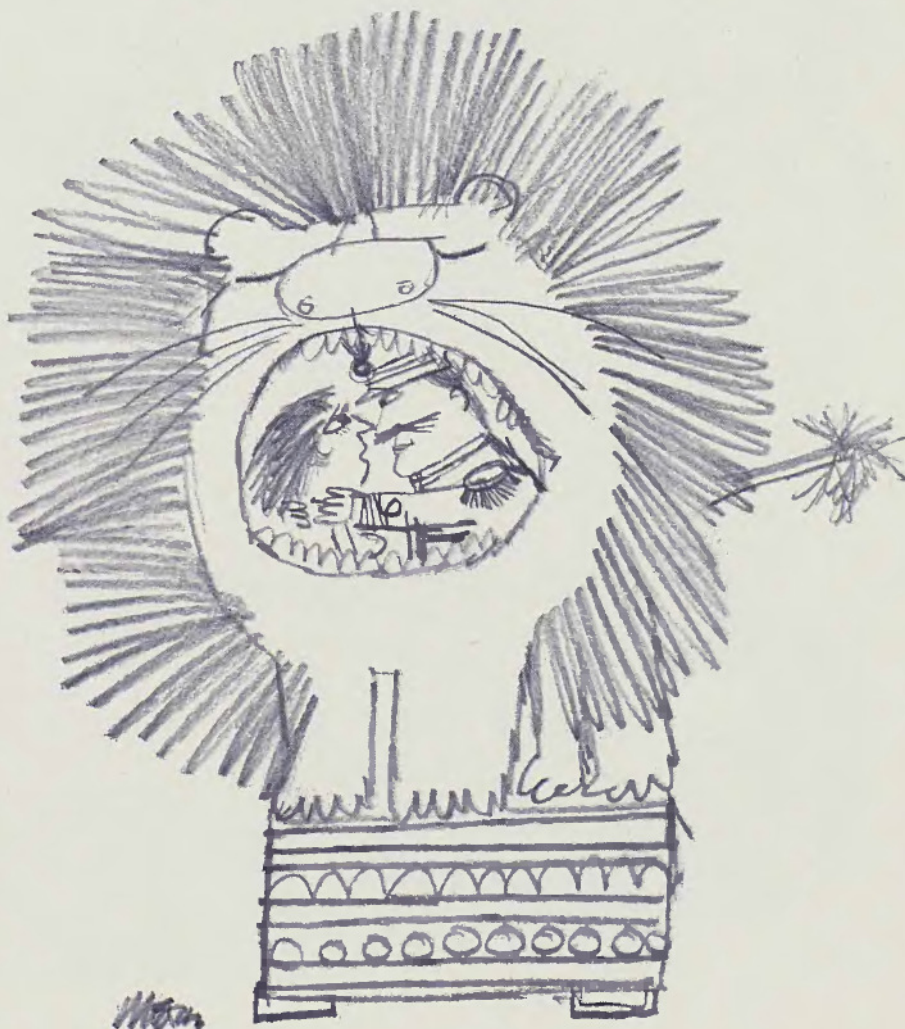
If, however, our purpose varies from this, if, for example, we would like to bring Chinese and Soviet workers to drag their feet, and even to dispute with their governments the necessity of day-and-night forced-draft labor, to disenchant them with endless military service and the chronic shortages of consumer goods, then we should take another line. We should tell them that the Americans are tired, decadent, luxury-loving, soft, lazy and going nowhere, just as the Japanese told us they were too near-sighted to fly airplanes, as the Russians told us they were too inept to drive tractors and keep a truck greased. Anybody can lick an American, they should be told, there's no point in going into training for so easy a task. Don't be suckers. Somebody's making chumps of you. Relax. Take it easy, comrades; to-

morrow is another day. The fact that this line is sometimes used by the Communists themselves is an argument for, not against it: If they wish to help in the good work, splendid.

The world *outside* the Communist orbit should have a separate projection. It should be the orthodox one: The American is kind, intelligent, clean-living, gentle but terribly strong, patient but fearsome in his wrath once aroused. The isolation of the Communist world makes the use of contradictory campaigns feasible and uncomplicated.

Properly orchestrated, these two themes, particularly the first one, would be worth many divisions to us, many rockets. Bitter-minded little Joe Goebels would have known how to make use of them; so would the Japanese who created the story of the Scots Shipbuilder's Revenge, or the Russian who laid it down that Kulibin and Artabasky invented the automobile.

Will we do it? Don't be silly. Of course not.



"Darling—we can't go on meeting like this . . ."





"All right, Ethel, out with it! What have you done to the car?!"



## DANNY BOY (continued from page 102)

When Danny's parents wanted something they bought it. When Danny wanted something he was told he was a "child" and that he should not be given "too much" because that would "seriously hamper his development."

Danny didn't give a damn about his development. He would gladly spend the rest of his life as an emotional and spiritual cretin if he could just have shoulder pads.

Afternoons he didn't hang around school and watch football practice. He walked home with an angry, tearful lump in his throat, and stopped to stare in the sporting goods store window at the shoulder pads on display.

He never went in the store. The old bastard who owned it hated kids. "What you want?" he'd yell from the cash register. "You got money to buy? Go get money and come back, kid, we'll do a little business."

One afternoon Danny was staring in the window when Big Ed walked to the door to stand in the sun. He was six, four, weighed 270, and had a golden grin for small boys. "Hi, sport," Big Ed had said. "What's new?"

Danny was not four feet tall, he weighed less than 75 pounds fully clothed, and the lenses of his eyeglasses were always fogged and dirty. But he knew emotional rapport when he felt it: here was a human being who *understood*.

"Your coach is right, sport," Big Ed had said, after Danny had explained about the shoulder pads. "You got to have the right equipment, because a man must protect himself at all times. You got a jockstrap?"

Danny had explained he didn't actually need one, at the moment.

"Oh, it's never too early to form right habits," Big Ed had said. "You don't want to buy one here, though. Too expensive. You got forty-nine cents, sport? The cut-rate's having a sale. You can get the small size for forty-nine."

It was rather a personal item, and all the clerks in the cut-rate drugstore were women.

"I'll pick one up for you," Big Ed had said. "I mean, if you haven't got the time. I go there for coffee."

Danny's weekly allowance was 50 cents; he gave it to Big Ed. The next afternoon, in the privacy of his room, he tried on the jockstrap. Of course, he had to stand on a chair to see in the mirror, but it had looked damn athletic. And it had made him *feel* damn athletic, too.

And that was what made Danny sick at heart, as he walked farther and farther away from school: what Big Ed would say. Big Ed had explained about

grades. "No Cs, sport. You got to make Bs or better. You've got to train your mind as well as your body to play football. You don't think men like Y. A. Tittle or Jimmy Brown are unintelligent, do you?"

Danny could hear Big Ed saying, "Now how do you expect to make the team when you aren't even in school?"

And, undoubtedly, Big Ed had never gone in the girls' toilets. No one Danny knew had ever gone in the girls' toilets, except girls. It was probably the worst crime that had ever been committed at that school.

There was nowhere else to go, and so Danny hid in the rough beside the seventh green. Mrs. Carter did not seem to be at home. The seventh was a blind dog-leg to the left, and the green could not be seen from the tee. Golfers had a choice of playing it safe and hitting down the fairway, or going for a birdie by driving over the rough toward the hidden green.

A ball plopped on the green and rolled to within ten feet of the cup. No one was in sight. Danny dashed out, grabbed the ball and put it behind a large stone, and then hid in the rough again.

He spent the afternoon heckling golfers. Finally he outdid himself when he took two balls, which had landed close to the green, and put them both in the cup. Two men searched for 20 minutes before one of them cried, "My God, Fred, look at this! I never heard of two holes in one—"

But Fred heard something giggling in the rough and he was charging toward it with a seven iron and an angry mottled face. Danny jumped up and ran, vaulted Mrs. Carter's fence and, with her toy poodle snapping at his heels, ran across the terrace and disappeared.

It was twilight when Danny walked cautiously up the hill to his home. Houses in that area were on three- to five-acre plots, and roads were winding. There were no "blocks." When people who lived there looked through their glass walls they saw views, not other houses.

Danny's relationship with his parents was a simple one: whatever he did his mother would say it was wrong. And if he kept saying, "Yeah, I guess," long enough then his father would tell him to shut up and stop talking.

Danny cloistered himself in the rhododendrons, and stared. Mother was having a martini in front of the fireplace. The XK-E was not in the garage: Father was still having martinis in town. The old bitch who came afternoons and cooked dinner, Mrs. Mac, was in the kitchen. There was really no hope of escape.

Danny eased the kitchen door open, and a matched pair of basset hounds bugged. Mrs. Mac shrieked, "He's here, Mrs. Phillips, he's here—I got him!" and struck out with a wooden stirring spoon that had been hand-carved in Denmark.

Danny kicked the dogs, stepped hard on Mrs. Mac's arthritic foot and dashed straight into Mother. He had a deep morbid fear of Mother—she was really a shaman figure in those pants she always wore, neither male nor female. He fled in a circle around the kitchen, from one modern electric appliance to the next; but they fitted so neatly together there was no place to cower.

"What do you mean, what do you mean?" Mother kept saying, grabbing at him. "Embarrassing me, embarrassing me! Oh, I heard, I heard, I heard what you did!"

Then she began to sob, hiccuping and burping like some damn kid in first grade. It was the most disgusting thing Danny had ever seen. He shoved Mother aside, kicked a dog and fled to his room. Once inside he began to barricade the door, shoving a chest of drawers, a bookcase, a table and chairs in front of it. Then he sat down to wait, because they were going to kill him—he was certain.

Thirty minutes later the headlights of the XK-E came up the drive. Danny heard his father's cheery evening greeting, "Well, hi-ho-hi-ho-hi-ho, everybody!" as he entered the house. Mother immediately began to sob again, and told what the product of their loins, that little love baby Danny, had done.

"He's fallen way below norms for his peer group," Mother belched. "I'm so ashamed. I want to fly to Mexico for a rest."

"Oh, now, now, now, now, now," Danny's father said in a cheerful voice, unaffected by the future because he was half loaded. "It's always darkest before dawn. Let's just have our usual quiet martini-toonies and think." Ice tinkled. "Now, if the little bastard went in the girls' can, or whatever they call it these days, he was interested in something in there. Now what the hell could that be? Want Daddy's pickled onion, love duck?"

"Ooh, yummy!" Mother said. "I mean, I wouldn't mind if he was two, or three. It's average, at two or three. Like everybody else. But he's ten years old."

"Regressive," Father said in a manly voice.

"Oh, God, what if he develops enuresis? I'll die if he develops enuresis and our friends know."

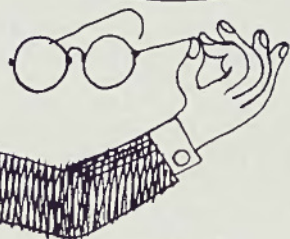
Ice tinkled. "Well," Father said soberly, getting drunker, "there's only one thing to do now, love duck. Have the kid analyzed. It's our duty."

"Oh?" Mother said. That would make her one up, the first in her group who had a child sick enough for analysis. "Ooh, you just come right here to me



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and give me your other pickled onion," she said, sounding sexy.

Danny sank back on his bed in disgust. He knew how much analysis cost, he'd heard older boys talking about it on the streets. But would the stupid bastards buy him a pair of shoulder pads? Har-de-har-har, and like hell.

Danny's punishment was being confined to his room for the weekend, being deprived of his television, his radio and his record player. (On Monday, of course, discipline would await him at school.) He didn't give a damn; he spent most of Saturday tattooing "Death Before Dishonor" with a pin and permanent—not washable—black ink on the soft inside of his left forearm.

Sunday morning Mother kicked his door. "Hey, listen. We're going to church. Be back about twelve-thirty, or one." And the key made a sound as Mother locked him in.

The door was locked from outside, and Danny had no key. But the door hinges were on his side and he had a Swiss Army knife with a screwdriver blade. He carefully removed the pins and took the door off its hinges. The lock was still locked, of course. He went to the kitchen, found the set of house keys always kept there, and unlocked the door; then he put it back on its hinges.

Danny dressed in sneakers, white jeans, and a jacket with a hood, and then printed a note: *Dear Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, While you were at church today, praying, your little boy Danny died and I have taken him to heaven.* He signed God's name to it and on his way out of the room locked the door from the outside and returned the keys to where he'd found them. Let the bastards figure that one out.

In the attached garage was 75 feet of nylon clothesline. Danny coiled it around his waist, inside his jacket, and then sauntered to the shopping center. He knew exactly how he was going to break into the sporting goods store.

At the rear of the shopping center there was a large parking lot. Sunday morning no one was in sight: the big supermarket and the cut-rate wouldn't be open until one o'clock. Danny climbed up a fire escape to the roof. He walked down to the skylight over the back room of the sporting goods store. It was partly open. He struggled to raise it another two feet. Then he tied one end of the nylon rope around a ventilator pipe and slowly lowered himself, hand over hand, into the darkness.

It was blacker than the inside of your hat, boy. He knew it was a storeroom, with boxes and so on, like all stores, but he wished he'd brought a flashlight because he didn't want to break a leg. Then his foot touched something soft. That was odd, it felt like a bed. Gingerly he rested both feet on it, then bounced a

little. By God; it was a bed! And then a light snapped on.

"What the hell you doing?" Big Ed "Bang-Bang" Roberts growled, sitting up in the bed.

Danny ran. He ran off the bed, straight into a wall. Quickly picking himself up, he dashed into a chair. He whirled and ran into Big Ed, who was getting out of bed.

Big Ed picked him up and patted him. "Sport, sport," he said gently. "It's just me, sport. Everything's all right. I wouldn't let anyone hurt you."

Danny was sitting on Big Ed's knee, shaking and sobbing. He had been through a great deal since Friday. Suddenly the enormity of what he had intended—to rob the store, to rob his best friend!—overwhelmed him, and he threw both arms, including the one tattooed "Death Before Dishonor," around Big Ed's oak-tree neck, and clung.

"I—I was going to rob you," he explained.

"Oh . . . the shoulder pads, sport?"

"Uh-huh." He was feeling a little better, and he glanced around the room. Boy, it had been fixed up neat. There was wall-to-wall carpeting, and a hi-fi, and a swell little bar with a bottle of Black & White, and a great big bed with a pretty blonde lady in it, staring back at him in horror and disbelief. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Carter," Danny said, glad to see a friend. "You're not playing golf this morning, huh?"

"Oh, for God's sake!" Mrs. Carter said, hiding under the sheet. "Now what do we do?"

"We relax, Doris," Big Ed said calmly. He stood up. "Well, sport, how about a Coke?"

"OK," Danny said. He wasn't thirsty, but you didn't refuse your best friend when he asked. He watched Big Ed pour them both a little something.

"Sport . . . what's the matter with you?"

Danny took a drink of Coke and belched. "Well, Friday at school I went in the girls' toilets—"

"Dear God," Mrs. Carter said, under the sheet.

Danny told the whole sorry tale—Miss Bee, his stupid parents those bastards, everything. Big Ed's eyes grew wet. He walked to the door of the room, drew back his fist, and put it through the door up to his elbow.

"Jeez-sus!" Danny said in awe.

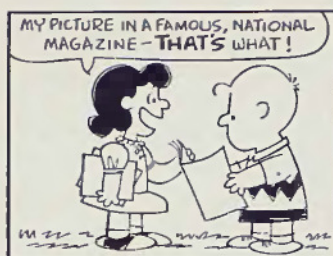
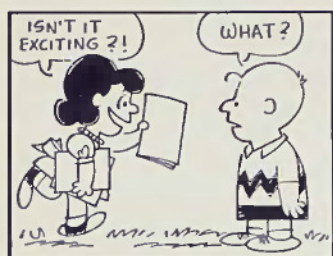
Mrs. Carter's pretty little head popped from under the sheet. "Really, Bang-Bang lover, it doesn't accomplish too much to beat at walls, you know."

"I can't help it when people do things to little kids," Big Ed said thickly. "Can I use your handkerchief, sport?"

"Oh, sure!" Danny said. He certainly admired the way Big Ed blew his nose, one nostril at a time.

Big Ed sat down on the bed beside





Danny and Mrs. Carter. "Sport, I'm going to give you any goddamn pair of shoulder pads you want in this goddamn store."

Mrs. Carter's head popped out again. "Oh, yes, and anything else your little heart desires. Take it all. Track shoes, hockey pucks, tennis nets. And just forget you ever saw Mrs. Carter here, hmmm? You sweet, sweet child!"

Danny stared at that crazy Mrs. Carter. What the hell did he want with a hockey puck? It wasn't the season. Her arms and shoulders were bare. Under the sheet, of course, were her boobs. He'd seen them many times. Then Danny looked quickly at Big Ed, and he knew what they had been doing. And they had been doing it together.

"You been doing bad," Danny said in a whisper. Big Ed doing bad? Big Ed? That was much, much worse than simply walking into the girls'.

"It's not bad, sport," Big Ed said quickly. "Who told you that?"

"Well . . . everybody says."

"It's not bad," Big Ed repeated. Sweat broke out on his forehead as he tried to think of some understandable words. "Listen, I can't explain this to you, sport. But, will you believe me if I say it's not bad?"

"Oh, sure," Danny said, instantly amiable. You believed anything your best friend said, no matter what. So, doing bad wasn't bad. OK. Then going into the girls' wasn't . . .

"Can I ask a favor?" Danny asked earnestly.

"You name it, sport."

"I don't want the shoulder pads," he said. "I mean, I swear I'll never tell. But, there's something else."

"A nice tennis racket, dear?" Mrs. Carter said. "Snowshoes? Your own inflatable swimming pool?"

Danny felt shy; he looked at the floor. "Get her to let me see it," he whispered.

"It?" Mrs. Carter said. "Why, of course. What it?"

"It?" Big Ed said.

Danny raised up to Big Ed's ear. "Hers. Her thing."

"Oh," Big Ed said, and he suddenly understood why one small boy had had so much small-boy trouble. "Well, why the hell not?" he said after a moment. The world was full of them; almost every other person you met had one.

"What are you whispering?" Mrs. Carter asked anxiously.

"Well, Doris, sport here wants to see you without your clothes on," Big Ed said kindly, "so take off the sheet."

Danny drifted casually to the foot of the bed.

"That is completely out of the question," Mrs. Carter said. "Give the dear goddamn child money. Where is my bag? Where did I leave it?"

"You've got a pretty little body," Big Ed said in a friendly way. "You aren't ashamed of it, are you? You'd let sport look at your foot, or your ear."

"I don't believe he's much interested in ears."

"Doris, you're making me lose my temper. I've taken psych courses, and I know one thing you *don't* do with a kid is traumatize him. You've got to satisfy his curiosity. Otherwise, sport'll grow up to be one of those creeps who likes to burn matches in secret."

"I couldn't care less," Mrs. Carter said, under the sheet.

Big Ed stopped arguing; he leaned forward and ripped off the sheet, and there it was. And Danny stared and stared and stared and . . .

*Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicaean barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer  
bore  
To his own native shore.*

*On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic  
face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me  
home . . .*

Danny put his hand over his mouth and giggled. It just looked funny, that was all.

"What's the matter?" Big Ed asked.

Danny didn't know what to say; he shrugged.

"Well, all the important organs are in the interior of the body," Big Ed said, picking up a pencil. Danny leaned against him, watching him draw. "Now the ovaries are right about here. Each month—"

"God!" Mrs. Carter grabbed at the sheet. "Pictures!"

Big Ed picked out the best pair of

shoulder pads in the store for Danny. Then he unlocked the front door and they hung there, reluctant to part, like two comrades who had fought a long war and who would never see each other again. For the remainder of their lives they would live among aliens who had not fought, who had no idea how it had been. And there was no way to say goodbye or I love you.

"Say, that Miss Bee," Big Ed said. "Where's she live?"

"In the Miles Standish apartments," Danny said. "Only her name's Benson. We just call her Miss Bee." Then suddenly he began to run. "See you!" he yelled back. "See you!"

"Right!" Big Ed called, and he slammed the door.

Monday morning at school discipline was administered to Danny Phillips, but he didn't give a damn. He knew something the rest of his male acquaintances didn't—oh, he might tell them someday—and he had shoulder pads, too. Let one kid, just one kid, *mention* the girls' toilets and he'd put a block on him in football practice no one would ever forget.

That afternoon three teachers gathered in the lounge for a coffee break.

"Do you have Danny Phillips in your classes?" Miss Gorman, the librarian, asked.

"The one who drops his pencil?" Mrs. Harper, the history teacher, said. "Yes. Why?"

"Well, he gave me the weirdest feeling this morning," Miss Gorman said. "The way he looked at me." She laughed nervously. "He made me feel so strange . . . as if I was standing there without any clothes on, or something."

"Rot," Miss Benson, the phys-ed instructor, said firmly. "He's only a child. You read too much imaginative literature, my dear. You should come bowl some night with me."

When Miss Benson walked into her apartment, later that day, the telephone was ringing and, as she hurried to answer it, the castrated tomcat looked up from his pillow and grinned, as if he knew who was calling, as if he knew what an unusual thing might happen that night in a small room with wall-to-wall carpeting, a hi-fi, a real neat little bar with a bottle of Black & White, and a great big bed.



## STINGRAY (continued from page 107)

all their money he was surprised that it was hardly more than an unpainted shack with a few bunks in it. It stood in a sandy space among spindly pine trees bleeding resin. The kitchen stove was an iron wood burner, and the plumbing was outdoors. The cook, Charley Bird, wore a dirty apron and was pulling feathers from a chicken when they drove up.

Ike didn't show his disappointment. He was the newcomer to the group. They had been a long time inviting him, and he knew he was being tested. He was careful, because he liked these men and, regardless of the cabin, wanted to be included among them.

The first evening while Charley Bird fried fillets from blues they'd caught, they drank gin under an awning attached to the cabin and dealt hands of stud poker on a scarred table. Charley Bird kept a mist of insect killer rolling around them. Ike played a tight game, winning a few dollars by tough and canny betting. It was, he was sure, how they wished him to play.

He was up first the next morning. When the others staggered out touselled and bleary-eyed, he had already loaded bait, gear and gasoline into the boat. Because of him, they were able to put into the bay earlier. He felt their approval.

The gray-blue water was perfectly calm under a blazing yellow sun. The bay was so smooth it looked as if it could be walked upon. Ike was no longer afraid he might become seasick. He was able to relax enough to enjoy both the company and the fishing.

During the morning they had little luck, though Beanie got his stingray and a fair-sized drum which he stuffed into a croaker sack hanging over the side. Bobo, their helmsman, had taken them around several buoys and a steel light-house with spidery legs set on rocks. Finally they had pulled up anchor and just let the boat drift with the tide in the hope of bungling into fish.

It was lazy living. They sat in the shade of the canopy smoking and talking quietly. They drank cans of beer from the ice chest, being careful to sink them when empty instead of letting them float on the water. The boat weltered a little. They bit into peppery sirloin sandwiches Charley Bird had fixed for them and wrapped in wax paper.

In the midafternoon Ike was the first to see the sky changing. The others were supposed to be old salts, yet his alertness picked out the cloud.

"Rain?" he asked.

They stirred in the dark shade of the canopy to peer at the cloud. Bobo shielded his eyes.

"Black," he said. "We better move in."

There was no alarm in his voice. He had simply stated a fact. Doc switched

on the engine, pressed the starter and engaged the clutch. Bobo swung them around toward land. Beanie and Ike reeled in lines and straightened tackle as the boat moved toward the hazy line of the shore.

Beanie opened them each a can of cold beer from the ice chest. They sat drinking and discussing the fact that if there were a storm, they might try surf casting for striped bass which often hit bait in rough weather. Occasionally Bobo would turn to look at the tumbling black cloud spreading rapidly over the sky. It was as if two skies were over them—one dark as night, the other belonging to the day. Doc increased their speed, and water slapped against the bottom of the boat.

"It always does this on the workers' holidays," Beanie said.

They felt the first breeze from the storm. One moment the air was hot and moist around them, and the next a coolness touched their sweaty skins. Ike smiled at the relief from heat, but he saw the others were glancing more frequently at the black cloud swallowing up the sky.

He looked at the land. The shore was still a long way off. Apparently an ebb tide had carried them farther than any of them had realized. The air was not only cooler, but there were also swells in the water. The boat rocked on growing waves.

The breeze, too, had become stronger, gusting at times and throwing spray into their faces. Some blue sky was left, but most of it was covered with black clouds. Shafts of sunlight piercing the land were smothered.

"There's the rain," Beanie said.

They could see it falling behind them. At first it was miles away. Like a veil it blotted out all that it covered and made advancing pits in the water. Squawking gulls were flying out of it.

Ike shifted on the board seat. Like so many people born and reared in the mountains, he was a poor swimmer. He was used to trout streams and narrow rivers, not open, unlimited water. He looked at the life jackets stored in the bow.

Wind and rain hit them simultaneously—like a fist. Ike was surprised and made anxious by the force of the blow. The boat heeled, hung trembling, and righted itself. Rain, shooting obliquely, stung his skin. Like the others, he was cold. They huddled under the flapping canopy.

Bobo fought to keep the boat on course as rain twisted about them. They were still bucking an ebb tide, which caused the canoe to fishtail. Each time that happened, wind hit them broadside. The boat kept falling off and sinking into deepening troughs of swelling

waves. Water foamed higher than the gunwales.

Because of the rain pouring on them, they could no longer see land. Bobo was only guessing at his course, as he had no compass. The swooping motion of the boat caused Ike's stomach to tighten sickeningly. He was shivering from cold. Water had slopped into the boat and was rippling back and forth under the floor boards. He wanted to put on a life jacket, but did not because doing so might appear cowardly to the others.

The Dodge engine sputtered and stopped. Quickly Doc pressed the starter. The engine caught and ran. They were all relieved. Then the engine quit a second time. Working very fast with his surgeon's hands, Doc unscrewed a cap and checked the gasoline with a dipstick. The fuel was low. Beanie twisted the top from a five-gallon can. The boat was turning longways into the waves, and more water was coming over the side.

Just as Beanie started pouring in gasoline, a howling gust of wind and rain hit them. The canopy ripped off. The boat dipped sideways into a yawning trough. A gunwale caught the wave, and water fell in. The boat stayed down. In a moment it was full of water.

Ike lunged for one of the life jackets. Fighting to keep his head up, he strapped it on. The wooden boat did not sink entirely, but lay awash. Tackle boxes, rods, and the three other life jackets floated away. The crabs found freedom. Ike's bare leg brushed the clinging softness of a jellyfish, and he jerked it back. The leg began to sting.

He was very much frightened. He held tightly to the boat, which weltered heavily in the waves. The others were doing the same. The water seemed warm compared to the wind.

"If we just hang on, we'll be all right," Doc told them. He had lost his billed cap. "These things don't last long."

"Somebody'll miss us," Beanie agreed. His sombrero drooped. "Charley Bird'll have the oystermen out looking for us."

"The wind's blowing us toward shore," Bobo said. His silver hair was plastered flat to his skull. "Whether they find us or not, we ought to land on a beach."

The storm beat on them. Black clouds rolled right down over the water, and the rain hissed. The boat, low in the water, would not entirely support them. They had to stay outside and grasp the edges. Big waves sent it under. At such moments they all bobbed free and waited for the boat to rise.

During the late afternoon the rain lightened somewhat, and the wind quieted.

"It's gone now," Doc said. "In a few minutes we'll see sunshine."

He was wrong. They were merely in a pocket of the storm. The rain again





*"That part you promised me—is it in a nice, wholesome, family-type picture?"*



grew heavy, and the wind shrieked. In spite of his life jacket, waves splashed at Ike's mouth and he swallowed salt water. Coughing, he pulled back his head. Rain hit against his face and clenched eyelids.

Nobody said anything about the lowering darkness, but they knew if they weren't found before night, there was no chance of rescue until morning. Rain continued to fall. Gradually blackness of night joined that of the storm. They could see no lights, but in lulls of the wind they heard the distant mourning of a foghorn.

Bobo was the first to have trouble. Older than the rest of them, he was growing weak. Waves tore him loose from the boat, and swimming had made him arm-weary. He sank under the water. Beanie, still wearing the sombrero, had to grab him.

"I'm all right," Bobo said.

He wasn't all right. He was limp with exhaustion and cold. Beanie got on one side of him and Doc on the other. Between them they held him up.

During the long hours, however, they, too, grew tired. Waves broke over them, and they had to struggle not to lose Bobo. His head lolled about.

Ike believed they were going to die. He could imagine a story in the newspapers about their bodies being found. He had once read of drowned men eaten by crabs and turtles. He drew up his feet as if a wrinkled, ancient mouth were reaching for his flesh.

There was no end to the night. Though the waves rhythmically lessened

in size, unexpected big ones smashed at them and buried the boat. It would stay under a long time. Slimy from jellyfish, they groped for it like blind men.

Bobo was in bad shape. His head slumped forward until his face was in the water. Beanie and Doc struggled to hold him up. They put him into the boat, which would partially support him, but waves washed him out.

"Give him the life jacket," Doc called across to Ike.

"No," Ike said.

"You're still strong. We can put the jacket on him and if we lose him he'll stay afloat."

"I don't want to drown either."

"Damn you, give us the jacket," Beanie said, pulling himself around the boat to Ike. He jerked at the harness. Ike knocked away the hand.

"Keep off me," Ike said, his fist doubled.

Beanie's sombrero hid most of his face as they bobbed side by side. Beanie cursed. Doc was holding Bobo.

"I'm all right," Bobo said weakly. "I don't need it."

"You need it," Doc told him.

"I'll be OK," Bobo insisted.

Beanie pulled himself back around the boat to help Doc hold Bobo. They were losing the power of gripping with their hands. The force of the waves pulled insistently at Bobo.

"Let's use our belts," Beanie said. "We'll put them together and strap him to me."

He wasn't talking to Ike, who had again closed his eyes against the rain. He heard them thrashing around in the water on the other side of the boat.

Toward morning the water quieted and the wind began to lay. They had drifted so far they could no longer hear the foghorn. When the long and terrible darkness lifted slightly, all but Bobo raised their trembling faces to the glow of light. Bobo, unconscious, was strapped to Beanie, who had lost his sombrero and whose mouth hung open. Doc, his skin inflamed from the stings of jellyfish, moved feebly beside them.

Ike heard the plane before the sky was entirely clear. The aircraft belonged to the fishing fleet and was used to spot menhaden. It went over the first time without seeing them. A few minutes later it returned and circled.

The boat that came was not Coast Guard either, but a fishing trawler. The engine made deep chuggings in the water. The crew pulled them up to a deck covered with crates and nets. The captain, a young man in coveralls and rubber boots, helped Doc work on Bobo. The men brought clean rags and a bottle of ammonia for the jellyfish stings. Bobo groaned. They carried him inside to lay him on a bunk.

The hot sun warmed Doc, Beanie and Ike. The day was clean and golden. Their clothes were quickly dry. The cook served them bowls of oatmeal and mugs of black coffee. They stretched out on the deck to sleep while the trawler moved into the mouth of the Rappahannock from the bay.

The trawler maneuvered to a pier made of black pilings lashed together by cables. Charley Bird, a doctor and an ambulance were waiting. A crowd of women in aprons and white kerchiefs had come down from the tomato cannery. They watched silently while Bobo was put onto a chrome litter and taken away in the ambulance. A deputy sheriff wearing a tan uniform drove Doc, Beanie and Ike to the cabin. The Coast Guard had telephoned their wives in Richmond.

Charley Bird loaded the bags and said he would clean up the cabin before locking it. Ike sat by himself in the rear of the station wagon.

"Bobo'll be OK," he said as Doc drove toward Richmond.

"Sure," Beanie answered.

"I guess I hit the panic button," Ike went on, not wanting to plead. "I never learned to swim much."

"Why worry about it?" Doc asked.

Yet neither of them turned to look at Ike, and from there on in to the city they talked quietly and as if he were not among them.



*"If they weren't all watching a movie, there might be a chance we'd be spotted."*



## TAX AVOIDANCE (continued from page 106)

In the category of personal deductions, everything is turned to advantage. Even illness has its saving grace. Like certain head-cold remedies, sickness works two ways for you. First, the tax collector allows you to deduct from your total income up to \$75 a week of the amount paid to you by your employer while you were out ill, if the sum paid you was 25 percent less than your normal paycheck. But your pay is not considered tax-free until you have been home for seven days, unless you have spent at least one day in the hospital.

If you were sick longer than 30 days, you may deduct up to \$100 a week after the 30th day, whether your boss reduced your pay scale or not. Thus, if you have received your normal salary of, say, \$250 per week for a period of time during which you were lolling in bed with an ice pack on your head or ogling the nurses from a hospital pallet, you may claim up to \$100 a week as tax-free for every week after the first 30 days. This rule, however, has a proviso: Your company must have a regular sick-pay plan in effect—which, chances are, it has, if you have been paid at all while ill.

The second advantage of illness is the medical bills. Receipts from doctors, dentists and druggists and all hospital charges are deductible. The ALMsmen, however, doesn't stop there. He also remembers to deduct all bills for such items as eyeglasses, hospitalization insurance, health and accident policies, and even that portion of his auto liability insurance that goes for medical payments. He also deducts the cost of transportation to and from the hospital, the doctor or the dentist. If he drives, the rate allowed is five cents a mile. One alert taxpayer won a ruling from Internal Revenue permitting him to deduct the cost of transportation to and from meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous, since he had joined on doctor's orders.

In calculating all these items, it is important to remember that medical expenses are deductible only if they exceed three percent of your income—after business expenses, if any, have been deducted. Thus, the lucky ALMsmen is he who is slightly, but expensively, ill in the course of the year.

*Theft (and other lucky mishaps).* The ordinary driver who suffers a smashed fender curses his luck. The ALMsmen, on the other hand, takes a cheerier view of such adversity. If the damage was covered by insurance, he will be reimbursed. If it wasn't, he may claim what is called a "casualty" loss for damage over and above \$100. He will also deduct the fee paid the appraiser who assessed the damage. Uninsured theft losses are deductible, too. But the experienced avoider knows that there is a distinction between something stolen

and something lost. He must be prepared to offer proof that his watch was heisted, not merely left behind in the men's washroom of a Midwestern airport. In the case of either theft or casualty loss, a police report made at the time, repair bills and appraisals will help support the claim.

*Charity.* Although averse to making any unnecessary contribution to the Internal Revenue Service, the ALMsmen makes contributions to charity drives, to churches or to cultural organizations. He knows that charity begins and ends at home. All such donations are deductible. If you have made a contribution to the alumni fund, the sum is deductible. Have you purchased benefit tickets to a Broadway play, a movie or sports event? If so, remember to deduct the excess over the regular admission price. Even if you haven't given a Goya to a public gallery, you may have donated a dresser to the Salvation Army. You are allowed to deduct the fair market value of such gifts. You may also deduct any extra costs incurred by you while working as a volunteer for such organizations as the United Fund or the Civic Orchestra: carfare, out-of-pocket auto expenses (at the five-cents-a-mile rate), etc. But don't try to deduct the value of your services.

Even experienced avoiders overlook many small items in this category. Add up your receipts. You will be surprised to learn how generous you are.

*Interest.* Whether the ALMsmen sports an Alfa Romeo or drives a second-hand Dodge, he remembers to deduct the interest paid on the auto loan, or on any other personal loans. Installment purchases ordinarily entail payment of interest charges, whether they are specified or not. The canny ALMsmen takes the trouble to determine the amount of such charges, then takes the trouble to deduct them.

*Education.* Schooling, like sickness, has virtues that are not immediately apparent. First, scholarships and many fellowships represent forms of income that are exempt from the tax man. If you are studying for a degree, you should know that a scholarship is tax-free, except for payments received as compensation for teaching or research. This exemption covers the value of grants for tuition and matriculation fees as well as for room, board, laundry and similar expenses. Grants earmarked for the payment of travel expenses, research costs or clerical help are also tax-free. If you are not studying for a degree, your grant may still be tax-free up to \$300 per month for up to 36 months.

The benefits of education, taxwise as well as otherwise, continue even after one is no longer a full-time student. Thus, if you are working while taking courses on the side, you may be able to

deduct their cost. Remember here that what is important is not what you learn, but why. Among the more Byzantine paradoxes of the tax code there is one that provides that you may deduct the costs of continuing education only if you are taking the courses at the behest of your boss, or—and read these words closely—if the courses are to maintain and improve your business or professional skills in your *present* occupation. What this odd phraseology means is that you may not claim a deduction for education expenses incurred in an attempt to qualify yourself for a different or better job.

Horatio Alger would shudder at the implications of such an ambition-deadening rule, but the fact remains that you must be able to persuade the tax collector that any better job you got as a consequence of off-the-job educational activity was incidental, not central, to your purpose. If you happen to earn a degree this way, it also must be a by-product rather than the purpose. Once you have satisfied these eccentric essentials, you may deduct the full cost of tuition, fees, books, equipment and the like.

Careful ALMsmen may also be able to deduct the cost of foreign travel as educational expense. The Treasury remains unimpressed by the argument that travel broadens. Yet a pair of peripatetic taxpayers who fought it out in court succeeded in establishing their right to claim at least part of their expenses for trips abroad. Thus, a schoolteacher was permitted to deduct half the cost of a tour sponsored by Temple University. He attended lectures at various European universities and received academic credit for his trip. The court found that the tour had helped him to maintain and improve his teaching skills.

There are many other intriguing items that fall under the heading of personal deductions. Indeed, the array of allowable items that greets the eye of the avoider is so great that no capsule guide such as this one can describe them all. But those noted above are the major ones.

In the meantime, the category of business deductions is no less fruitful a field for investigation by the eager ALMsmen.

*Professional Expenses.* The ALMsmen is often a joiner. He remembers to deduct all membership fees or dues in professional associations for which he himself has had to foot the bill. He also keeps tabs on how much he spends for books, trade journals and other items essential to his professional activity. Other expenses incurred as part of making your living also may be deducted, such as the rental of a safe-deposit box in which you keep bankbooks, stock certificates, Government bonds, etc. Remember, too, that fees paid to an employment agency (say for a successful job placement) or to an investment counse-



lor are deductible. Even special clothing may be deductible, if it is required by your work. But caution must prevail. Don't try to deduct ordinary business clothes. You will have a hard time proving that your monogrammed boxer trunks are indispensable to your office uniform.

**Wining and Dining.** The rules of ALMsmanship are not puritan. Even the Treasury's hardest-nosed collectors recognize that it is possible to transact business over a dinner table. Fear not, therefore, to lift the cup, or to share a chateaubriand, with a blue-chip client. But when the time comes, as it may, when you must convince the collector that you are an avoider and not an evader, be prepared to demonstrate that you were not merely living it up or repaying a friend for past favors. It helps if you can prove that you were trying to line up new business.

The tax man will not require *detailed* documentation of business purpose in order to support a deduction claimed for wining and dining in a restaurant or bar whose setting is conducive to the talking of turkey. You don't even have to prove that turkey was talked—merely that it might have been. But you will need records to establish: (a) the cost of the meal or drinks, (b) the name of the customer or prospect and (c) the *general* business purpose. If the tab totals more than \$25, you will also need a receipt.

It's hardly necessary to mention that the ALMsmen does not forget that his own food is a legitimate part of the cost. If there's one thing a tax man hates to see, it is a malnourished taxpayer. Thus, do not hesitate to deduct the cost of your own meal or drinks as well as that of your guest. Argue later, if necessary. The able avoider bears in mind, however, the maxim that—as physicians, philosophers and tax agents all agree—excess is evil.

Deductions for the cost of dining out in restaurants stand a better chance of being allowed than the cost of nightclubbing, theater or concert attending, and other such entertainments in which distractions may take the mind off of the dollars-and-cents justification for the occasion. This is not to say, however, that more elaborate business entertainment is ruled out. Indeed, tax history is full of examples of artful avoiders—usually businesses rather than individuals—who claimed, and were allowed, deductions for such items as a \$5000 golf party, a \$23,758 Christmas whiz-bang and \$10,903 worth of Kentucky Derby festivities. Then there was the disquieting case of a mortician who claimed "entertainment expenses" of \$77,470 over a three-year period. This sum was challenged by the tax men, but a court finally allowed \$52,000 of it. A horse handicapper successfully claimed the expense of keeping a yacht on which to socialize with track

officials, turf writers and thoroughbred fanciers. And one imaginative businessman jubilantly justified \$16,943 worth of yacht expenses on the slippery ground that he used the vessel's deck to demonstrate the quality of nonskid sneakers; a court upheld his claim.

Internal Revenue has tightened its rules since those halcyon days, but it is still possible to deduct expenses for taking a client or a potential customer to a night club, theater party, World Series game or on a sailboat cruise, among other diversions. What matters is that business be discussed. The law determines how and when.

Thus, such expense may be deductible if the entertainment occurs immediately before or after (i.e., on the same day as) a bona fide business discussion. There is, however, a humane exception for the out-of-town customer who may come to your office for a business discussion and then allow himself to be entertained the following day, or vice versa.

As for yachts, Internal Revenue makes it difficult, if not impossible, to deduct the cost of operating your craft. To take the deduction, you must be able to prove that the boat is used more than 50 percent of the time for business. You may then deduct only that part of the cost of operating the vessel that is "directly related" to business. Therein, however, lies a small but effective tax-code torpedo. For the Treasury contends that there is little or no possibility of engaging in "directly related" entertainment on a boat—because of distracting influences.

Paradoxically, while the Government will not permit you to deduct the cost of operating the boat, it *will* allow a deduction for the actual cost of entertainment occurring on a boat, if it immediately precedes or follows that bona fide business discussion. ALMsmen who are helmsmen will remember, in such cases, to write off not only the cost of food and drink, but the cost of the boat fuel during the cruise.

**Gift-giving.** "The manner of giving is worth more than the gift," according to Pierre Corneille, the 17th Century French playwright. According to Sheldon Cohen, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, however, the manner of giving had better be circumspect. A business gift may be a legitimate business expense, and hence deductible as part of the cost of earning your living. But, says Cohen, "Taxpayers frequently cannot prove that they made the expenditure at all. . . . Many taxpayers who can prove that they purchased gift items cannot or refuse to give examining officers the names of the donees. . . . Gifts to friends and relatives are often claimed as business deductions. . . ."

A word to the wise avoider: Keep a record of each gift, spelling out clearly

its business purpose. But remember that no business associate is worth more than a \$25 gift as far as the tax man is concerned. "Just friends" are worth nothing on Form 1040.

**Office at Home.** The artful avoider loves his hearth. If you conduct business at home, don't forget to deduct a percentage of the cost of maintaining your in-the-home office. You don't need to have your main office at home, but you must transact business there regularly, either during the evening or at some other specified time. In short, you've got to do your homework.

To claim this deduction, set aside a specific room for business. Provide a desk, chair, file cabinet and phone with a business listing. Have business mail addressed to your home, and keep records of phone calls, local and long distance, plus a diary of your business appointments on the premises.

The skilled ALMsmen tallies up the cost of his housing—including rent, utilities, insurance, domestic help, tips to doormen, et cetera—then deducts a percentage in proportion to the space allotted for business (say, one room out of five). If the room, however, has uses outside of business, he must reduce the percentage accordingly.

The deduction for a home office is available not only to self-employed taxpayers, but also to employees—but proof requirements are stiffer. It is necessary for the employee to show that his firm *requires* him to have such an office; or that his job requires him to do certain work regularly outside of office hours.

**Travel.** Speaking of home, the rules of ALMsmanship—and of the Internal Revenue Service—permit you to deduct the high cost of business trips away from home. But the IRS has its own ideas of the meaning of "home." Your home for tax purposes is considered to be the general geographical area of your business or office, and to deduct the cost of business travel you must be away from this area longer than a working day.

To claim meals on a trip lasting less than a day, you must take time out for sleeping, although no one as yet insists, especially if you happen to be an insomniac, that you actually sleep. Dozing will do.

Then there is the long trip, lasting several months or more. In order to claim a deduction here—a sizable one—you must show that your assignment was temporary and that during your absence you maintained a "home" to return to. This may prove frustrating for bachelors, inasmuch as tax men contend that a bachelor's home is wherever he hangs his hat.

Once it has been established that you do, in fact, possess a stationary base called a home, and that you've been away from it on a business trip, you may



deduct business-connected transportation charges. If you use your own car for business, you may deduct ten cents a mile for the first 15,000 miles of business travel and seven cents a mile thereafter. Whether you drive your own car or not, you may deduct cab fares, phone calls, the cost of lodging, baggage charges, laundry expenses and tips. Internal Revenue, it should be noted, will disallow expenses deemed to be "lavish or extravagant." But avoidance being an art, not a science, words like "lavish or extravagant" are not defined—which often leads to semantic haggling. But one minor certainty exists: The cost of first-class travel and hotel accommodations is not considered extravagant per se. Hence, the expert ALMsmen travels, and travels well. He goes first-class by plane, train or ship—but he doesn't go overboard.

The wise ALMsmen also knows that if he has actually moved his home from one city to another to take a full-time job in a new location, he can—if the move was 20 miles or more from his old job location and his former home, and if he continues to be employed in the new location 39 weeks or more—deduct the expense of moving for himself, his family and his personal goods. He remembers to include in this sum any amounts spent for storage in transit, and for meals and lodging en route.

*Vacations.* The ALMsmen also learns quickly that there is a fine, if sometimes fuzzy, line between business and pleasure. Thus, he knows that work and vacation travel can sometimes be profitably combined. If he is selling sewing machines in Salzburg, there's nothing to stop him from taking advantage of the skiing while he's there. Financial negotiations in Florida may facilitate fishing. But the experienced ALMsmen exercises caution.

When the prime purpose of a trip is business, and you arrange to take some vacation time in the same area, you can deduct your transportation costs to and from the point at which the business is conducted. The important thing is to be able to show that the main motive for the trip was business. But don't try to deduct your extracurricular vacation costs, too.

If you are on a reimbursement arrangement, and your company sends you on a business trip, the tax collector graciously assumes that there was a business necessity for the trip. But he is less easily convinced if you are self-employed, or if you are a managing executive of your company. In these cases, reimbursement is not enough. You must be able to prove that the trip was planned primarily for business and not merely to provide a fig leaf of excuse for some faraway fun.

The experienced ALMsmen recognizes that the above listing of business loopholes and indulgences is, of necessity,

only partial. The legal art of tax avoidance permits of infinite variety. It is time, however, to move on to that fascinating final category of supplementary deductions listed on the tax form under the heading "Other"—which afford the ALMsmen a vast variety of new possibilities for paring down his Absolute Legal Minimum to even trimmer proportions.

In this category of deductions, the chief savings offered have to do with nonsalary income. Of all the principles of ALMsmanship, none is more important than the one expressed in the following syllogism: Not all forms of income are equally taxed; salaries and wages are more heavily taxed than other forms of income; ergo, the advanced avoider attempts to shift as much of his income as possible into nonsalary forms. This means that the avoider must begin plying the path of the ALMsmen long before April 15—all year round, in fact, seeking ways to earn as much as possible in those forms of income that are taxed the least.

*Dividends.* Not everyone, unfortunately, receives dividend income. ALMsmen who do, however, have a special advantage. The first \$100 of dividend income is tax-free. More important, dividends reduce your final A.L.M. by two percent against all remaining dividend income. For example, the man who receives \$500 in dividends in the course of the year

subtracts \$100 as tax-free. The remaining \$400 gives him a two-percent credit (eight dollars) to be deducted from his final 1964 tax bill. Since this is neatly sliced from the final tax figure rather than from total income or adjusted taxable income, it is the equivalent of a deduction several times its size. Do not despise such small favors. They can add up to a tidy savings.

*Gifts, Personal Damages and Inheritance.* The rule here is short. None of these forms of income is subject to income tax. Consequently, receive as many gifts as you can. If you have been hit by an onrushing locomotive, collect as much as possible in personal damages. Even more important, inherit as much as you can.

*Capital Gains.* The novice has, perhaps, heard of capital gains and not understood the term. The true avoider has fully penetrated its mysteries. A capital gain is what you get when you sell your shares of A. T. & T. for more than you paid, or when you own a parcel of real estate and sell it for more than its purchase price to you. It has nothing to do with dividends or other income you may have received from ownership of the asset. It is merely the quintessence of buy-low-sell-high.

The expert ALMsmen knows that capital gains come in two types—long term and short term. He knows also that



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a short-term capital gain occurs when the individual sells a capital asset that has belonged to him for six months or less. If he has held it for more than six months before selling, it becomes a long-term capital gain. The significance of this distinction is more than academic. It is the cornerstone of considerable wealth. For if you have made any money from short-term capital gains, this money is taxed at your regular tax rate, as determined by your taxable income figure. (The minimum is 16 percent, the maximum 77 percent.) But if your money has come from a long-term capital gain, it is taxed at no more than 25 percent, even if you are otherwise in, say, the 77-percent bracket.

Moreover, should you happen to lose money in a stock transaction or in real estate, you are permitted to deduct up to \$1000 from taxable income this year. This is known as a capital loss. And if, by any grim accident, your loss should exceed \$1000, you may deduct up to \$1000 each year until the loss is eliminated. The amount of capital loss that may be deducted is reduced by the amount of capital gain, if any.

The advanced avoider concludes the obvious. Of all the common forms of income, income from capital gains is the most sheltered. He therefore strives to bring in as much as he can in the form of long-term capital gains—buying low and selling high in the fine old Yankee tradition of the merchants and traders who founded the nation.

*Records.* In ages past, men kept diaries to record their more memorable moments for posterity, or to permit them to savor, in old age, the memories of their youth. Men keep diaries today, too. Especially ALMsmen. The artful avoider who wants to avoid prolonged disputation with a T-man will get into the habit of carrying a "daybook" in which he enters all expenditures that are business-related. He will also stuff into a folder all receipted bills for business-expense items: travel tabs, hotel and motel bills, and the like.

If you have a reimbursement arrangement with your employer, you must keep these records principally for his edification. The company has the responsibility for seeing to it that the records are adequate and for repaying only your bona fide business expenses. If this is done, you probably will not have to produce your own records for the tax man. But if you are self-employed, or if you are a managing executive in your company, you may expect that prying eyes will want to review your private journal. The more detailed it is, the better your claim is likely to be.

*The ALMsmen's Advisor.* The ambitious ALMsmen seldom works alone. He asks an accountant or attorney to help him prepare his tax form, secure in the knowledge that the fee paid for

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this service is itself deductible. He is aware, however, that *anyone* who can letter TAX HELP on a shingle has the right to set up in business and charge for advice. Tax experts now number in the tens of thousands. Like lilies in the spring, many of these flower in March and fade away in April, sometimes with appalling results.

The careful avoider chooses his advisor with deliberation. He guards against the expert who glibly guarantees a tax refund. He is even cagier about the expert who hands him a blank tax form to sign and suggests that the details be left to him. Some so-called tax advisors have taken signed forms, claimed illegal deductions and exemptions, won fraudulent refunds for their clients on the strength of them, and then disappeared, leaving the client to confront the collector later on. In effect, the "advisor" turned the client into a tax evader. The fact that the client may have been ignorant of what was being done is not considered a justifiable excuse. He has, in fact, put his signature under a false statement. The penalty for such falsification may be stiff indeed, and the taxpayer himself is held responsible.

It goes without saying, finally, that with or without an advisor, the ALMsman always files a form. Even if he concludes that he owes nothing to Internal Revenue, he goes through the motion of filing. Failure to file may, in itself, turn an avoider into an evader. The temptation to forget to file is sometimes overpowering. Resist it.

The aspiring avoider who has read this far may already begin to feel a bit taxed; but the rewards of his perseverant attention will be manifold—and the climax of his effort is near. For he will be prepared, after making the suggested subtractions, to arrive at his taxable income, that stark statistic which will determine, once and for all, his Absolute Legal Minimum. No matter what his A.L.M. turns out to be, of course, the true avoider will passionately believe that it is too high. He will comb back over the figures seeking the tiniest stray error which, if corrected, might force his A.L.M. down still further.

At that moment he will, no doubt, think of all the things he might have done, or that his employer might have done, to reduce his A.L.M. to the vanishing point. He will think of perquisites, for example. He will know that if his company had only provided him with an automobile as an emblem of his executive importance—or with country-club membership, or with free medical check-ups, dining-room privileges, courtesy discounts on company products or no-interest loans—he might have enjoyed the fruits of a pay raise without suffering an increase in his taxes. Such perquisites in lieu of cash are often the employer's way of sheltering his executives from the

cold touch of the tax collector.

The avoider may think, too, about stock options, those incentive-energizing devices under which a company offers its employees the right to purchase its stock at a stipulated price at a date in the future when the market price is expected to be higher. Such options have provided windfalls for their lucky recipients—income that normally falls in the capital gains category.

The farsighted ALMsman thinks also about profit sharing. Under such an arrangement a company salts away a sum each year—often up to 15 percent or more of one's annual salary—for its employees. It invests these funds for them. Not only is the return on investment tax-free to the fund, but when the employee leaves or retires, and receives his share of the fund, he pays only the capital gains rate on it.

Then there is the lucky avoider who knows in advance that he is likely to have a very large income in a single year. He may be helped by deferring part of that income to future years when his take-home, and hence his tax bracket, may be smaller. Writers, actors and other professionals whose income fluctuates widely from year to year often defer part of their earnings in a good year. Not all such deferred payment plans are wise, however. The ALMsman may surprise himself and earn an even higher income in a year when a deferred payment falls due, thus winding up in a higher bracket than before. Moreover, a deferred payment plan is only as safe as the solvency of the company that agrees to the plan. In short, deferment should be considered, but one bird in the ALMsman's palm may be worth two in the collector's coffer.

Even if deferring income is not advantageous, however, averaging it may be. Averaging is a ploy invented for the man on the rise. It is a dismal theorem of economics that the higher your income, the higher your tax bracket. The man who sees his paycheck increase sharply in one year may see almost all his increase eaten away when he is bounced into a higher bracket. The averaging gambit helps buffer him against this unwanted effect. If his 1964 income exceeded the average of the four previous years by one third plus \$3000, he qualifies for averaging. This permits him to count part of his income as if it had been earned over a five-year period, and therefore permits him, in effect, to freeze his tax bracket at a lower level than if it were counted as a single year's income.

Consider the case of the ambitious young lawyer who won a big case last year. For the previous four years his income averaged only \$12,000. Last year, however, it spurted to \$20,000—more than one third plus \$3000 over the four-year average. Thus qualified, he then

can calculate his average, add one third to it, and come up with a figure of \$16,000. Up to that figure, he pays tax at the normal rates. But the \$4000 beyond that is taxed, more or less, at the same rate as if his total income were only \$16,000. The result: a lower-than-ordinary bracket and a slenderized bill. The rules on averaging are hellishly complex, but the ascendant avoider does not let this hinder his search for the A.L.M. Having considered their use, he is now ready to conclude his efforts.

As the artful avoider gives his tax return a last look before affixing his signature, he inevitably stops to consider again the critical difference between avoidance and evasion. He realizes how important it is not to be lured across the line that separates the two, and he recalls, perhaps, the sorry fate of the man who was seduced by a rhinoceros. For many years the tax returns of a major U. S. circus and its owners were prepared by a gentleman whose three-ring imagination was evidently as colorful and comic as the circus itself. He once discovered, in a flash of insight, a hidden relationship between revenue and rhinoceroses. This revelation spelled his downfall. It made of him an evader instead of an avoider. In filling out his client's tax return one year, he claimed a sizable deduction for depreciation on one rhinoceros. He claimed the animal had cost the circus a purchase price of \$35,000, whereas the going rate for rhinoceroses was a mere \$3500. This particular rhinoceros, moreover, was nonexistent.

In the years that followed, he managed to make a circus out of the tax returns by deducting depreciation on a vast menagerie of such imaginary animals. Five giraffes, eight tigers, nine zebras, 23 camels, 23 lions, 665 horses, not to speak of assorted elephants—all creatures of his fecund imagination—thundered and trampled across the tax forms. As time rolled by and the maximum permissible depreciation was reached on each of his rapidly aging phantom herd, he would drop them from the form, claiming that the circus had disposed of them. In this and other ways, he managed to conceal something like \$6,000,000 in earnings of the circus owners, for whom he also prepared individual income tax returns. His animal husbandry might have continued indefinitely had not some sharp-eyed big-game hunters in the Internal Revenue Service been intrigued by the mystery of what happened to 48 pachyderms he claimed the circus had abandoned one year. Their hunt for the vanished elephants proved futile, and the evader made a safari to jail. The elephant joke was on him.

The artful avoider will grasp the moral of this beastly tale. You can make a jungle of your fiscal affairs, but you can't make a monkey of the IRS.













the country, can't judge trophy heads, tries to sleep with your girlfriend and has employed a surly gunbearer and a lousy cook. You don't need a white hunter who can't fix anything that happens to a car, a gun or a camera—and believe me, something is always breaking down on safari, whether it's a car ruining its bearings, a scope jumping suddenly out of focus, or a camera with its innards full of sand, water or just plain contrariness.

The white hunter should be most of the things contained in the boy-scout code—kind, courteous, thoughtful, able, inventive, amusing, undrunk, brave and, above all things, competent at running an outfit that will average 12 natives for a small safari, and up to 30 for a big one. His skinkers should be able to skin well, so the trophies won't be ruined. The personal boys should have washed everything you drop on the floor 20 minutes after you dropped it. The head boy and his assistant should be immaculate in uniform, body and performance. The gunbearers should be able to bear guns,

track and skin—and also keep the guns oiled, the ammo sorted, and the hunting car washed clean of yesterday's blood. The *cho-boy*, the sweeper, should keep the lavatories sanitary, and the boy who fills your shower or canvas bathtub should hold the number of frogs, newts, shrimps, scorpions and baby alligators to a bare minimum.

The tentage, if it's that kind of safari, should be stout and waterproof. If it's like the one I'm on now, the permanent camp dwellings—whitewashed rondawels with peaked straw tops and plaster walls—should be as well tended as a good hotel room. There should be soft toilet paper and Kleenex and a first-class dispensary, as well as the Red Cross box that contains snake-bite treatment and like that. Everybody should have at least two flashlights, as well as pressure lamps, and the first time the hunter says: "We had some last week but we just ran out of it," shoot him. Hunters are nearly always running out of something, including gin and ammunition.

You cannot have too much gin or am-

munition. The only thing drier on safari than a dry throat is a dry gun. The best part of safari is to be found at night, sitting around the fire with a drink, telling and listening to a lot of lies, and rehashing the day's heroism. To this aspect of the trip, alcohol is as necessary as firewood. Most good white hunters are round with a fund of anecdotes, plus a positive wealth of folk, animal and flora lore. They should be encouraged to talk as well as to drink. Most good ones drink copiously and hold it adequately, and after all, you are paying for the booze. When the hunter stops drinking your gin and eats privately in his tent, you might as well pack it in.

The hunter-client relationship is as ticklish as any I know. The "good" client is a man or woman who comes out to enjoy the trip, and who does not want to kill too much, or to shoot inferior trophies. Quite frequently mild men and mousy women become suddenly blood mad, and want to squeeze the last drop. They rise at three A.M. and await the dawn impatiently, so they can begin the day's murder. They keep lists of what they've shot and what they plan to shoot, down to the last dik-dik on the ticket, and resent any moment of daylight that is not punctuated by a rifle blast. The good hunters despise clients of this stripe, as they hate braggarts who do not perform well, as they loathe boast-ers who run when the buffalo charges or the leopard gets up from his deathbed for one last pass. One gentleman just left here, after shooting everything, including hippo and crocodile, lion and eland, tiny oribi gazelle and ugly wildebeest. He left his wife in camp, where she talked all the innocent bystanders into trauma, while he relentlessly milked every bloody hour from the day. He has shot everything, everywhere, and is careless of trophy. All he wants is to see death, and go on to assassinate something else. As he left after a month, he tipped his hunter a dollar.

A good hunter should never let a client shoot anything that isn't a superior representative of its species. I have known one—now delicensed—who would cheerfully allow the shooter to kill anything, regardless of size, horn length, mane, sex or species. He also slept with his clients' women. Before he was unfrocked for some peculiar business with illegal elephant shooting, he achieved his lifelong triumph. He took 15 women on safari, rewarded one for shooting a buffalo by bedding her behind an ant-hill while the boys carved up the other carcass, and then, later, achieved a reverse triumph when his wife invaded another lady's tent—just as our friend's robe fell off while he was embracing the lady. The safari ended rather suddenly, and so did the marriage.

A tip to the uninitiate has to do with hunting friends, both male and lady.



SHOEMAKER



Under no circumstances should two friends who have only known each other in cities, professionally or cocktailwise, embark on a first safari. Competition breeds temper, and the two Toots Shor buddies are apt to wind up as deadly enemies when one gent's leopard is bigger and spottier than the other fellow's; one lion shaggier, one buffalo wider, one kudu longer. We had a recent example of two doctors here in Mozambique; they came out arm in arm, friends to the death. In a few days, when Jack shot something that Charlie hadn't collected, they quit speaking. Then Charlie knocked off something that Jack wanted but couldn't find, and suddenly they requested to hunt out of separate camps. They went off separately, and will hate each other all their lives because Jack's sable is shorter or Charlie's nyala is thicker. The only time two men should hunt together in Africa is when they've had a vast experience in mutual hunting in Pennsylvania or South Carolina, and even then it's dicey.

As for women: Something strange happens to women under an African moon. Hemingway wrote it well in *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*. Momma comes out, perfectly contented with Poppa. Poppa is showing off in front of Momma—particularly if Momma is a younger, second or third spouse, or perhaps just a girlfriend that Poppa has fetched to romance under the velvet canopy of African sky, spiced with stars and slashed by a big butterfat moon. *Tragedy*.

Poppa's pure hell in the paper-box business, but he starts trying to compete with the outdoor mechanic, the white hunter. The white hunter is usually young, always strong, generally charming and very competent at his work, which is chasing things, tracking things, killing things and fixing things. He is full of wise words and anecdotes.

Momma sees the hunter patch up a busted Land-Rover with chewing gum and string. Momma sees the hunter go boldly into the bush after a leopard that Poppa has gutshot. Momma sees Rock Hunter stand spraddled in the face of a charging wounded buffalo because Poppa has also gutshot the bull. Momma sees Poppa run, stumble and fall, then watches Rock Hunter save his life by shoving the barrel of his rifle in the buffalo's eye. Momma sees Poppa red-faced and sweating, falling behind, tripping over the grass withes, complaining about the flies and the bugs, getting his fingers stuck in the rifle, missing what he should hit, hitting what he should miss, like the one cow buffalo in a whole herd of bulls.

Momma forgets that Poppa is very big in the paper-box business, that he belongs to six clubs, that they have a duplex in New York, a country home in Connecticut, Meissen china, and three

cars, including a Cadillac. She just sees this little city man trying to compete with a Rock Hunter type, who does everything well because he's done it all his life. She does not pause to reflect that Rock Hunter would be a bum in the paper-box business, couldn't get into the club, and would be thrown out of Twenty One for being badly dressed. In shorts and bullet loops, under that papaya slice of moon, with hyenas calling, lions roaring, fire bright and Poppa down in the tent with a sprained back, Rock Hunter is purest *romance*. Whether or not Rock Hunter takes advantage of the lady when she flings herself into his arms and murmurs, "Darling, take me now, whistling thorns and all," Momma will never feel the same about Poppa again. She may not hate Poppa when they get back to The Colony and the paper-box factory and the home in Greenwich, but when Poppa folds her in his flabby embrace she will close her eyes and see Rock Hunter, not Poppa.

What Poppa should remember, if he does bring Momma, is that Poppa is old enough to be rich enough to afford a safari, and that Poppa doesn't know his rifle from a rhino, and that Poppa shouldn't try to compete with some young yahoo who was breast fed by a lioness and who would be lost in any place that didn't have trees in it. Poppa should walk slow, shoot slow, and let Rock Hunter do the work. In this fashion a certain amount of dignity is maintained, and Momma should be forcefully impressed with the fact that Poppa is not Tarzan, but only Big Daddy from the paper-box circuit, out in Africa to have some fun, not to compete in a rural Olympics with some young Adonis who is all legs and nine tenths muscle.

We had a rather sad example of this husband diminishment here the other day. Momma was well-preserved 30ish. Poppa was not-so-well-preserved 60ish. Poppa was slow to shoot, so Momma would take the gun away from him and do it herself. Momma would also laugh heartily when Poppa missed something, and remark to the world that Poppa was too old for this kind of work. It gave the locals some rather odd ideas about American marital relationships. Once I saw a lady command her husband to *shoot that lion*, which Poppa had shirked three times, or *else*, and this in front of six other people at the mess table. At last count, relations were still strained.

It is quite possible that the Portuguese territories, Mozambique and Angola, offer more diversified game than any other areas in Africa. Mozambique will give you about 20 species for a license cost of \$107, plus extras for a second head, which can be bought very reasonably on a coupon system. Mozambique will give you elephant, leopard and lion in addition to the three top trophies—sa-



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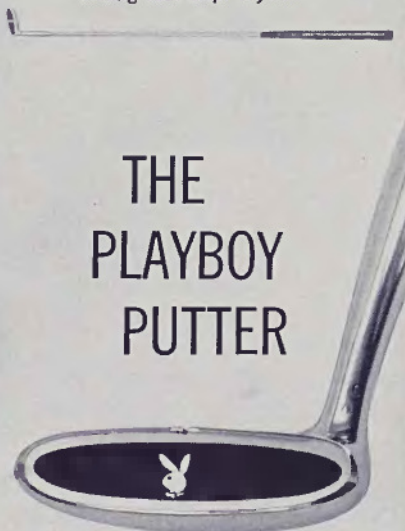
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ble, kudu and nyala. If you're a pig fancier, they have the best and biggest wart hogs I've ever seen, and in great profusion. To me—I'm a pig nut—there is nothing more emotionally stirring than a big pig with 15 inches of ivory sticking out of each side of his face. The 50-mile-an-hour chase over log-and-pig-hole-boo-by-trapped terrain is thrilling, if you can manage to stay inside your doorless Jeep. (I got unloaded three times last year.) The wart hog is *not* ugly. He's beautiful, and the tusks, silver-mounted with bottle opener and corkscrew, make great bar implements, but it's a tough way to furnish a bar. When you've come to a screeching halt you have to dash madly on foot after 300 pounds of armed animal who dearly loves to fight back with the ripping knives he wears in his face.

Angola offers you bigger and fewer sables, smaller and fewer kudus, and has more and better lions and leopards and elephants. In addition, it has roan antelopes, mostly prohibited in Africa, sitatungas, sassabies, and the red lechwes, all exotic, if smaller, antelopes which are hard to come by in most of the other shooting territories. Angola is represented by Safari-Shikar Tours & Travel, Inc., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and handles the Luina-Lengue concession, as well as the Mavinga concession. Longa-Mavinga is operated by an English-speaking Brazilian named Jorge Alves Lima, and Luina-Lengue by a *Senhor* Lopo de Carvalho. The other big concession, the Macusso, is run by Captain Antonio Mario Tello, and I'm told it's wonderful. The best source of information on Angola, as well as other African areas, is a book by Robert Lee, called *Safari Today* (The Stackpole Company), which is really a bible on far-out African hunting, if subject to sudden change due to wind and political weather. A letter to Doctor Abel Prattas, director of the Central Hunting Association, Luanda, Angola, can supply any information not to be found at Safari-Shikar Tours & Travel, which has all the circulars providing full how-to particulars and prices.

Safari-Shikar Tours & Travel also has the complete gen on Safari Outfitters of Mozambique (Beira), Nyala Safaris, Lda., of Lourenço Marques, and Simões Safaris (Beira). It handles the Sudan, a practically unshot area, which offers bongo, giant eland, Nubian ibex, Mrs. Grey's lechwe, white-eared kob and lelwel hartebeest—all unusual trophies, and mostly peculiar to the area—as well as most of the common stuff. The same firm does business for Bechuanaland, which gives you giant oryx, the needle-horned prototype of the ancient unicorn, plus the sable-kudu-lion-leopard-elephant axis.

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polar bear out of Tromsø, Norway, fishing and bird shooting out of Argentina, and limitless shooting and fishing in New Zealand. They've got so much game in New Zealand—all imported, because there was nothing out there originally except the moa bird, the kiwi and the three-eyed dragon—that there's no limit, no licenses and no special seasons. On things like deer—Scottish stag, fallow deer, Japanese sika deer, as well as Canada geese, they'll pay you a bounty. You can shoot chamois, mountain goats, boars, wild goats, Asian tahrs—a beardless version of the ibex—enormous elks, moose, and ducks out of your ears. I believe they even had zebras, once, as they experimented with imported fauna.

I have shot and fished in New Zealand, and it's all true. It probably has the finest fishing in the world, inland—I caught a 20-pound brown trout, and the record, as I recall it, is over 34 pounds. A 12-pound rainbow is usual on flies at Lake Taupo, and you can catch a fish out of an icy pool and fling him over to a hot spring and boil him on the spot. The deep-sea fishing is equally fantastic for marlin and sail. The late Zane Grey kept a yacht out there, in his later years, and rang up more records than an IBM computer. New Zealand's a long way to go, but well worth the trip if you've the time.

Outside of Africa, India's still a good bet, and I found the Allwyn Cooper Company, based out of Nagpur, Madhya Pradesh, a wonderful experience ten years ago. The owner is Vidhya Shukla, son of the province's late governor, and the outfit got me three tigers in ten days. They guarantee a tiger in shooting distance, and there's a flock of other stuff as well—buffalos (water), gaur or seladang (wild ox, the biggest of the bovines), bears, pigs, panthers (leopards), blue bulls, black bucks, chitals, sloth bears, sambars (big shaggy stags), and any amount of variegated bird shooting. We used to shoot peacocks for the pot, but I believe they're royal game now. Safari-Shikar Tours & Travel handles Allwyn Cooper as well. Air India will also put you onto a gentleman named Rao who has a good reputation for shikar, the Indian word for safari.

But for my money, the Portuguese possessions—Mozambique and Angola—are streets ahead of any other shooting area. White hunters are a nickel a gross in Kenya. With the exception of a handful, the good ones have left town out of prudence. The remainders are mostly reformed locust-project boys who call themselves white hunters. The old warriors such as Hemingway's hero, Phil Percival, are either dead or debilitated. The modern classics had much to do with killing Mau Mau, and the Mau Mau, beginning with the prime minister, Mr. Kenyatta, is government these days. So the modern heroes, such as Harry Sel-



B. Wiseman

*"See how easy my Laura is on her things? She's been away all weekend and her clothes look as though she's hardly worn them at all!"*

by, gave up their homes and took their wives and children away. Selby is hunting out of Bechuanaland, and can still be booked via the firm of Ker and Downey, which is hanging on by its fingernails in Nairobi. (Neither Donald Ker nor Syd Downey takes shooting safaris anymore. The firm is owned by a man named Jack Block, who also runs the Norfolk and New Stanley hotels.)

Currently I am making my fourth safari to Mozambique in a period of two years. It is expensive—\$3500 for three weeks for one client, and \$30 a day for a nonshooting companion, plus the usual extras of ammunition, booze, private air transport from either Beira or Lourenço Marques, cigarettes, and suchlike nuisances as tips to the assorted staff and the white hunters. Disregarding air fare from wherever you are, and taxidermy in its final stages, I reckon three weeks in Mozambique will cost you a flat \$5000.

This trip was prepared by the firm of Mozambique Safarilandia, cable address Safarilandia, Post Office Box 1378, headquarters, Hotel Tivoli, Lourenço Marques, Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa. It is backed by two brothers, Mario and Jorge de Abreu, and has a firm connection with the Bureau of Tourism. It is actively run by a Prussian baron named Werner von Alvensleben,

a colorful type with a Heidelberg scar.

Solid anchor man is an Australian who never saw Australia. Wally Johnson was conceived in Australia, born in South Africa, and is a Portuguese resident. Wally is First Hunter, Chief of Camp, and the best hunter and tracker I ever knew. He looks as much like a white hunter as I look like Fred Astaire. Wally is 50ish, fat, bald, short, red-faced, and his mustache is a blond wisp. His conversation is generously laced with Australian, South African, Zulu, Changaan and kitchen Kafir profanity. But around the fire, after a hard day, when the gin pours, he is a master raconteur, and his narratives are delivered in almost B. B. C. English. Wally is well worth the trip, and also the money. But there are extras, such as young Walter, Jr., 23, who is nearly as good a hunter as his father. Walter, Jr., is a literate, practical, well-educated young man who has chosen hunting as a profession over tempting offers as an electrical engineer in Germany and elsewhere. He is strong enough to play fullback for the New York Giants, and has a snub nose and a smile guaranteed to steal any female companion you might bring along. He also shot his first elephant when he was nine.

Apart from Baron von Alvensleben, 169





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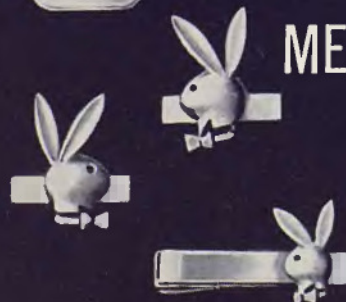
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the major exotic member of the troop is another German, named George Dedek, who is also worth the price of admission. George sports a monocle, carries an umbrella and cuts his hair with a comb with scissors in it. George is meticulous; the umbrella wears a bulb that can be used either as an oral spray or an enema. When he goes even for one day into the bush, he carries tent, chair, nylon rope and Zenith radio whose antenna can also be used for a fishing rod. He smokes a Jaeger pipe with a cover on it, and speaks fluent English, German, Chaggaan, high Coastal Swahili, and French.

The rest of the hunting personnel—there must be about nine, according to the size of my bar bill—is a mixed bag of South African, Rhodesian and Portuguese. Outstanding is a Portuguese nobleman named Manoel Posser de Andrade, whose grandfather was once president of Portugal. Manoel is a pleasant blond chap in mid-40s, who will tell you with a smile, in purest Oxonian, "I was a gentleman once who could afford to hire safaris. But I resembled my father too closely. Slow horses and fast women have made a white hunter out of me. Whiskey helped." Manoel is a fine hunter, a pleasant companion, and a gentleman of the old European tradition from his hat to his rawhide boots.

This particular concession comprises about 36,000 square kilometers. It has everything from elephants to anteaters. Its general face is that of Connecticut in the fall. No bugs, except in the rainy season. Snakes, yes, but not many. The only snake I've seen in four trips was an 18-foot python that they brought into camp to play with.

The elephants here are nothing in the tooth department, but on a twin concession on the Limpopo, a day's drive away, there are some quite-decent bulls. Last shot was 90 pounds per tusk, which is good even for the old days when the NFD was open in Kenya. But the Limpopo concession is mostly dense bush or ironwood and mopane, the most unpleasant bush I've ever hunted in. It seizes your car, hits it in the chin, wallops it in the stomach, and then rabbit-punches it as you pass, all blows accompanied by horrifying noise. Two hours in mopane and you're ripe for the psychiatrist. But the animals love it.

The country here on the Save river, close by Lake Zenave and only 45 minutes by air from Beira, the second biggest city, is gorgeously alive with fauna, beautifully bright with flowers, stately with trees, and as noble in its spaciousness as an English deer park. The air is crisp and winy; the nights are cool and the days are never very hot, although the sun is warming after the morning fog lifts.

There are lions and leopards here, in fairly short supply, but they can be obtained by hard work and clever baiting.

The Cape buffalo is here in lavish force, and is easily come by. The standards—waterbuck, eland, bushbuck, reedbuck, oribi, wildebeest, zebra, impala, duiker, hartebeest—are almost embarrassingly profuse, and it is not uncommon to see a thousand animals in a day. Fishing is good, and you can also shoot crocodiles and hippos while you wait for the tiger fish to strike.

But the big deal is something almost impossible to encounter these days—the big three. That would be sable, that noble black antelope with the arched stiff-maned neck and the haughty head with the great backsweeping sabered horns. The sable is as big as a horse and ranks as the world's top trophy. Then there is nyala, of the bushbuck family, a most amazing animal as big as a quarter horse, with a white mane up top, bongo-type horns with ivory tips, a white-striped black body and a black undermane, orange legs and almost literally a purple goatee. You could shoot him for camp meat if you were allowed more than one to a customer.

The most spectacular of the trophy animals, although he is not so hard to find as sable, is the greater kudu, which has generally been regarded as the Grail of African hunting. He is grayish brown in hide, which is barred by white stripes. He has a full mane on his underneck, white chevrons on his nose, and white spots on his cheeks. The horns are double-curved, colored like walnut meats and tipped with ivory. He is about the size of a race horse, with long legs and a fluffy white tail. The record kudu of the world came from here: 72 inches around the curves. Shootable is 50; very good is anything over 50. The best I've ever shot was just the other day—56 inches—which is notable, and even more notable were the braggadocio-building conditions under which he died. It was very thick mopane-ironwood bush, and all I could see was his neck. I broke that neck with a tiny 100-grain bullet from a pipsqueak gun, a Holland & Holland tailor-made .244, which isn't much bigger than a hopped-up .22.

This rifle, I must say, has changed my entire concept of weaponry. The Kenya boys tend heavily to brutish double rifles and solid bullets. There is actually nothing that can't be killed with a Winchester .375—and very little that can't be put down permanently with my .244. That's to say, I have killed a 41-inch sable with it, and the record here is 44 inches. The sable was shot at a good 300 yards, and last year I stoned an enormous kudu at about 400 yards with a bullet no bigger than a sharpened point of a pencil. A waterbuck is as big as a mule; I must have killed a score over the last few years with this kickless marvel of machinery. Nyala—here go the braggies again—half a dozen, and the last was 29 inches, almost the local record.



I've shot a bull buffalo, weighing something just under a ton, with my mild marvel. You have to hold tight, but a hit between the eyes or behind the ear, or even behind the shoulder, will induce him to wind that last sad bellow. The old-time white hunter wouldn't go up against a buffalo with anything much less than a .470 double, which throws a bullet as big as a cucumber and kicks like home-cultured gin.

Except for elephant, and possibly rhino, the solid bullet is really part of the buggy-whip age. Winchester's Silvertip, which I think to be the best bullet ever mass-produced, is deadly in the .30-06 and murderous in the .375. You can hear a solid bullet whistle as it passes clean through a buffalo, but the Silvertip, which mushrooms perfectly and penetrates deeply, will knock him over like a bowling strike.

The trouble, I think, about new hunters and their guns is that they've read too many articles by hand-loading gun nuts, seen too much advertising and read too many books by amateur safari hands. Too many guns, like the legendary cooks, spoil the broth. The ammunition gets mixed up, the weights of the guns change according to caliber, and the shooter never really becomes comfortable with his rifle. In this respect—comfort—a rifle is very much like a woman.

During the time I wore leopard-skin hatbands, carried everything from canteens to scout axes, had an elephant-hair bracelet on my wrist and affected tailor-made safari jackets, I owned weapons for all occasions and was pretty lousy with all of them. The 450/400 double balanced differently from the .30-06, which had a different feel from the .375, which was an unlikely neighbor of the .316 (I read about that one, bought it, and can't remember ever hitting anything with it), and the .316 took my mind off the .220 Swift, which is useless for Africa. And when I got around to the varying gauges of shotguns, I was never sure whether I was shooting the .410 or the 20 or the burly 12.

Over the years I have graduated to tennis shoes or desert boots, shorts, a beret or a bandanna to keep my scant hair out of my eyes, any shirt with pockets, no socks, no underwear—underpants gall you during a long day's drive in a Jeep or 30 miles on a horse—and I have chopped my armory down to a minimum.

The little .244 is good enough for anything except elephant and rhino. I keep a battered .375 as an insurance gun for big stuff. I shoot a feather-light 20-gauge shotgun, and that's it. There is a big double somewhere, and I vaguely remember a Hornet or a Swift. God knows what's happened to all the assorted shotguns; most likely I gave them away.

If I had to settle for just one weapon,

I'd choose the .375. Put a solid in it, and you can kill an elephant or a rhino. You can also shoot a bird without damaging the carcass, because the bullet goes clean through. With expansible bullets, you can shoot anything else in the animal world and drop it in its tracks.

. . .

The most important single aspect of successful safari anywhere, apart from the presence of client, money, game, gun and hunter, is weather. In any country—apart from New Zealand, and even the Kiwis have better seasons than others—you have to find out when it starts raining and when it stops. The game moves according to rain, and the most pleasant time to hunt is just after the long rains, in May when the roads are passable again. In most hunting country, you can't move from here to there in the rains, because the vehicles are permanently mired, and the game retires to thick bush. Living is miserable, and the trip useless. I once saw a movie company miscalculate rains in Kenya, and the entire cast, including a tame lion, sat around for three months without shooting a foot of film. And when you've got stars drawing pay, technicians drawing pay, and everybody drunk, sore and sick, you make no movie. Even the tame lion had rheumatism, and the extra cost ran into millions. The same applies to safari; nobody ever shot anything worthwhile sitting in a dripping tent.

For certain animals the best time is the tail end of the dry season, when there's no water in the ponds and pools, and animals congregate around the few remaining water holes. The weather is hot and miserable, and the grass burnt black. The country is ugly, but the big boys—elephant, notably—hang around what water's left. And you can catch the cats, as well. They are staying pretty well nailed in order to prey on the antelopes and gazelles, which have to patronize the only crap game in town. For serious hunters—elephant, leopard, buffalo—the last of the long hot summer is ideal. And in India (no, Virginia, there are no tigers in Africa), the hot season is far and away the best.

I have had several odd experiences with weather manipulation. As a pretty good witch doctor—*kush-kush*, *machawi*, *mundumugu*, voodoo, what you please—I once made some Mau Mau-type medicine because it hadn't rained in two years. The ceremony involved a human skull, an arch of thorns, a slain goat and some judiciously sprinkled gunpowder to make the fire flare. I suppose my medicine was stronger than I knew. A tornado came and blew my camp flat, and it rained solidly for two years. I left the country. I had no Luis to lift the spell.

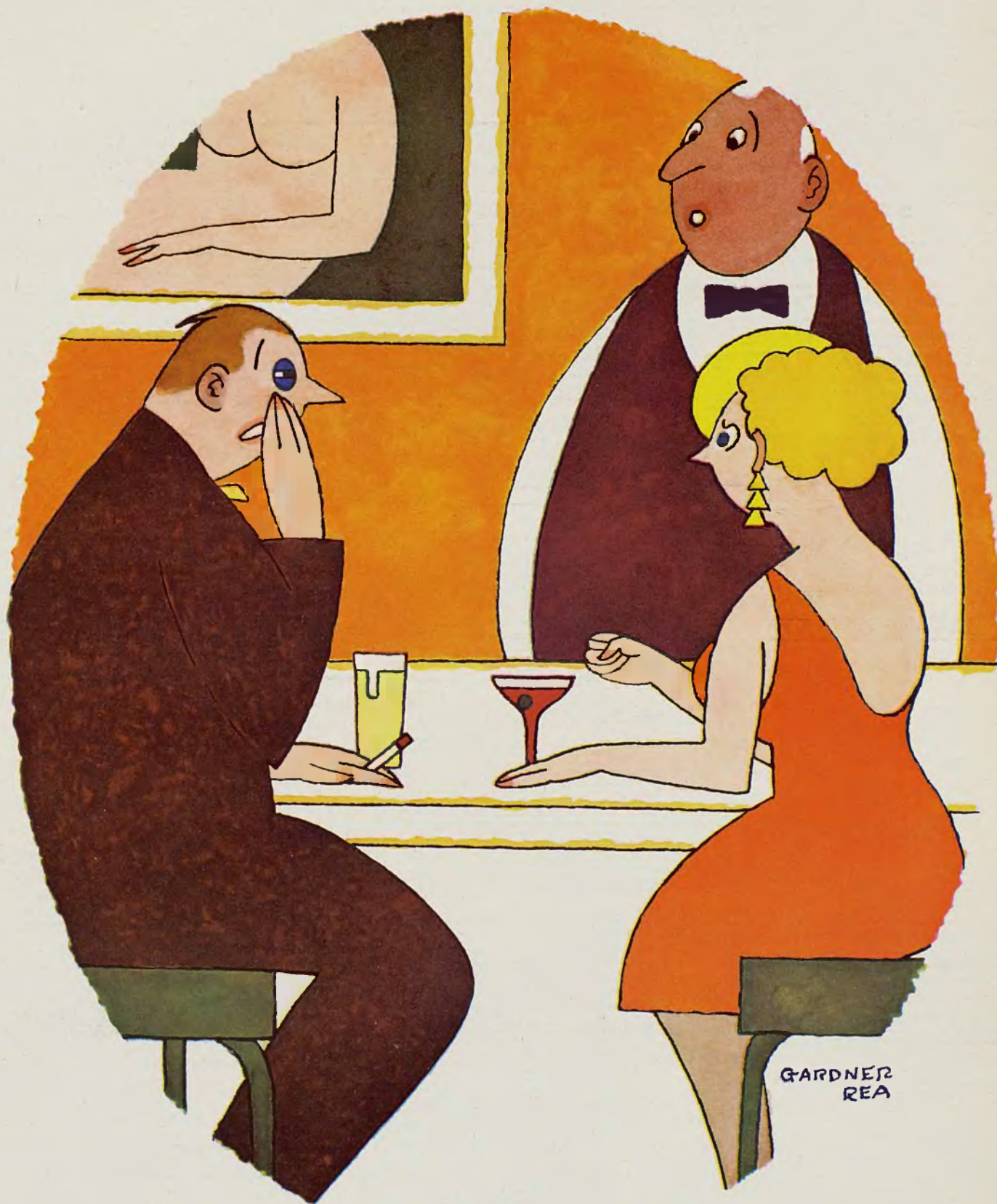
. . .

Most first-timers overload themselves with kit. It takes a very horny hoof to hunt in tennis shoes, and a sore-footed



"Actually, we're quite content. He's got his dirty books and I've got my gin."





*"That response seems reminiscent, miss. Haven't I tried to make a pass at you somewhere before?"*



hunter can't hunt. The best boot in the world, I think, is the Russell "Bird Shooter," and its nine-inch version is light, waterproof and guaranteed not to chafe, even on its first wearing. It has nonskid soles and also keeps the mosquitoes and tsetse flies off your ankles. All you need is one pair of boots and something light for slopping around camp after the shower's had and the gin pours.

We used to cool our booze in canvas garibas or chaguls—canvas bags for water and canvas boxes for the hard drink—and allow evaporation to do the work. Now any respectable safari firm has refrigerators, gas or kerosene, for mobile use, and dynamo-fed monsters for the main camp. The outfitter will supply the booze at cost, in Kenya at least, but it's a good idea to give him an early idea of what wines and spirits you think you'll need, and also how many cigarettes you think you'll require.

You can have hunting clothes made overnight by Indian tailors, or buy them off the rack in most African towns of any size. They cost less than the air freight, and you give them to the boys at the end of the safari anyhow. Two suits, jacket and pants, are plenty, because everything is washed, dried and ironed on the day you drop it on the floor or ground sheet.

What people don't generally realize is that Africa can be bitterly cold, in some sections, in some seasons. I always stock a woolly bathrobe—you'll wear that over pajamas around camp at night, after you've bathed—a cashmere sweater and one close-hugging suede windbreaker. The sweater under the windbreaker keeps you warm up top, and I like a couple of pairs of corduroy pants for camp wear or for days when your khaki isn't warm enough in the early morning. In a pinch, you can always use your robe for an overcoat.

Forget the floppy double terai sombrero that the old hunters used to affect. It just blows off in the Jeep or is scraped off in the bush. The commando beret keeps my bald spot cool. An English squire cap such as John Huston fancies is as good; a baseball-type billed job is excellent.

Underwear, socks, handkerchiefs—a bare minimum, because they get washed every day, too. I preach not in the interest of economy, but only because you'll be lugging your gear around in a small tin safari box, and space is precious, whether it's a shooting brake or hired aircraft to tote you over the landscape.

Don't depend on any outfitters to remember bug dope. Most white hunters are salted from years of being bitten, and in the festive hysteria of getting out of town, little things get forgotten. It

doesn't happen often, but on one occasion, a couple of white hunters got taken in farewell festivity and actually forgot the guns. Another lost a loaded truck, but that was exceptional, too. A small check list helps.

If you're traveling with baggage, keep a firm eye on it. I wound up on safari once wearing a business suit and a Homberg due to some ticketing mix-up which sent my gear to Léopoldville when I was getting off in Beira. I spent the entire month in makeshift clothing, and this was by no means my first safari.

If you send your guns and gear out ahead, ship the stuff at least three months in advance, and demand a cabled affirmation of their arrival. In recent years I have made at least two lifelong friends by lending my weapons because their artillery was tied up in a strike in Mombasa.

Do not discount the light plane, even if it costs a few hundred bucks more. Game areas are often hundreds of miles apart, and it is pound-foolish to waste days eating dust to travel from a sable or kudu area to an elephant area, when you can shoot the ground safari on ahead to bump and rattle and break axles and have flats while you take it easy for a day or so and then arrive at the next airfield in an hour or less. African bush pilots are the best I've seen, and nearly every area has an airstrip. And if it hasn't, your hunter will make one by merely smoothing the anthills, filling in the pig holes, tracing the strip with his Jeep, and lighting a greenwood fire to advise the pilot on the way of the wind.

And don't think you're cheating yourself of an experience by not traveling overland. Most of what you pass through is as dull as Delaware, if you're not actually on a highway, and you'll see more of the country—and the animals—en route by chartered aircraft.

There is one word to the unwary on cameras. You can hunt *or* you can take pictures. But you cannot hunt *and* take pictures, except possibly after the animal's dead. Permanent enmities have begun because somebody snapped a picture just as the rifleman was taking aim, and maneuvering into ideal lens position is guaranteed to spook any trophy animal. But if you *are* taking pictures and scorn shooting, four cameras are ideal. One should always be full of color, one of black and white. There should be one cine, preferably with a zoom. And as important as any is the new Polaroid, which also shoots color. This is *kush-kush* of a high order, and impresses the natives any amount. The locals are always being promised pictures and rarely receive them. To be able to cook up a color print in a minute is very big *mouti*, and often leads to valuable cooperation. It also gives the shooter the pleasure of

seeing himself standing on the neck of what he has just belted with his gun. If I were a camera hunter, I'd take *five*, because one is a cinch to go sick on you, from dust or concussion.

In the lens line, any good swiftly detachable telescope for a heavy rifle is useful, for if you wound a dangerous animal and have to follow him into thick bush, a scoped rifle is useless for quick shooting at close range. You simply can't find the animal in it fast enough to keep him off your neck.

For your light rifle, I'd fancy a bolt-on permanent model, as you'll be taking much longer shots at much smaller beasts. The finest I know is the Bausch & Lomb Balvar, which adorns my little .244. It's a variable job, and spins up from 2.5 to 8 power. At its extreme magnification, you get practically 20-inch-television views of the prey. I once saw white hunter Harry Selby kill a jackal with this gun and this scope at 750 measured yards! Of course, he was holding a touch high . . .

I have not dwelt on the intangible plus of safari, no matter where you take it. There is no computing the wine of morning air, the elephant you track for 20 miles only to find he has just one tusk; the six sable bulls you don't shoot because you hope to see a better one; the roaring of the lions outside camp; the whoops of the hyenas and the scary night sounds you will never identify; the brilliant birds and the daily dramas—a cow buffalo protecting her newly dropped calf from five lions, or a pride of 27 lions tumbling like kittens—elephants making Japanese straw hats for themselves from grass because the sun's too hot; the taste of that first drink after you've come bone sore to camp; the feeling of utter peaceful exhaustion after you've showered; the daily rehash and the steep tales of olden times around the campfire; the sleep that needs no pills; and finally, the sweet sadness you feel as you leave, bug-bitten and thorn-scarred, when you think you may never see it all again.

That you have to work out for yourself. But it may explain why I've been coming back at least once a year since I first saw Mount Kenya bare her snagged tooth to the freshly laundered morning air of green Kenya, and watched the snows grow heavy on Kilimanjaro. There is something of safari—the leopard's snarl and the baboon's curse; the leaping golden impala and the scarlet desert rose; the yellow waxy acacias with their umbrella tops; the great blue lakes and the angry, barren, mountain-strewn deserts of the north—that you will not be able to find on TV or even in church. If you're lucky, you'll find it in yourself.



## WHAT IS NORMAL? *(continued from page 97)*

to: What's normal sexual behavior according to our laws? or, What's normal sexual behavior according to our prevailing morals? and so on. And now, paradoxically, our tendency to generalize helps us pinpoint working definitions of normality and abnormality by which we may classify particular types of sexual behavior.

There are at least five major criteria according to which sexual behavior may be defined as normal or abnormal: statistics, phylogenetics, prevailing morals, law and dominant social attitudes. The statistical concept we use so often in daily life that we're often not aware of it: Whenever we say something like "The guy next door is of normal height," or when we refer to the "abnormal height" of some basketball-playing seven-footer, our standard of comparison is the general height of the population—most of our citizens are nowhere near seven feet tall,

and the guy next door could be discerned in a crowd only if he were wearing a Homburg while the rest wore fedoras.

From a statistical point of view, then, how do we behave sexually? It's easy enough to say that if most married couples have sexual intercourse, sexual intercourse must be normal among married couples. But this nice circular argument leaves unanswered the extremely important question of *how* commonplace a given type of behavior must be before we can call it *statistically* normal. What percentage of our married couples have to engage in sexual intercourse before we can say it's normal? Three quarters of the married population? Half? One quarter?

For the sake of argument, we'll say 50 percent will suffice for any sort of sexual behavior: By our arbitrary limit, if half or more of the population performs a

particular type of sexual activity, we will call that activity statistically normal. It's obvious right away that marital intercourse is normal by this definition, but how about some of our other sexual behavior?

Masturbation, for instance: 95 percent of human males and about 65 percent of human females masturbate; more than 50 percent of *married* males and nearly as many married females masturbate. By our definition, masturbation is statistically normal for all but married females.

How about homosexuality? While only about a third of human males and a sixth of human females engage in *overt* homosexual activity, about half of the males have either had overt homosexual relations or have been sexually aroused by males. For males, then, homosexuality is statistically almost normal; for females, it is not.

Since sexual behavior is influenced by educational levels, we might expect that some types of sexual behavior would show up as statistically normal for one part of the population but statistically abnormal for other parts. And they do. Mouth-genital activity furnishes a case in point: Among the better educated, this activity is common for more than 50 percent of the group, and is therefore normal by definition. But among the less educated, where taboos remain stronger, fewer than 50 percent of the group engage in mouth-genital activity, and, for them, it is abnormal. Abnormal also—for *all* segments of the population—are adult relations with children (pedophilia) and real rape (as distinguished from statutory rape), which are the sexual predilections of much less than half our citizenry. Finally, how do we perform sexually out of wedlock? Statistically speaking, well over 85 percent of us indulge in one form or another of nonmarital intercourse—premarital, extramarital or postmarital.

What is normal sexual behavior? Almost anything, according to statistics, except pedophilia and rape. Normal is as normal does.

Let's try another approach toward a definition of sexual normality. From grade school on, we have it persistently drummed into our heads that human beings are a species of animal—specifically, mammals—and during the rest of our lives certain aphorisms ("Man is a rational animal") are tossed at us whenever we act as though we have forgotten the fact. Since we are mammals, we can ask ourselves how our sexual behavior compares with that of other mammals: How is our behavior like theirs, and how does it differ? This is the phylogenetic definition of sexual normality: Sexual behavior natural to mammals is sexual behavior we're likely to be engaged in.

Among mammals other than the human variety, monogamy is the equiva-



"... Forgive me, Miss Brant—I meant to say,  
'Do you put out to sea very often . . . ?'"





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lent of marital status (we alone have benefit of law or clergy), and in this respect, as mammals, we are distinctly *abnormal* and *unnatural*. Most mammals do not cleave to one mate for a long period of time.

On the other hand, masturbation, homosexuality and mouth-genital activity are common to almost all species of mammals; even sexual relations between mammals of different species and between mammals and inanimate objects are more common than popularly believed. Do other mammals rape, have sexual relations with their young, engage in sadistic behavior? Yes, some do. So by phylogenetic definition, there's almost nothing that humans do sexually that isn't part of their mammalian nature and heritage.

For one reason or another, we humans are generally reluctant to recognize how close our sexual behavior is to that of our mammalian forebears, and one of the arguments most frequently employed to put distance between ourselves and the primates is that though we are mammals, we are a very special kind endowed with unique and highly developed abilities to love and to think and to communicate. Proponents of this thesis of man's exclusivity also argue that we're the only mammals that practice intercourse face to face. None of these arguments is entirely true. Other mammals *do* have the ability to love, they *do* communicate with one another, and they *do* have some sort of thinking ability—and some primates do, on occasion, have intercourse face to face. The difference between humans and other mammals, therefore, is one of degree and not of kind.

Since the other three definitions of normal sexual behavior—the moral, legal and social—depend to varying degrees on the Judaeo-Christian code of ethics and the bodies of law that have been built upon it, it will repay us to briefly note its origins, which have been treated extensively in *The Playboy Philosophy*. The history of the Judaeo-Christian ethic goes back many centuries before Christ, to the nomadic Jewish tribes of western Asia, whose code of sexual behavior was typical of tribes in that part of the world: Homosexuality was permitted provided no master-servant or superior-subordinate relationship existed between the two parties; intercourse with certain animals was condoned, while it was condemned with certain others, depending upon the species; prostitution was part of the religious ceremony in temples of worship; and polygyny was practiced. It was a sexual code considerably freer than that which the Jews developed upon their return from the Babylonian exile, by which time nationalistic fervor had led them to draw sharp distinctions between themselves and their neighbors. The latter Assyri-

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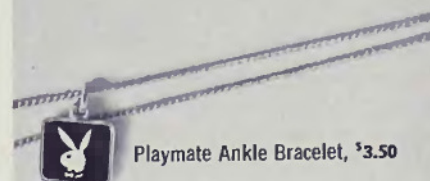
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ans, Hittites and Chaldeans, among others, did not believe in Jehovah and were therefore considered pagan by the Jews. Exile and nationalism radically changed the Jews' attitudes toward sexual behavior: Any sexual act that was not directly conducive to procreation was severely condemned; tribal survival and growth became paramount. Masturbation was punishable by death; males were forbidden to touch their genitals on the grounds that they might accidentally arouse themselves; nudity, homosexuality, sexual relations with animals and mouth-genital contacts were all condemned. In a word, any thought that sex could be for pleasure rather than procreation was denied and, hence, any imaginative precoital sex play or variations of position in intercourse were prohibited. Many of these proscriptions found their way into the Old Testament, frequently in allegorical form. As allegory, they were subject to widely divergent interpretation—as is evident from the writings of Christian clerics of a later and more antisexual era.

Because most early Christians were converted Jews, the early Christian movement was strongly influenced by the rigorous Jewish sexual code, and it was only much later in history that the Christian Church relented and sanctioned elaborations of precoital sex play, variations of position in intercourse and mouth-genital activity—on the firmly understood condition, however, that the *final* sexual act was intercourse. This remains the official position of the Catholic Church today. While many Protestant churches hold that sexual behavior in marriage is not sinful even if no intercourse is involved, they do condemn sexual behavior outside of marriage; very recently some Protestant denominations undertook to consider further liberaliza-

tion of their sex codes, and it may well be that in the foreseeable future they will relax their rigid distinctions between sexual behavior in marriage and out of marriage.

This brings us to the present, and the question of what is normal sexual behavior as defined by our Judaeo-Christian morals: Masturbation, homosexuality, nonmarital intercourse, rape and pedophilia are all abnormal ("wrong"). Marital intercourse is normal ("right")—in which a degree of latitude is given to precoital sex play, variations of position during intercourse and mouth-genital contacts.

The Judaeo-Christian tradition influenced more than just our moral sex codes; it was also the basis of ecclesiastic law, upon which English common law is based, and from which, in turn, our own sex laws are derived. One might think, therefore, that in defining normal sexual behavior as "what is legal" (normal) and "what is illegal" (abnormal) one would discover the same strictures and the same permissions found in our moral code. But this is not the case. Masturbation is one exception; it is not against the law to masturbate, as long as it is done in private—although there are two states among our 50 in which inducing another person to masturbate is classified as sodomy, according to law. But whereas masturbation is morally abnormal but legally normal, mouth-genital activity is morally normal but legally *abnormal*; in fact, mouth-genital activity is a felony—even between husband and wife—in all states except Illinois.

"Except Illinois" is a significant qualification—it is proof positive that where you live can determine the legal normality of specific sex behavior. What you can legally do in one state may be illegal in the next, another way of saying

that—from the legal standpoint—the distinction between normal and abnormal depends on geography. All of our states have laws against extramarital intercourse (adultery), and about half of them have laws against premarital and postmarital intercourse (fornication). Ask what's normal sexual behavior according to the law, and the answer is another question: Where do you live?

What is normal sexual behavior according to a social definition? Defined by this standard, sexual behavior that does no harm to society or its members is normal, whereas sexual behavior that does harm is abnormal. On this basis, our sex laws should protect all members of society from forced sexual relations (rape), and should protect children from sexual relations with adults (pedophilia)—the two sexual activities in which more than the two parties involved are affected. The underlying argument runs that our laws are made to protect persons and property and are not designed to perpetuate or eliminate—or punish—any particular sexual customs. By this social definition, then, masturbation and adult consensual homosexuality, nonmarital intercourse and mouth-genital contacts are normal, since each person determines for himself just what sexual activity is desirable in his own life; rape and pedophilia would definitely be abnormal. The American Law Institute, in proposing a Model Penal Code, has taken essentially this definition of normal sexuality as the basis for its recommendations.

• • •

"Am I normal?"

"What do you mean by normal?" Statistically, phylogenetically, morally, legally and socially we have sought a definition of normal sexual behavior. (For what we found, see the chart on the left.)

• • •

"Am I normal?" It would be easier to banish "normal" from our vocabulary than to answer the question. And to do so might well make more sense; after all, from the standpoint of individual psychic and physical health, what we do sexually is not nearly as important as how we feel about what we do. I—like many other objective observers—have seen cases where marital intercourse was a hostile and destructive act, and other cases where a homosexual relationship was loving and constructive. Our concern should be with individual well-being rather than with the irrelevant, illogical and psychologically damaging labeling of sexual behavior as normal or abnormal. And we might bear in mind this bit of wisdom from the Stoic philosopher Epictetus:

Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of them.



| CRITERIA        | Masturbation | Homosexuality | Nonmarital Sex | Mouth-Genital | Pedophilia | Rape     |
|-----------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|------------|----------|
| 1. Statistical  | Normal       | ?             | Normal         | Normal        | Abnormal   | Abnormal |
| 2. Phylogenetic | Normal       | Normal        | Normal         | Normal        | ?          | ?        |
| 3. Moral        | Abnormal     | Abnormal      | Abnormal       | Normal        | Abnormal   | Abnormal |
| 4. Legal        | Normal       | Abnormal      | ?              | Abnormal      | Abnormal   | Abnormal |
| 5. Social       | Normal       | Normal        | Normal         | Normal        | Abnormal   | Abnormal |

Reading vertically, we see that masturbation is abnormal only by moral definition, which simply means that anyone condemned for masturbation is being judged from a moralistic viewpoint (even Freud's labeling of masturbation as "immaturity" stemmed from the Judaeo-Christian proscription of it, which was much stronger in Freud's 19th Century Europe than it is here today); we see that homosexuality is by statistical definition normal for some, by phylogenetic and social definitions normal, and by moral and legal definitions (except in Illinois) abnormal; we see that by moral definition nonmarital intercourse is abnormal, that by statistical, phylogenetic and social definitions it is normal, and that by legal definition it depends on where you are; we see that mouth-genital activity is normal by all but the legal definition—although we must remember that mouth-genital activity outside of marriage is considered morally abnormal, because essentially any sexual activity outside of marriage is abnormal by moral definition; and, finally, we see that rape and pedophilia are abnormal by all definitions, with the possible exception of the phylogenetic, which we can't be sure of, because we don't yet know enough about variations in behavior among different species.





*"I got so excited when you gave me the coat, I hope I didn't leave without thanking you, Mr. Whitaker."*



## SOMEWHERE NOT FAR (continued from page 137)

The Ox said, "Got to get this stuff across the water, friend."

"But there's no bridge!"

"Then we must build one," said the Ox.

We looked at him. We thought he had gone crazy. He said, "The enemy can't get through three miles of these woods in under an hour."

I said, not knowing what I was saying, "That's right, we must build one."

Something in my heart told me that if the Ox said we had to build a bridge, he knew how to do it, and I was ready to follow him. He winked at me.

Just then I saw two people appear on the opposite bank, an old man and a girl.

We all knew them well. The old man was the girl's grandfather, and his name was Martin, the same as mine—Grandpa Martin. He had been a farmer, once, but had lost everything. Now he was one of us. He lost his farm, he lost his son and, worst of all, he lost his granddaughter Beatrice. She was about 14, and the prettiest girl for miles around, blue-eyed and with chestnut hair, when the enemy carried her off. I am not ashamed to say that I was in love with her, the way little boys are—I being only 11 at that time. Everybody loved Bea, as she was called. But she had no eyes for anybody except John. The men laughed at her for this, in a good-natured way. Once, when he was out on a raid, I heard her saying under her breath, "Let him be wounded—but not badly—and then perhaps he will let me nurse him." For John never looked at her; for all he cared, she might have been a thousand miles away.

The Ox said of her, "She is a well-developed girl. In the old days she would marry well and have ten strong sons."

"You are an Ox," Thomas told him. He, too, had a weakness for old Martin's granddaughter.

But the enemy was short of pretty girls. They made her one of their women, kept her in a tent. By one means and another she got all kinds of useful information out to the free men of the woods. She had learned the Patheran, the sign writing with twigs, stones and movements of the fingers that the tramps and the gypsies used in olden times. We got her out after two years. It cost us four good men. She was worth it. But she was no longer the same Beatrice. Tall, yes, and with a shape to take your breath away. But her voice was hoarse and her eyes hard.

She said to Mike, "Let nobody touch me. Let nobody drink out of my cup or use my spoon. I am sick. And where you boys have killed your hundreds, in one month I have killed three hundred generations of the enemy—they, their

wives, their sweethearts and their children. Understand?"

Thomas said, "We have no doctor and no drugs. Can't we perhaps snatch one of their doctors with his black bag?"

She laughed and said, "They haven't any drugs either, much. As for their medical officer, I fancy he will be wondering how to cure himself."

Still, seeing her on the other side of the water, I felt strong as three men, and I shouted to the Ox, "What are we waiting for?"

Thomas said, "Talk is cheap, Ox. The enemy will be here in an hour. I vote we scatter and hide."

The Ox said, "They know we'll have come here. There wasn't any other place we could come to. The woods are too thin hereabout. We've got to get across."

Big Steve said, "Ambush 'em—fight it out!"

The Ox said, "And the dynamite, the detonators, the fuses? I am going to blow up the transportation bridge."

All the time his eyes were darting here and there. He was getting everything into one simple picture in his mind—the river, the distance, the piles, the trees and the scattered timbers of the old foot-bridge on the bank. The clouds were gathering. More heavy weather would break again soon.

"Axes," the Ox said. "Axes and machetes." We each carried one or the other. "And rope, rope!" Every one of us had a length of strong cord tied around his waist—generally, that is. But on this fast raid most of us had traveled light. Among us we had no more than 30 feet or so of tough cord.

"Now," the Ox said, "we want a few long light logs. Martin, take my ax. There's something I've got to do."

He picked up John and carried him up the bank. There he put him down again. It took only a second. Then he ran back, snatched away Big Steve's automatic rifle and took it to John, and said, "Have you strength enough left to watch the woods?"

"Yes."

But John was dying, his back against a tree and his knees bent up to support his wounded body. His eyes were in black hollows, as if they had burnt their way in.

Then I forgot about him. There was wood on the bank. I picked out a young spruce that the water had carried down from the mountain. The ax was a good one. I took off the top of the tree, and it cut like cheese. Then the lower part above the roots. I may be young, but I was bred hard. Still, when I tried to lift the trunk it was too heavy for me, although I was working the way some men pray. But then the Ox was with me.

He picked up the log all alone and carried it to where one of the piles of the bridge stuck out of the mud on the bank.

"The water is rising," Steve said.

Thomas said, "And the enemy is coming."

The Ox simply said, "Oh, shut up!"

I wish he were here to tell you what happened then. I know, I saw; but I was working with all my heart and soul. A man is made to work only at one thing at a time. The only people who look left and right are those who weren't there. John told me once that all the world loves a bridge. In ancient times "Bridge-builder" was one of the highest titles the Romans could offer a man. He told me that there have been steel bridges that spanned oceans. But I shall always believe that the most wonderful bridge ever built or even attempted was the bridge we started to build across that flooding stream with a few bits of line and some fallen trees, with less than an hour to spare and the enemy on our heels.

• • •

The Dumb Ox said to me, once, "Actually, son, my name is Clem, but I don't mind if you call me Ox."

"I suppose they call you that because you are strong and patient," I said.

"And dumb, and slow. Also, because I am always chewing on a bit of grass or a straw. I can't see the things smart people see. I'm not sensitive—a goad in the ass is about as much as I can feel. I am brainless. I know what is right and I know what is wrong, but the whys and the wherefores are not for my thick skull."

And so it seemed until there was this problem. The cleverest among us couldn't foresee a cloudburst up on the mountain. But it had happened, and nobody knew what to do about it except the Ox. Later, when there was time to talk, he said to me, "Well, we *had* to get across and keep the stuff dry. What must be done must be done, with whatever comes to hand. If you have years of time and millions of money and thousands of workmen, build with steel and concrete, and good luck to you. If you have only got a bit of rope, a few sticks and sixty minutes—do what you can with them, boy, and be thankful. There is always a way to deal with things. Despair is for the enemy. To hope on and manage yourself, that is to be one of the free men."

He seemed to have room for only one thought in his head at a time. Now it was to find a way across the water before the enemy came up. "It was all very well for Thomas to say scatter and hide," the Ox said. But, as he pointed out, there was no place to hide. Downstream were

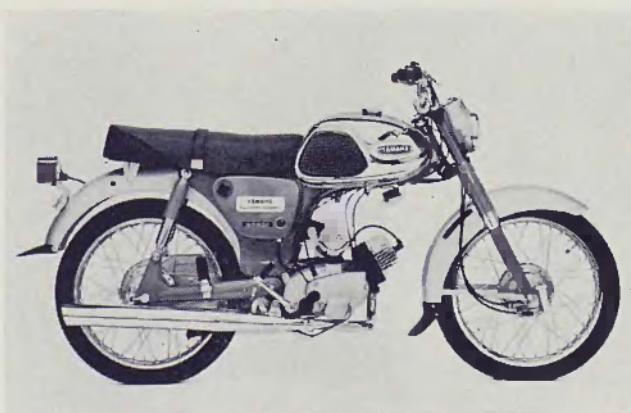




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the rapids, gone wild in the flood. Upstream, water that was dangerous even on a quiet day. We had counted on going back the way we had come. But there was no more footbridge. "To stay and fight it out would have been all very well," the Ox said; we might have killed a few dozen of the enemy and then died ourselves. But we had a responsibility. Dead men carry no fuses. "The enemy would have started out with a rush," the Ox said, "but they couldn't know our woods the way we do, with all their maps and their spies. We could move fast over the trail we took. They would go slower and slower, suspecting an ambush . . ."

He stood there scratching his head and looking about him like a workman who is being paid by the hour. "Ambush, ambush," he said, and went up the bank again to where John was watching the woods. What he did there was like this: He tied two machine pistols to two trees about 30 yards apart. He fastened a length of twine to the trigger of each, and lashed the loose ends to John's elbows, saying, all in a breath, "If you see or hear them, John, bring your elbows together. Those guns are cocked. There will be a burst in their direction from two sides."

John whispered, "And hit what?"

The Ox said, "Nobody. But they'll think the woods are full of us on two sides. When they come forward, you use your own gun."

"Yes," John said.

Then the Ox came running and showed us what we had to do. First of all we had to make fast a log to the pile at our bank. This had to be done quickly, because the pile would be under water any minute now. This log had to lie from the pile on the bank to the first pile in the stream; one of us had to crawl out and lash it down. The man who lashed down the end of the first log to the second pile would have to stand there, balancing himself like a tightrope walker and catch one end of a second tree trunk. Holding this, he would have to drag it toward him so that the farther end of the log rested on the second pile in the stream.

There is a game we used to play with tiny slivers of wood—spilkins. You pick your spilkins one by one out of a jumbled pile. Make one false move and you lost the game. Now we were playing with logs, and the game was a matter of life and death.

Let me make it clear. Here is 20 feet of white water. You must lay three tree trunks across it, supporting them on balks of rotten wood, one on each bank, sticking out of the mud, and two in mid-current. At any moment there will come a wind strong enough to blow you off the earth and a downpour of rain to

swell the stream. You have three quarters of an hour, a bit of rope, and nobody to work with you on the other side but an old cripple and a girl.

As the Ox said later, "Actually, you know, you can take an interest in a problem like that. Thank God I am an odd-jobman! . . . Make no hero of me, my boy. There is nothing heroic in doing a job in an emergency."

I said, "Ah, but what if you hadn't?"

He said, "I should have been a bungler, don't you see, a failure. I won't be made a hero of. I don't believe in heroes—I've met too many of them. You must do what you can as well as you can. That's your duty as a free man. Son, there is only black or white—meaning, there is only one alternative to bravery, and that is cowardice. If you do less than your utmost you are a coward. You must put into your work all God gave you. The only alternative to crossing the water would have been to stay on the wrong side of it. Which would have been wrong."

I said, "Clem, you gave us the strength to do it."

"No. You made yourselves strong. You know how you can reach into yourself and take yourself in both hands and squeeze the water out of yourself until you are nice and firm. That is what we did, kid, because we had to."

"And now it seems impossible," I said.

Clem the Ox answered, "From the impossible to the impossible—that is the road of us free men."

Now the first thing we had to do was lay the tree I had trimmed so that its narrow end overlapped the first pile in midstream by about a foot.

This seemed simple enough in itself.

We tied a rope around the thin end and stood the log up on its butt, which we jammed hard against the pile on our side of the bank.

Four of us held the rope, keeping the log upright. Clem guided the log with his hands, saying, "Easy does it . . . Good . . . Good, lower away."

But then, just as the end of the log touched the other pile, there was a gust of wind and a shrieking of the water. The bank was slippery clay. One of us slid down, caught off balance by the wind, and caught at the rope to save himself.

The far end of the log to which the rope was tied fell off the pile. The current caught the free end. The log and rope were like a tremendous whip with all of us clinging with might and main to the lash. The log spun. We felt ourselves going, and let go. As the water tore the log away, Clem the Ox caught the end of the rope. He braced himself. The force of that jolt as the tree trunk tried to get away drove him into the clay almost to his knees.

I took my place behind him, gripped him about the waist and held on. The rest took the rope and hauled. We played the log, and we landed it.

Clem, pursing up his lips, said, "All right. Once again."

Thomas said, "This is madness."

"All together, now," said the Ox.

We tried again. This time the thin end of the log fell obediently into position. I said, "Now it wants lashing down. I am the lightest weight here. I can walk a log and make a fast knot."

Clem said, "Good. But hold tight to the rope as you go." He had the loose end wound about his fist. I balanced myself and walked out. Once I slipped, but recovered myself. I lashed the log fast. A third part of the bridge was built; but a third part of our time was gone, and the water was swelling, and on the other side Grandpa Martin and Beatrice were in trouble.

They, weak as they were, were trying to do from their side what we were doing from ours. The old man was a strange one. Since he had lost his land he had been like the walking dead. Now he looked almost young again, plastered with mud from head to foot like Adam when God made him out of red clay. His log was trimmed, and he had cut notches in it so that the rope would not slip. I saw him yelling, but could not hear him. A knuckle of rock had made a kind of breakwater where he and Beatrice were, so that the water was shallower and the current less dangerous on their side. A special strength seemed to pour into them. She took the thin end. And he the middle. Inch by inch they urged it forward. As luck would have it, they got the log to rest upon their two piles. True, there were some great iron spikes left sticking out to help them there. Still, it was a thing to wonder at. But they had not enough rope. "Your belt! Your belt!" Grandpa Martin shouted; and she unbuckled her belt and strapped it tight where the logs met.

Clem called to me in his great lowing voice, "Stay where you are and lend a hand"—for he had another log prepared, long enough to reach from the second pile to the third and so link everything together.

Clem sat down upon the log we had already laid, straddling it with his legs; using his hands he climbed a little way out. Halfway along he made a sign. The others pushed out the new log. He gripped it tightly and slid it toward me. I dragged it in my direction, caught the end, steadied it, and pushed it toward Beatrice. She and the old man got it into place.

I went back to join Clem and the others.

Then something heartbreaking hap-



pened: A rotten old miserable weeping willow tree came drifting down. It touched a swirl in the current so that the water closed about it like a hand, swung it like a club—a very heavy club, slow to lift, quick to drop—and struck the second log at the thin end. So the middle span of our bridge snapped like a match, and the two pieces of it went bobbing away with the willow.

From the distance came a popping of shots. I looked from face to face. Now the strength was going out of us. Our last hope had gone with that log, it seemed. We all looked at Clem. Thomas said—and he sounded almost cheerful, “So it’s to be scatter and *sauve qui peut*.”

Clem’s face set like stone. He said, “Easy does it. I don’t scatter. Somebody give me an ax.”

He wanted another tree. The tree nearest to the bank was nearly two feet thick. Clem went for it at hip level. I ran to help him, but he ordered me back. We knew why. He had won prizes felling timber in contests, using a double-headed ax in competition with champions. In less time than it takes me to tell you this, the tree was down. He had dropped it just where he wanted it to lie. Then he and the rest of us were on that fallen tree like madmen, taking off the top and the branches.

“She’s too heavy,” Thomas said, panting for breath, “those other two logs will be off the piles any moment. And we are out of rope—”

Some stray bullets were whistling high overhead now. Clem said, “So take off your belts, take off your pants . . .” He seemed to change all in a second. I have never seen such a face or heard such a voice as he said, “What? Be beat by this puddle?” We were more afraid of him at that moment than of any kind of death or disaster. He screamed like a horse in a fire. His eyes were red. He lifted the heavy end of the tree in his bare hands, alone. The seams of his leather jacket burst. Black veins swelled in his neck and arms. It was as much as the rest of us could do, working together, to lift the lighter end of the tree.

Then Clem, his legs wide apart, walked backward into the water. He said, later, that it was only the great weight he was carrying that anchored him against the current while his feet found firm places to stand upon. He was in the stream up to his waist. Then the water was up to his chin. His knees bent. The water was over his head. He was putting all he had—much more than he had dreamed he ever had—into one last awful effort. His legs straightened and he held the log above his head for just a second. Then the butt end of it was on the third pile, our end was in place, and

Clem was back among us with blood running from his nose and mouth.

He told me later, “I put into one minute the strength of five years of life.”

Now Beatrice was across. She had lost her boots and her trousers. “Where is John?” she asked.

Clem gave her a parcel of fuses and detonators and said, “Take these across.”

“But John?”

“Take these across.”

She nodded, took the parcel and stepped on the first log. She walked like somebody in a dream; crossed the middle log and then the third. She was over.

Then Clem gave me a parcel and told me to go. I went. One by one the others followed. The firing was close now. I heard John’s fixed machine pistols firing wildly into the bushes. Then his own weapon, in little careful bursts. There were four or five wet thuds as some grenades exploded. Clem stood, wiping his bloody mouth on the back of his hand. I saw him sigh. Then he crossed our poor little bridge and was with us, just as the enemy appeared on the bank we had just left. It was broad daylight now.

We opened fire. Only Clem the Ox did not take cover. He took out the knife John had given him and stooped, and slashed at the cord holding the log the girl and the old man had got into position. It rolled away as the water pushed and sucked at it. With it went the other two logs. They seemed to wave us goodbye and danced away. I think I know what was in his heart just then.

Fastening those three sticks together was great work.

Beatrice said to me, “John is dead?”

I said, “Yes, but he thought of you, and he told me to give you this.” I took from round my neck where I had hung it the little bloodstained book with the bullet hole, and although it was the most precious thing I had—or because it was—I gave it to her. And although the free people never lie except to the enemy, I said, “He sent it to you with love.”

She said, taking the book, “And this is his blood?”

“That hole is where the bullet went through. He had only two things, his knife and that book. He gave Clem his knife, but, ‘The book is for Beatrice with my love.’”

She asked, “And nothing for you, Martin?”

“He smiled at me,” was all I could say.

Then I had to turn away. Clem, who had sharp ears and had heard what I said, patted my shoulder with his torn right hand and said, “Well done, kid. Spoken like a free man!” Then he unbuckled John’s knife and gave it to me, saying, “This is for you. I’ve got a knife of my own.”

Thomas said, “Well, let’s get going.”

“Quite right,” said Clem, “you’re in command.”

So we got the fuses and stuff to wreck Bridge K16. There five of us died and I got the wound I am going to die of pretty soon. This is the end of my story.



“Excuse me. Can I borrow the mascara again?”



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|---------------------------------|-------|
| Adler Socks                     | 3rd C |
| Asher Slacks                    | 14    |
| "Botany" 500 Daroff Clothes     | 18    |
| Corbin Trousers                 | 32    |
| Broomsticks Slacks by Glen Oaks | 40    |
| Hardwick Blazers                | 145   |
| H.I.S. Ivy-Jac Shirts           | 2     |
| Interwoven Socks                | 7     |
| Jockey Hose                     | 135   |
| Johnsonian Shoes                | 13    |
| Lansing Sound Systems           | 33    |
| Leesures by Lee                 | 25    |
| London Fog Raincoats            | 57    |
| Medico Pipes                    | 137   |
| Tensor-Lite                     | 22    |
| Winthrop Shoes                  | 23    |
| Yello-Bole Pipes                | 28    |
| YMM Slacks                      | 43    |

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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**"THE NEW BARBARY COAST"**—A PICTORIAL APPRAISAL OF SAN FRANCISCO'S BURGEONING STRING OF EXOTIC *DISCO-THÈQUES DÉSHABILLÉES* PLUS A WITTY CHRONICLE OF THIS BOOM-TOWN BOHEMIA—BY **HERBERT GOLD**

**"THE FORCE OF HABIT"**—ON HOW TO AVOID THE PITFALLS OF RUNNING A BUSINESS BY ROTE—BY **J. PAUL GETTY**

**"MAELSTROM II"**—A WILDLY AWESOME ADVENTURE IN SPACE AS A MOON-BASED SCIENTIST HOVERS ON THE EDGE OF OBLIVION—BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

**"OLD MAN PULASKI AND THE INFAMOUS JAWBREAKER BLACKMAIL"**—A MANIC TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE TO THAT KID OLYMPUS, THE CANDY STORE—BY **JEAN SHEPHERD**

**"THREE FOR THE MONEY"**—A TRIO OF THE PAST TWELVE-MONTH'S MOST EXCITING GATEFOLD GIRLS IN A PICTORIAL RUNOFF FOR THE TITLE OF **PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR**

**"THE PLAYBOY BED"**—FOR THE CONTEMPORARY MORPHEUS-IN-THE-ROUND, A WONDROUSLY ELECTRONIC, INDOLENTLY SYBARITIC, INGENUOUSLY EQUIPPED SLEEP CENTER

**"STYLISH STOUT"**—BINGO LITTLE SEARCHES FRANTICALLY AND FARCICALLY FOR A SURE WINNER IN THE DRONES CLUB'S FAT-UNCLE CONTEST—BY **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

**"TOPPING OFF THE WELL-GROOMED MAN"**—AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO INDIVIDUALIZED HAIRCUTS AND CORRECT HAIR CARE—BY HOLLYWOOD'S NOTED STYLIST **JAY SEBRING**

**"SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"**—PLAYBOY'S SEMI-ANNUAL PREVIEW OF WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE SEASON IN MENSWEAR—BY FASHION DIRECTOR **ROBERT L. GREEN**





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